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MILITARY HEROES

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1589

OF THE

WAR OF 1812:

WITH A

NARRATIVE OF THE WAR.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

THIS WORK IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

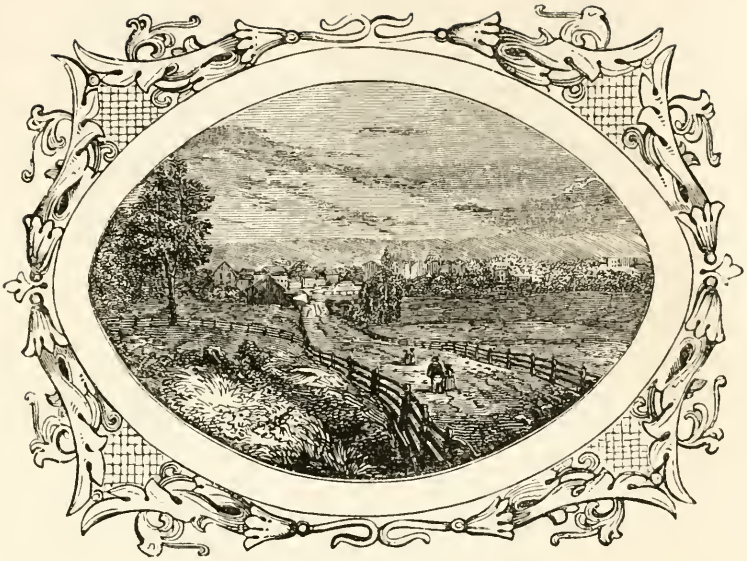
PREFACE.

The war of 1812 furnishes little to gratify the military annalist until he approaches its close. The imbecility of the Generals and the number of their defeats, naturally dispirit an author. He feels the subject continually checking him; and is delighted, when the campaign of 1814 opening, affords him something beside disgrace and disaster to record. The unpromising nature of the subject has prevented any writer of ability from taking it up: and hence a good history of the War of 1812 is as yet unknown to the language.

There is no attempt in the following pages to supply this deficiency. Indeed such an endeavor would be foreign to the purpose of this work. The narrative of the war is but subordinate to the main design of the volume, and hence the author has contented himself with a mere outline sketch, the only merit of which, if he has succeeded in his aim, is in be-

ing authentic and comprehensive. The details of the picture are left to be filled up from the Biographies.

The nature of the theme has forced the author to depart, in a measure, from the plan of his work. There are several Generals noticed who have no pretensions to be Heroes; but the story would be incomplete without them. The author has not hesitated, however, to express his opinion as to the merits of each officer; and, so far forth, has carried out his original design. Whether his opinions are correct must be left for impartial criticism to decide.



CONTENTS.

PREFACE, - - - - - - - - - - - - - PAGE 5

THE WAR OF 1812.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER, - - - - - - - - - - 13

BOOK I.—ORIGIN OF THE WAR, - - - - - - - - 17

BOOK II —TO THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1814, - - - - - - 29

BOOK III.—TO THE CLOSE OF THE CONTEST, - - - - - - 51

THE HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812.

WILLIAM HULL, - - - - - - - - - - - - 73

JAMES WINCHESTER, - - - - - - - - - - 81

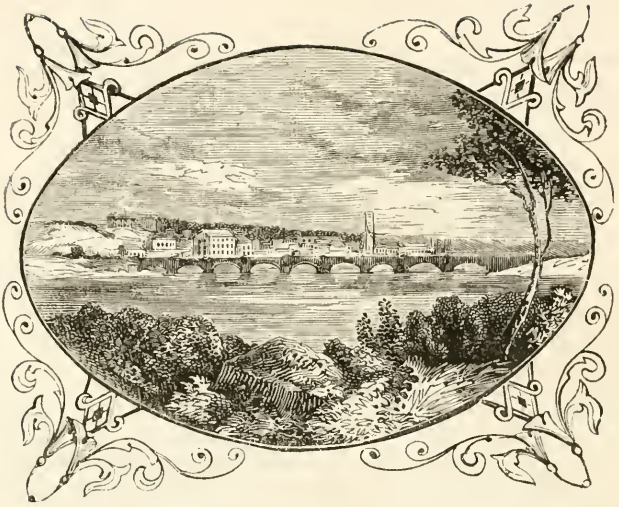
ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, - - - - - - - - 87

HENRY DEARBORN, - - - - - - - - - - 93

JAMES WILKINSON, - - - - - - - - - - - 97

JOHN ARMSTRONG, - - - - - - - - - - 107

George Croghan, - - - - - - - - Page 111
William Henry Harrison, - - - - - - - - 119
Richard M. Johnson, - - - - - - - - - 133
Isaac Shelby, - - - - - - - - - - 139
Jacob Brown, - - - - - - - - - - 141
Eleazer W. Ripley, - - - - - - - - 159
James Miller, - - - - - - - - - - 167
Nathan Towson, - - - - - - - - - - 171
Thomas S. Jessup, - - - - - - - - - 175
Edmund Pendleton Gaines, - - - - - - - - 177
Peter B. Porter, - - - - - - - - - 183
Alexander Macomb, - - - - - - - - - 185
Samuel Smith, - - - - - - - - - - 191
Andrew Jackson, - - - - - - - - - - 197



ILLUSTRATIONS.

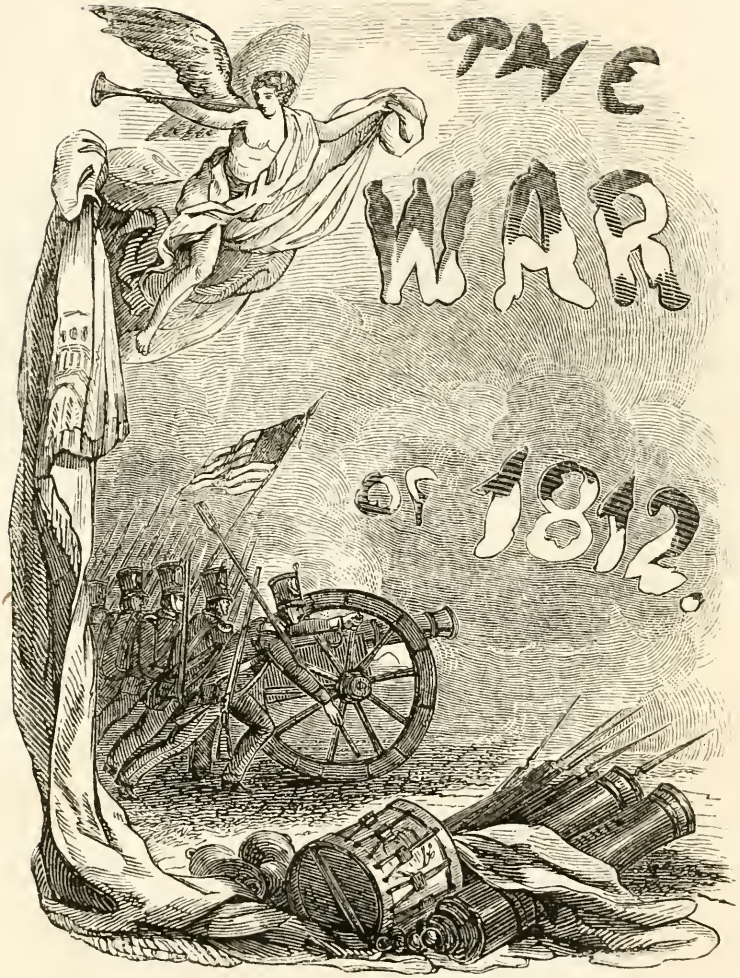
ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

Portrait of Major-General Winfield Scott, - - - - - - - FRONTISPIECE.
Battle of Plattsburg, - - - - - - - - - - - - PAGE 61
Battle of the Thames, - - - - - - - - - - - - 136
Portrait of Major-General Jacob Brown, - - - - - - - - 141
Portrait of Major-General Andrew Jackson, - - - - - - - 197
Battle of New Orleans, - - - - - - - - - - - - 206

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

View of Plattsburg, - - - - - - - - - - - - PAGE 5
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 5
View of Bladensburg, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 7
Attack on Fort Oswego, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 8
View of Georgetown, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Ornamental Title Page—"History of the War of 1812," - - - - - 11
Head Piece—Martial Emblems, - - - - - - - - - - 13
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 13
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 16
Head Piece—Naval Emblems, - - - - - - - - - - - 17
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 17
The Chesapeake and Leopard, - - - - - - - - - - - 25
Battle of Tippecanoe, - - - - - - - - - - - - 29
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 29
Battle of Queenstown, - - - - - - - - - - - - 37

The Constitution and Guerriere, - - - - - - - - - - PAGE 39
The Capture of the Frolic by the Wasp, - - - - - - - - - - 40
Battle of Lake Erie, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 43
The Enterprise and the Boxer, - - - - - - - - - - - - 46
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
View of Baltimore, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - 51
Battle of Lundy's Lane, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 58
Fort McHenry, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 62
The Battle Monument at Baltimore, - - - - - - - - - - 70
Ornamental Title Page—"The Heroes of the War of 1812," - - - - - 71
Detroit, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - 73
Massacre at the River Raisin, - - - - - - - - - - - - 81
Portrait of Brigadier-General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, and Ornamental Letter, 87
Death of General Pike, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 90
Tail Piece—Cavalry Exercise, - - - - - - - - - - - - 92
Portrait of Major-General Henry Dearborn, and Ornamental Letter, - - - 93
Portrait of Major-General James Wilkinson, and Ornamental Letter, - - 97
The Citadel at Kingston, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 100
Queenstown, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 105
Portrait of General John Armstrong, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - 107
Portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel George Croghan, and Ornamental Letter, - - 111
Defence of Fort Stephenson, - - - - - - - - - - - - 116
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 118
Portrait of Major-General William Henry Harrison, and Ornamental Letter, - - 119
General Harrison's Army Crossing Lake Erie, - - - - - - - - - 130
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 132
Portrait of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and Ornamental Letter, - - - 133
Portrait of Governor Isaac Shelby, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - 139
General Brown at the Battle of Chippewa, and Ornamental Letter, - - - 141
Buffalo, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 148
Fort Niagara, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 154
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 158
Portrait of Major-General Eleazer W. Ripley, and Ornamental Letter, - - 159
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 166
Portrait of Brigadier-General James Miller, and Ornamental Letter, - - - 167
Scott Piloting Miller to Lundy's Lane, - - - - - - - - - - 169
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 170
Portrait of Brigadier-General Nathan Towson, - - - - - - - - 171
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 171
Head Piece—Sword, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 175
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 175
Portrait of Major-General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, - - - - - - - 177
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 177
Portrait of Major-General Peter B. Porter, - - - - - - - - - - 183
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 183
Portrait of Major-General Alexander Macomb, - - - - - - - - - 185
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 185
Portrait of Major-General Samuel Smith, - - - - - - - - - - 191
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 191
General Jackson at the Battle of Emuckfau, - - - - - - - - - 197
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 197
View of Nashville, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 208


THE
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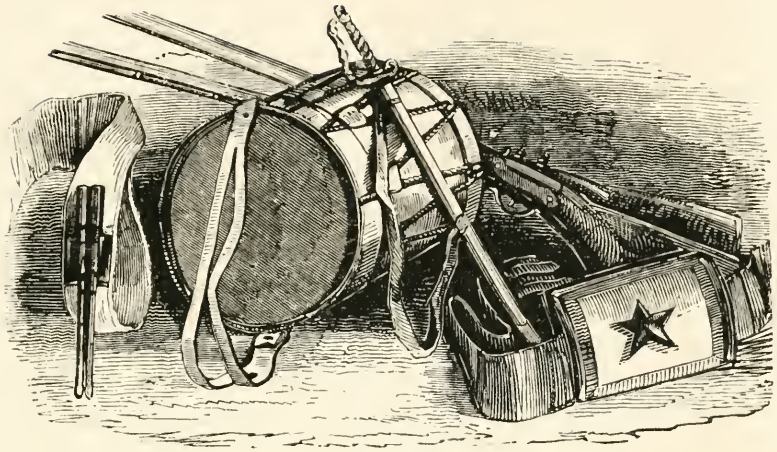


PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE war of 1812 was the sequel to the war of independence. It was the offspring of an old hatred, nurtured into life by the arrogance of England. Those who declaim against the war because begun to punish wrongs perpetrated by Great Britain, when outrages nearly as great on the part of France were overlooked, do not understand the question they assume to discuss. Nations, as well as men, will endure that from a friend which they will never submit to from a foe. England had been hated by the people of the

United States, since the period of the Revolution; while France, notwithstanding all her injustice, still possessed their gratitude and sympathy. The wonder is, not that the war took place, but that it did not happen before. The acknowledgment of our independence had been made with a bad grace by Great Britain in 1783, and, as if her ill humor was never to be appeased, she continued to treat us with an insolence that galled our national pride. The war of 1812 was not the work of the President, nor even of his party; but was forced on an unwilling cabinet by the popular will. It was a war of the people.

Dangerous as the war seemed to many at the time, a single generation has established its necessity and wisdom. It is true that, at the peace of Ghent, no acknowledgment was obtained from England of the injustice of her system of impressment, which was the apparent cause for embarking in the contest. But nevertheless all the substantial benefits were on our side. We had proved that we were not a power to be despised, either on land or sea; and that nothing was to be gained, but everything lost, by persisting in the struggle. For the first two years of the strife, our armies had been defeated almost universally. This so elated the Prince Regent, that the offer to compromise our difficulties, which he would have been glad to have accepted in the beginning, he now rejected; and having just closed the protracted struggle with Napoleon, he resolved to inundate this country with the veterans of the Peninsula, and chastise us for having declared war against England, when she was surrounded with foes. Accordingly the campaign of 1814 was opened by the appearance of a most imposing force in America. The British officers boasted that they would conquer and hold a portion of our territory at least; and even some of our own citizens, arguing from former defeats, despaired of the country.

Two causes conspired to frustrate the calculations of the enemy, and make him eager to secure peace on the terms he had rejected. The first was that the nation, now seriously alarmed, began to rally in earnest for its defence. That spirit of enthusiasm, which had burned so brightly in 1776, again blazed up; and the whole Union was suddenly turned into an armed camp, resounding with the din of preparation. The second cause was this, the Generals to whom the command of our armies had been committed, during the preceding campaigns, had been old revolutionary officers, of respectable standing when young, but now utterly exhausted by indolence and age. By the close of 1813, however, the army had been thoroughly purged of these imbecile leaders. A new race of Generals, composed of men of spirit, genius and enterprise, had arisen. At the head of these

stood Brown. He was one of those individuals who are born warriors. What he wanted in knowledge, he made up in energy, and the latter qualification was, just then, of more importance than the former. The nation, at this crisis, required a bold man for its leader, one not afraid of hard blows, and who, believing that the American furnished as good material for a soldier as the Englishman, would never decline a combat. Brown was even more than this. He was not only willing to meet the British, when his forces were equal to theirs, but even when his number were decidedly inferior. He was admirably seconded by his subordinates, especially by Scott, who had in a measure formed the army, introducing into it the French discipline, and changing by constant drilling, raw recruits into good soldiers.

The result of the battles of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Erie, was to convince Great Britain that, in the United States, she had found an enemy who would grow more formidable every year. As there was nothing to be gained by a contest with such a foe, but on the contrary, much blood and treasure to be lost, she became suddenly as eager for a peace, as, six months before, she had been indifferent to it. These victories taught our own people the existence of a latent aptitude for war among themselves, of which they had never dreamed. That the American furnished the best material for the soldier, because as robust as others, and more intelligent, was thenceforth no longer a heresy to assert. Discipline in the men, and ability in the commander, was all that was necessary, it was seen, to render victory probable, if not certain.

Since the war of 1812, the United States have held a better position among nations than before. Our naval successes over a power that was deemed invincible at sea, suddenly awakened the attention of Europe to this young giant of the west. The single victory of the Constitution over the Guerriere, gained us more respect abroad, than could have been attained by a long career of the most brilliant successes in the arts of peace. The manner in which that triumph was followed up, made a profound impression on the public mind on the continent. Since the treaty of Ghent, our flag has been treated with marked deference in foreign ports. The dazzling exploits on land, with which we closed the contest, had their effect also in revolutionizing opinions abroad. Prior to the war of 1812, we ranked in Europe, as a fourth-rate power only; but since then, the position of a second-rate one has been freely conceded to us. We have, it is true, aspired to be considered one of the first powers in the world; and though this is not pretence in 1848, it was so, perhaps, in 1815. We advance, indeed, with steps that find no parallel in history. Within

the last thirty years, we have passed from youth to manhood, as in the thirty preceding years we grew from infancy to adolescence. What was exaggeration for our fathers to assert, becomes, therefore, less than the truth in us.

It shall be our purpose to narrate, in a rapid manner, the events of the war of 1812, which exercised such an influence on the character, genius and development of this nation.

BOOK I.

ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

THE war of 1812 naturally divides itself into three great periods. The first embraces the origin of the war. This will necessarily contain a review of the conduct of Great Britain towards the United States, from the peace of 1783, to the declaration of hostilities on the 19th of June, 1812; comprise an account of the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees, and of the British orders in council; and furnish a narrative of the origin, exercise, and perversion of the claim of England to impress seamen. The second opens with the surrender of Detroit; records the failure of Harrison's winter and autumnal campaigns in 1812; and explains the miscarriages of Dearborn, Wilkinson and Hampton, on the Lakes and St. Lawrence, during the spring, summer and autumn of 1813. This was a period of almost universal defeat for the armies of the

United States. Inefficient Generals and undisciplined troops united to cover the nation with disgrace. During this interval the Creek war in the south occurred. But for some brilliant successes at sea, and for the victory of the Thames in October, 1813, these first twenty months of the contest would have presented only unmitigated disaster. The third and last period opened in the spring of 1814, with the most gloomy anticipations. The subjugation of Napoleon had left England free to employ all her strength against the United States. The veteran troops of Wellington were accordingly poured into Canada. Boasts of permanently annexing a portion of New York, or of New England, to the British dominions were publicly made by the English officers. But suddenly the scene changed. These splendid veterans were defeated in every contest, by our comparatively raw troops. Instead of gaining a foothold in the United States the enemy was everywhere beaten on his own soil. These results proceeded from placing bolder and younger men in command of the army; from disciplining the troops thoroughly; and from the spirit of patriotism which was now fully aroused to meet the impending crisis. From this hour the arms of the United States were in the ascendant. Success had at first receded from us further and still further, like a wave withdrawing from a beach; but suddenly the tide turned, it rolled in, and towering higher and prouder, broke over us in triumphs.

The peace of 1783 had been extorted by the necessities rather than obtained by the good will of England. Though, by a formal treaty, the United States were declared free and independent, they were still hated in Great Britain as rebellious colonies. That such was the general opinion is manifest from the letters of John Adams, our first minister to the court of St. James, and from other authentic cotemporary accounts. Of course there were a few men of sufficiently enlarged and comprehensive minds to forget the past, and urge, even in parliament, that the trade of America would be more valuable as an ally than a dependent. But the number of these was small indeed. The common sentiment in England towards the young republic was one of scornful detestation. We were despised as provincials, we were hated as rebels. In the permanency of our institutions there was scarcely a believer in all Britain. This was especially the case prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Both in parliament and out, it was publicly boasted that the Union would soon fall to pieces, and that, finding their inability to govern themselves, the different states would, one by one, supplicate to be received back as colonies. This vain and empty expectation long lingered in the

popular mind, and was not wholly eradicated until after the war of 1812.

Hence the new republic was treated with arrogant contempt. One of the first acts of John Adams, as minister to England, had been to propose placing the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and the territories of the United States, on a basis of complete reciprocity. By acceding to such a measure England might have gained much, and could have lost but little. The proposal was rejected almost with terms of insult, and Mr. Adams told "that no other would be entertained." The consequences were that the free negroes of Jamaica, and others of the poorer inhabitants of the British West India Islands, were reduced to starvation by being deprived of their usual supplies from the United States. This policy on the part of England naturally exasperated the Americans, and one of the first acts of the Federal government in 1789, was to adopt retaliatory measures. A navigation law was passed, which has since been the foundation of all our treaties of reciprocity with England. A tariff was also adopted as another means of retaliation. We have lived to see Great Britain become the first to tire of restrictive measures, and, by a repeal on her part, invite a repeal on ours.

In another way Great Britain exasperated the popular feeling here against her, and even forced the American government, once or twice, to the verge of war. By the treaty of peace, all military posts held by England within the limits of the United States, were to be given up; yet no less than six of this character, Michilimackinac, Detroit, Oswegotché, Point au Fer, and Dutchman's Point, were long held in defiance of the compact. These posts were made the centres of intrigue among the savages of the northwest. Arms were here distributed to the Indians, and disturbances on our frontier fomented. The war on the Miami, which was brought to a bloody close by Wayne's victory, was the result principally of such secret machinations. In short, England regarded the treaty of 1783 as a truce, rather than a pacification, and long held to the hope of being able yet to punish the revolted colonies for their rebellion. In two celebrated letters written by John Adams from Great Britain, he uses the following decided language in reference to the secret designs of England: "If she can bind Holland in her shackles, and France from internal dissensions is unable to interfere, she will make war immediately against us." This was in 1787. Two years before, he had expresed the same ideas. "Their present system, as far as I can penetrate it," he wrote, "is to maintain a determined peace with all Europe, in

order that they may war singly against America, if they should think it necessary." A sentiment of such relentless hostility, which no attempt was made to disguise, but which was even arrogantly paraded on every occasion, could not fail to exasperate those feelings of dislike on the part of America, which protracted war had engendered. This mutual hatred between the two nations arose from the enmity of the people rather than of the cabinets. "There is too much reason to believe," wrote our minister, "that if the nation had another hundred million to spend, they would soon force the ministry into a war against us." On the side of the United States it required all the prudence of Washington, sustained by his hold on the affections of the people, to restrain them from a war with England, after that power had refused to surrender the military posts.

A third element of discord arose when England joined the coalition against France in 1793. The course which the former had pursued for the preceding ten years, had, as we have seen, tended to alienate the people of America from her, and nourish sentiments of hostility in their bosoms. On the other hand, France, with that address for which she is eminent, had labored to heighten the good feelings already existing between herself and the United States. A treaty of alliance and commerce bound the two countries; but the courteous demeanor of France cemented us to her by still stronger ties, those of the popular will. When, therefore, the revolution broke out in Paris, the enthusiasm of America towards France could scarcely be controlled. There can be no doubt that, if the subsequent excesses had not alarmed all prudent friends of liberty, the people of this country could not have been restrained from engaging in the struggle between France and England. But the Reign of Terror, backed by the insolence of Genet, the minister of the French republic, and afterwards by the exactions of the Directory, checked the headlong enthusiasm that otherwise would have embroiled us in the terrible wars of that period. A course of strict neutrality had been selected by Washington, as that which was most proper for the still weak confederacy; and every day produced events which showed the wisdom of this decision. Neither Great Britain nor France, however, was gratified by this neutrality. Each nation wished to embark us on their side; and both grew arrogant and insulting as they found our resolution was not to be broken. Napoleon, on the part of France, saw the impolicy of such treatment, and when he became First Consul, hastened to abandon it. But England relaxed nothing, or little. Circumstances, moreover, made her conduct practically more irritating than that of France; and hence prolonged and in-

creased the exasperation felt toward her in America. We allude to the restrictions attempted to be placed on our commerce, and to the practice of impressing seamen found on board vessels sailing under the flag of the United States.

As a great naval power, the policy of England has been to maintain certain maritime laws, which her jurists claim to be part of the code of nations, and enforce in her admiralty courts. One principle of these laws is this, that warlike munitions become contraband in war; in other words that a neutral vessel cannot carry such into the enemy's ports. Hence, if a vessel, sailing under the flag of the United States, should be captured on the high seas, bound for France, during the prevalence of a war between that power and England, and be found to be laden with ship-timber, gunpowder, or other manufactured or unmanufactured articles for warlike purposes, the vessel would, by the law of nations, become a prize to the captors. The right to condemn a ship carrying such contraband goods, has always been recognized by civilized nations, and indeed is founded in common justice. But England having supreme control at sea, and being tempted by the hope of destroying the sinews of her adversary's strength, resolved to stretch this rule so as to embrace provisions, as well as munitions of war. She proceeded, however, gradually to her point. She first issued an order, on the 8th of June, 1793, for capturing and bringing into port "all vessels laden, wholly or in part, with corn, flour, or meal, and destined to France, or to other countries, if occupied by the arms of that nation." Such vessels indeed were not to be condemned, nor their cargoes seized; but the latter were to be purchased on behalf of the English government; or if not, then the vessels, on giving due security, were to be allowed to proceed to any neutral port. Of course the price of provisions in France and in England was materially different, and a lucrative traffic for the United States was, in this way, destroyed. Moreover, this proceeding was a comparative novelty in the law of nations, and however it might suit the purposes of Great Britain, was a gross outrage on America. In November of the same year it was followed by a still more glaring infraction of the rights of neutrals, in an order, condemning to "capture and adjudication all vessels laden with the produce of any French colony, or with supplies for such colony." The fermentation in consequence of this order rose to such a height in America that it required all the skill of Washington to avert a war. The President, however, determining to preserve peace if possible, despatched Jay to London as a Minister Plenipotentiary, by whose frank explanations redress was obtained in a mea-

sure for the past, and a treaty negotiated; not indeed adequate to justice, but better than could be obtained again, when it expired in 1806.

But the relaxation in the rigor of the order of November, 1793, soon proved to be more nominal than real; and from 1794 until the peace of Amiens in 1802, the commerce of the United States continued to be the prey of British cruizers and privateers. After the renewal of the war, the fury of the belligerants increased, and with it the stringent measures adopted by Napoleon and Great Britain. The French Emperor, boldly avowing his intention to crush England, forbade by a series of decrees, issued from Berlin, Milan, and Rambouillet, the importation of her commodities into any port of Europe under his control; and England, equally sweeping in her acts, declared all such ports in a state of blockade, thus rendering any neutral vessel liable to capture, which should attempt to enter them. The legality of a blockade where there is not a naval power off the coast competent to maintain such blockade, has always been denied by the lesser maritime powers. Its effect, in the present instance, was virtually to exclude the United States from foreign commerce. In these extreme measures Napoleon and England were equally to be censured; but the policy of the former did not affect us, while that of the latter did. Hence the exasperation against the one was extreme, and pervaded the whole community; that against the other was slighter, and confined only to the more intelligent. In point of time, Napoleon was the first to begin these outrages on the rights of neutrals; but his injustice was practically felt only on land; while England was the first to introduce the paper blockade, a measure ruinous to American merchants. This was done finally on the 16th of May, 1806, when Great Britain announced a "blockade of the coast, rivers and ports, from the river Elbe to the port of Brest, inclusive." On the 21st of November, of the same year, Napoleon, in retaliation, issued a decree from Berlin, placing the British islands in a state of blockade. This decree was followed by a still more stringent order in council on the part of England.

It now became necessary for the United States, either to embark in a war or to withdraw her commerce altogether from the ocean. The popular voice demanded the former course. Though France, in the abstract, was as unjust as England, her oppressive measures did not, as we have said, affect America, and hence the indignation of the people was directed principally against Great Britain. But with the President it was different. Though the sympathies of Jefferson were all with France, his judgment was against her as well as

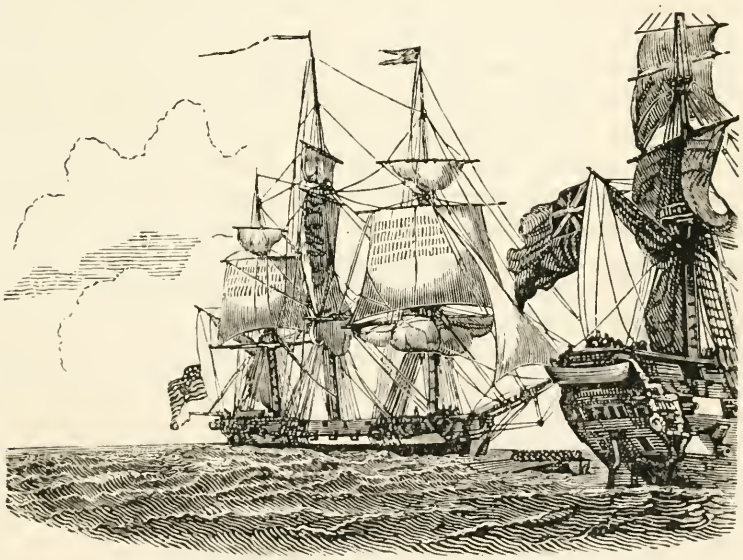
England. Besides he was determined to preserve peace at all hazards, for it was his favorite maxim that the best war is more fatal than the worst peace. A further reason led him to refuse the alternative of war. He was not without hope that one or both of the belligerants would return to reason, and repeal their obnoxious acts, if the conduct of the United States, instead of being aggressive, should be patient. Actuated by these views, the President recommended to Congress the passage of an embargo act. This law passed in December, 1807. By it all American vessels abroad were called home, and those in the United States prohibited from leaving port. In consequence of this measure, the commerce of the country was annihilated in an hour; and harbors, once flourishing, became soon only receptacles for rotting ships. There can be no question now that the embargo was a fatal blunder. It crippled our resources for the war that ensued; made the eastern states bitterly hostile to Jefferson's, as well as to his successor's administration; and tended to foster in the minds of the populace at large, an idea that we shrank from a contest with Great Britain in consequence of inherent weakness.

But there was a fourth and last source of exasperation against England, which assisted, more than all the rest, to produce the war of 1812. We allude to the British claim of the right of impressment. In the terrible struggles in which England found herself engaged with France, her maritime force was her chief dependence, and accordingly she increased the number of her ships unprecedentedly. But it soon became difficult to man all these vessels. The thriving commerce pursued by the United States, as early as 1793, drew large numbers of English seamen into our mercantile marine, where they obtained higher wages than in the navy at home. Great Britain saw this, and resolved to apply a remedy. By the fiction of her law, a man born an English subject can never throw off his allegiance. She determined accordingly to seize her seamen wherever found, and force them to serve their native flag. In consequence her cruizers stopped every American vessel they met, and searched the crew in order to reclaim the English, Scotch, or Irish on board. Frequently it happened that persons born in America were taken as British subjects; for where the boarding officer was the judge of a man's nationality, there was little chance of justice, especially if the seaman was a promising one, or the officer's ship was short-handed. In nine months, during parts of the years 1796 and 1797, the American minister at the court of London had made application for the discharge of two hundred and seventy-one native born Americans, proved to have been thus impressed. These outrages against personal

independence were regarded among the people of America with the utmost indignation. There was something in such injuries to exasperate every sentiment of the soul. That an innocent man, peacably pursuing an honorable vocation, should be forcibly carried on board a British man-of-war, and there compelled to remain, shut out from all hope of ever seeing his family, seemed, to the robust sense of justice in the popular breast, little better than Algerine bondage. The rage of the people was increased by tales of horror and aggression that occasionally reached their ears from these prison ships. Stories were told of men who had escaped, and being captured and taken back, were whipped until they died. In one instance, it was said that a sailor, goaded to madness, had seized the captain, and springing overboard, been drowned with his oppressor. Whether true or not, this and other narratives as horrible, were freely disseminated, and tended, at last, to raise the popular feeling to a pitch of inconceivable exasperation.

Every attempt to arrange this difficulty with England had signally failed. The United States offered that all American seamen should be registered and provided with a certificate of citizenship; that the number of a crew should be limited by the tonnage of the ship, and that if this number was exceeded, British subjects enlisted should be liable to impressment; that deserters should be given up; and that a prohibition should be issued by each party against clandestinely secreting and carrying off the seamen of the other. In 1800, and again in 1806, it was attempted to form treaties in reference to this subject; but the pertinacity with which England adhered to her claim frustrated these efforts. In 1803 the difficulty had nearly been adjusted by a convention, for Great Britain offered to abandon her claim to impressment on the high seas, if allowed to retain it on the narrow seas, or those immediately surrounding her island. But, this being rejected as inadmissible by the United States, all subsequent efforts at an arrangement proved abortive. The impressment of seamen continued, and was the source of daily increasing abuse. Not only Americans, but Danes, Swedes, Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Portuguese were seized and forcibly carried off by British men-of-war. There are even well attested instances of Asiatics and Africans being thus impressed. In short, as the war in Europe approached its climax, seamen became more scarce in the British navy, and all decency being thrown off, crews were filled up under color of this claim, regardless even of the shew of justice. In 1811, it was computed that the number of men impressed from the American marine amounted to not less than six thousand.

At last the arrogance of the British naval officers rose to such an extreme, that one of our national vessels, the frigate Chesapeake, was forcibly boarded and several men impressed from her decks. The circumstances were these. In the spring of 1807, the British Consul at Norfolk sent to Captain Decatur, requiring him to surrender three seamen who had deserted from the English ship Melampus, and enlisted in the navy of the United States. The demand was refused, the men being found, on enquiry, to be citizens of the United States. Subsequently, the American frigate Chesapeake sailed with these men on board, but was pursued by the British ship Leopard, fired into, and when she hauled down her flag, boarded, and the three men, together with another, taken from her deck. The Chesapeake was in no condition to resist, having gone to sea without suitable preparation, and the only gun discharged from her was fired by a coal brought from the galley. Before she struck, three of her men were killed and eighteen wounded. The news of this out-



THE CHESAPEAKE AND LEOPARD

rage excited universal resentment in the United States. The President issued a proclamation forbidding all communication with British armed vessels, unless in distress, or bearing despatches; and interdicting British vessels from the harbors and waters of the United

States. One hundred thousand men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for war, and a special session of Congress was called to meet on the 26th of October. Meantime, however, the outrage was disavowed by the British government, and here the difficulty was allowed to rest. But it was subsequently noticed that the offenders, instead of being censured in England, were treated with undiminished favor by their government; and this, sinking deep into the popular mind in America, created general exasperation, and increased the prevailing distrust in Great Britain. Already the people were prepared for war; it was only the government that held back. There was no period, from 1807 to 1812, when a declaration of war would not have been received with favor by the community at large; and there were moments during that interval, when such a declaration would, perhaps, have been more generally popular than it was in 1812. This is especially true of the period between the outrage on the Chesapeake and the passage of the embargo act.

Having thus traced the growth of that popular sentiment which rendered war, sooner or later inevitable, let us proceed to enquire into the manner in which it was at last brought about. For there is a wide distinction between the real and ostensible causes of a war, it being a rare thing for national contests to be undertaken without deeper reasons than are apparent on the surface. Thus, the peace of Amiens was broken, for the pretext that the British refused to evacuate Malta; the war was, in truth, renewed because Napoleon and England were filled with mutual distrust. So, the usual reasons given for the war of 1812, are comparatively weak, far weaker than those which could have been urged in favor of a war in 1807. The real secret was, that the people wanted a war, and would not longer be denied. In 1815, when the popular indignation had vented itself, peace was as welcome as war had been three years before. It has been thought strange that the treaty of Ghent overlooked some of the points, to obtain which the war was expressly undertaken; but this view of the case explains the mystery. The practical result of the contest had been to teach England respect for the United States; to break the charm of her naval invincibility; and virtually to protect our seamen, in future, from impressment. The popular will was satisfied by the victories of Hull, Decatur and Stewart, at sea; and by those of Chippewa, the Thames and New Orleans, on land. The people looked less at the treaty, than at these triumphs.

Meantime, we return to the thread of events. In December, 1807, as already stated, the embargo act was passed. But the pressure of this law was found to be so severe on all classes of the community, that, in March, 1809, it was repealed, and a non-importation act as

to England and France, substituted. By this new law, all voyages to the French and British dominions were prohibited, and all trade in articles of British and French product or manufacture: and power was vested in the President, in case either or both of the belligerants should revoke their edicts, so as no longer to violate the neutral commerce of the United States, to issue a proclamation repealing the provisions of the new importation act as to one, or both. In consequence of this, France on the 1st of November, 1810, exempted the United States from the operation of the Berlin and Milan decrees. England, however, still refused to repeal her orders in council, alleging that France must first revoke her edicts absolutely. To this the American government replied that it had no right to dictate to Napoleon what his conduct to other nations should be, and that, since he had offered justice to the United States, there was no further cause of complaint against him on her part. The 3rd of March, 1811, had been fixed as the limit of time, at which the belligerants were to revoke their aggressive laws, or take the chances of a war; but anxious to preserve peace, Mr. Madison procured the passage of an act, by which Great Britain was allowed a further period of delay. This last act of conciliation proved as useless as preceding ones, and the American government began finally to despair. Had its patience, however, continued for a few months longer, the war might have been averted, at least for a time. But an incident occurred at this crisis, which, by giving a new impetus to the popular rage, hurried the cabinet into hostilities, at the very moment when England was about to relax her orders. We allude to the discovery of an intrigue for the separation of the New England States from the Union, carried on by an Englishman, named John Henry, professing to be a secret agent of Great Britain.

This individual had been employed in 1809, by Sir James Craig, Governor-General of Canada. He had visited Boston, where he moved in the best circles, and was known for his quiet and gentlemanly, but reserved demeanor. In February, 1812, he communicated to the President of the United States the nature of his mission, in consideration of receiving for the disclosure, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, from the secret service fund. The money was paid, the papers received by Mr. Madison, and then Henry, before the documents were published, sailed for Europe. His papers proved that the Governor-General of Canada, misled by the opposition of a portion of the New England States to the measures of the general government, had conceived that a dissolution of the Union was at hand; and had sent Henry to Boston to ascertain how far, in such an event, England would be looked to for aid, and to what ex-

tent the withdrawing states would enter into connexion with her. This idea of a dissolution, regarded as so visionary in the United States, had, as we have seen, long been a favorite one in England. Henry soon found, however, that a separation from the Union was not the intention of New England. On his return to Canada, Sir James Craig refused to remunerate him. Henry accordingly betrayed his employers, and sold his information to Mr. Madison. It has been urged that his conduct destroyed the validity of his testimony; and there is some force in the argument; but, on the whole, there appears no good reason to doubt the fact of his mission, or its purport.

The nation, on learning this intrigue, became doubly exasperated against England; and loudly demanded war. The great commercial cities, the Middle States, and the West, were foremost in this burst of mingled enthusiasm, passion and patriotism. The New England States, however, resisted the torrent. But the majority of the people were no longer to be denied the revenge for which they had so long thirsted. Beyond the Alleghanies the sentiment in favor of the war was universal. This was, in part, the result of the threatening aspect of the Indians, who were believed to have been secretly instigated to hostility by the British. While the public feeling was in this excited condition, despatches were received from Europe, announcing the continued refusal of England to revoke her edicts. The President immediately acquainted Congress with this fact, and that body, after an animated debate, declared war against the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. The bill, declaring war, passed the House of Representatives, on the 4th of June, 1812, by a majority of thirty in one hundred and twenty-eight votes. In the Senate nineteen voted for it, and thirteen against it. On the 18th of June, it was signed by the President; and on the 19th publicly proclaimed. Four days later, the British ministry withdrew conditionally their objectionable orders in council, of January, 1807, and April, 1809. But, when the news of this event reached America, hostilities had already begun. The peace offering had come too late.

The army with which Congress proposed to begin this war, amounted, on paper, to thirty-five thousand men: but as twenty-five thousand of this number had been authorized only in January, the real force enrolled was probably less than fifteen thousand. The services of fifty thousand volunteers, in addition, however, were ordered to be accepted; and the President was empowered to call on the States for militia to the number of one hundred thousand, if necessary. In all these preparations the force was more apparent than real: and sagacious minds foresaw that, until a large disciplined army was in the field, defeat would probably be our portion!

BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

BOOK II.

TO THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1814.

THE war of 1812 was preceded by an ominous demonstration on the north-western frontier. Secretly instigated by the English, the savages, as early as 1811, had conceived the idea of forming an extensive league to crush the power of the United States. The existence of some such hostile movement became suspected by the administration, in consequence of the murders and other outrages perpetrated by the Indians; and accordingly General William Henry Harrison, at that time Governor of the territory of Indiana, was ordered, at the head of a competent force of regulars and militia, to enter the hostile country and obtain redress for these injuries. Harrison arrived at the chief town of the enemy, on the

6th November, 1811. Tecumseh, the leader in the conspiracy, was absent, but his brother, the Prophet, who was possessed of equal, if not superior influence, sent messengers to meet the American General, and promise that, on the ensuing morning, an amicable adjustment of all difficulties should be made. Harrison, in consequence, encamped peaceably for the night; but aware of the treachery of the Indian character, chose the strongest position afforded by the neighborhood, and ordered his men to rest upon their arms. These precautions alone saved him from massacre; for in the night the savages assailed him. The contest was long and bloody. But finally, discipline triumphed, and the Indians were repulsed. The loss on both sides was severe. The Americans suffered, in killed and wounded, one hundred and eighty-eight; the enemy one hundred and fifty. On the 9th of November, Harrison burned the village, and devastated the surrounding country, after which he returned home. This battle is known as that of Tippecanoe, from the name of the Prophet's town. It produced such a wholesome fear of the American arms that the Indians in the vicinity generally sued for peace.

In order to follow up this blow if necessary, the government raised an army and placed it under the command of General William Hull, Governor of Michigan territory. The probability of a war was also considered in enlisting this force, for in case of such an event, the presence of an army in the north-west, would give the United States the opportunity of striking the first blow. Accordingly, in the month of April, 1812, the Governor of Ohio was ordered by the President, to call out twelve hundred men. The success at Tippecanoe, and the general enthusiasm for a war promptly filled the requisition. This temporary force assembled at Dayton, Ohio, on the 25th of April, 1812. Uniting with the fourth United States infantry, and portions of other regular regiments, the whole marched upon Detroit. The little army was compelled to traverse a dense wilderness for nearly two hundred miles, and consequently did not reach its destination until the 5th of July. Meantime, war had been declared. But by some unaccountable mistake in the department at Washington, the intelligence was allowed to reach the British posts in the north-west, before it was transmitted to the American commander. This oversight led to the capture of a portion of Hull's baggage, which he had sent by water to Detroit, without a sufficient guard.

On the 12th of July the army crossed into the British territory, discretionary powers having been vested in Hull to invade Canada in the event of a war. A vaunting proclamation was issued, addressed

to the inhabitants, many of whom, in consequence, joined the invaders. Parties were now sent out into the country, which was found to be fertile and well cultivated. A detachment, under Colonels Cass and Miller, marched towards Malden, a British post, situated at the confluence of the Detroit river and lake Erie, about thirteen miles from Sandwich, where Hull was encamped. The enemy was met at a bridge over the Canard river and driven in confusion back on Malden. Had Cass and Miller been supported, the fortress must have fallen, for it was in no condition to resist a vigorous assault; but Hull refused to sustain his subordinates, and the reconnoitering party was withdrawn to the camp.

In fact Hull, from indecision of character, was unfit for his command. After he had made his first vigorous effort, and once entered Canada, he sunk into idleness. The intelligence of the fall of Mackinaw, which was surprised by the enemy on the 17th of July, filled him with vague apprehensions, which were increased when he came to reflect on the distance that his supplies had to be brought from Ohio, and the difficulty of transportation. A detachment of hostile Indians, in a few days, crossing the Detroit, cut off the communications; and a small force sent out to open the route, was surprised and defeated by the savages. This event increased the alarm of Hull. Stimulated by his younger officers, he had at last begun his preparations for an advance; but now, abandoning all present thought of reducing Malden, he retreated across the river, and established himself at Detroit. This was on the 8th of August. On the same day a detachment, six hundred strong, commanded by Colonel Miller, was sent to open the communications. This force met and conquered a combined body of British and Indians, with a loss to the Americans of seventy, that of the enemy being probably a hundred. A severe storm of rain and the care of the wounded compelled Colonel Miller, however, to return subsequently to Detroit. A third attempt to open the communications was made on the 14th of August, by a body of three hundred picked men, under the command of Colonels Cass and M'Arthur; but this effort proving as unsuccessful as the former ones, the detachment returned to camp, two days later, where it found, to the inconceivable chagrin of its officers and men, that Hull had surrendered, and that it was included in the capitulation.

On the day that Cass and M'Arthur had left Detroit, the British, who had advanced as Hull retreated, began to erect batteries on the shore at Sandwich, opposite the American camp. General Brock, who commanded the enemy's forces, was as remarkable for energy as Hull for inefficiency. He had gained a thorough insight, moreover,

into the character of his adversary, and knew the American leader to be possessed with a secret fear of the British invincibility. Accordingly, on the 15th of of August, Brock summoned Hull to surrender, intimating that, in the event of a refusal, he should assault Detroit, when he would not be answerable for the conduct of the Indians. Hull at first rejected the proposal of a capitulation with scorn. Brock proceeded, in consequence, to open his batteries. The bombardment was continued until towards midnight, and resumed on the following morning, when the British, with their savage allies, were seen advancing to the assault, having crossed during the night. At this spectacle, Hull's resolution deserted him. He ordered a white flag to be displayed, and a parley ensuing, terms of capitulation were speedily arranged. By this disgraceful compact, Fort Detroit, with its garrison and all the public stores and arms were surrendered. Even the detachment of M'Arthur and Cass was included in the arrangement. The volunteers and militia were allowed to return home, on condition of not serving again until exchanged. Thirty-three pieces of artillery were surrendered on this occasion ; among them, several brass pieces captured from Burgoyne in the war of Independence. Twenty-five hundred muskets and rifles likewise fell into the hands of the enemy. This capitulation was received with rage when announced to the troops. The consternation and anger which it awakened in the United States was unparalleled. Hull was everywhere accused of cowardice, and, in some quarters, even of treason. On his exchange, he was tried by a court-martial, found guilty of cowardice and conduct unbecoming an officer, and sentenced to be shot. But in consequence of his age, and his services in the Revolution, he was recommended to the mercy of the President, who, remitting the capital punishment, contented himself with striking the offender's name from the army roll.

The weakness of Hull had been penetrated by his officers long before the surrender, and letters were, in consequence, despatched to Governor Meigs, of Ohio, informing him of the suspicions of the writers, and soliciting reinforcements to open the communications. A force of volunteers was promptly called out. In a few days the intelligence of the loss of Detroit arrived. The departure of the troops was now hastened, and Harrison, created for the purpose a Major-General of the Kentucky militia, was entrusted with the command. His troops marched from Cincinnati, on the 29th of August, their first destination being the relief of the frontier posts. The numbers of his army were about twenty-five hundred. Halting at Piqua, he proceeded to Fort Wayne, the siege of which by the Indians was

raised on his approach. He already, however, began to feel the want of supplies, which, having to be transported from the settled country and Cincinnati, arrived in small quantities and after great delays. Hence, he found it impossible to march at once on Detroit, as had been originally intended. He contented himself, therefore, with sending out two expeditions, one against the Miami towns on the Wabash, the other against the Potawatamie villages on the river St. Joseph. Both incursions were successful. Nine villages were burned, and all the standing corn destroyed; a rigorous, but necessary measure, since, without it, the hostile Indians could not have been driven from a neighborhood so dangerous to the American army.

Towards the close of September, General Winchester, a Brigadier in the army of the United States, arrived at Fort Wayne with reinforcements, and superseded Harrison. The latter was on his return to his government in Indiana, when he was overtaken by an express from Washington, assigning to him the chief command of the army. On the 23d of September he reached Fort Wayne again, but found that Winchester had marched to Fort Defiance, the preceding day, with two thousand men. The progress of Winchester was slow, for his route lay through swamps, or impenetrable thickets; while he was compelled to move with great caution, clouds of hostile Indians hanging on his front. In fact, a detachment of four hundred British regulars, attended by artillery, and accompanied by more than a thousand savages had been advancing to attack Fort Wayne, when, learning Winchester's approach, it thought it most prudent to fall back towards the Miami. The Americans soon began to feel the want of provisions; for a supply despatched down the river Au Glaize by Harrison, could not reach Fort Defiance in consequence of the vicinity of the enemy. At last the sufferings of his army became so extreme that Winchester sent back an escort, who succeeded in bringing up supplies on pack horses. On the 30th of September, his troops reached Fort Defiance, which the enemy abandoned on his approach.

Three days afterwards, Harrison arrived; but remained only twenty-four hours, returning to bring up the residue of his troops. He now proceeded to arrange them according to the following disposition. General Tupper, with a regiment of regulars, and the Ohio volunteers and militia, was placed at Fort M'Arthur. This force constituted the centre of the army. The left wing was left at Fort Defiance, under Winchester. The right wing, composed of two brigades of militia, one from Pennsylvania, and one from Virginia, was

stationed at Sandusky. The army had left Cincinnati, fully expecting to strike a decisive blow before winter, but this the want of supplies had prevented. With the exception of an incursion of five days, undertaken by General Tupper against the Rapids of the Miami, and which proved eminently successful, no further movement was made during the fall. Tupper, after defeating the savages and British, returned to Fort M'Arthur; and thus ended what is called Harrison's first autumnal campaign.

Meantime, while these events had been transacting on Lake Erie, the war had not languished in Indiana and Illinois. The policy of England was to let her battles be fought by the savages, whom she had accordingly supplied with arms, and instigated to take up the hatchet. Hence the necessity, during the first two campaigns, of so many expeditions against the Indians. A body of Kentucky volunteers, under General Hopkins, and a detachment of rangers, under Colonel Russell, had been despatched to chastise the tribes in these two territories by destroying their towns. Their first destination, however, was the relief of Fort Harrison, a post at that time invested by the savages. The commander of this place was General Taylor, then a young officer, holding the rank of Captain; but his conduct, in the emergency, evinced all those heroic traits which have since shone forth, on a grander scale, at Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista. Expecting an attack, he held himself hourly in readiness. On the night of the 4th of September the anticipated assault took place. The Indians succeeded in firing a block-house contiguous to the barracks; and it was with great difficulty the latter were preserved from the flames. Sending a detachment to the roof of the barracks to tear off the portion adjoining the block-house, while a galling fire was maintained on the Indians from other parts of the fort, the gallant young officer finally succeeded in preventing the spreading of the flames. The block-house, however, was consumed, and thus a gap, six or eight feet wide, opened into the fort. But this interval was speedily barricaded, and the savages repulsed in an attempt to enter. When the attack had continued seven hours, and day had broken, the Indians retired. The Americans lost but three killed and three wounded. During this contest, there were only fifteen effective men in the garrison, the rest being sick or convalescent. In a few days the place was relieved by the approach of General Hopkins at the head of four thousand men.

Preparations were now begun to fulfil the second object of the expedition, an attack on the Peoria villages. But, after a march of four days in the direction of the enemy, the spirit of insubordination

among the volunteers grew to such a pitch that the General thought it advisable not to proceed. He offered, however, to pursue the enterprise if five hundred persons could be found to attend him. But the volunteers, either from the exhausted state of their horses, their own fears, or their want of confidence in Hopkins, decided almost unanimously to return. Accordingly the authority of the General was set aside, and the army began to retrace its steps. Meantime, however, Colonel Russel had marched by a different route against the savages and defeated them. Having burned their towns and destroyed their corn, he returned to the settlements. Another detachment, led by Captain Craig, penetrated twenty miles further than even Russel. In November, Hopkins, at the head of twelve hundred and fifty men, undertook a more successful enterprise against the villages on the Wabash. Colonel Campbell, in December, led a similar expedition, and with like success, against the towns on the Mississinewa river.

Harrison having failed in his autumnal campaign, determined to resume operations in the winter. Accordingly he directed the three divisions of his army to rendezvous at the rapids of the Miami; there collect provisions; and making a feint on Detroit, cross the strait on the ice and invest Malden. General Winchester was the first to arrive at the rendezvous, which he did after incredible privations on the part of his men. But he had scarcely reached the rapids, when, yielding to the entreaties of the citizens of Frenchtown for protection, he detached Colonel Lewis with seven hundred and fifty men to their relief. Lewis met and defeated a body of British and their savage allies. The news of this success transported those who had been left behind; all were anxious to press forward and secure a portion of the glory; and accordingly, Winchester, with the remainder, pushing on to Frenchtown, arrived and took post at that place on the 20th of January, 1813. The fatal error of thus placing himself beyond sustaining distance from the main army, was exemplified the next day, when Proctor, at the head of fifteen hundred British and savages, attacked and defeated the Americans. Winchester was taken prisoner early in the action. A portion of his troops held out for some time longer, but finally capitulated.

Now ensued a tragedy the remembrance of which will never be effaced from the popular mind. The uninjured Americans were immediately marched towards Malden by their captors. The wounded, however, were left on the field, but with the understanding that they should be sent for the next day. But the following morning the Indians broke in on these helpless men, and after murdering them, set

fire to the houses where they lay. This atrocious act which the British might easily have prevented, has been justly called the massacre of the River Raisin. Harrison, who had arrived at the rapids, hearing of the capture of Winchester, deemed it advisable to retreat. He accordingly fell back to Carrying River, about midway between the Miami and Sandusky. The next month, however, finding that Proctor made no attempt at pursuit, he advanced again to the rapids, where he began the construction of Fort Meigs, destined to be subsequently celebrated for its two sieges. Thus ended what is called Harrison's winter campaign. It was quite as unfortunate as his autumnal one, and did little or nothing towards obliterating the disgrace of Hull's surrender.

While these events had been transacting on the north-west frontier, others of scarcely less importance had been occurring on Lake Ontario. Here the population was comparatively dense. The government accordingly looked to this point as one where a decisive blow could be struck against the enemy. It was evidently to the advantage of the United States that the war should be waged on the soil of Canada, and hence the resolution was early taken to invade that territory. The American forces, guarding the northern frontier, were stationed at Plattsburgh, Buffalo, Sackett's Harbor, Black Rock, and Ogdensburg, the whole under the supreme command of Major-General Dearborn. In addition to the regular army, however, thus disposed, the militia of New York, thirty-five hundred in number, were in the field, commanded by Major-General Van Rensselaer. These were posted at Lewistown. General Dearborn was ordered early in the season to assail the British, if for no other purpose than to prevent their sending succor to Malden. The summer, however, passed in inactivity, Dearborn having, notwithstanding the orders from Washington, concluded an armistice with the Governor-General of Canada, based on a mutual belief that peace was at hand, in consequence of the repeal of the English orders in council. General Van Rensselaer, however, was disposed to be more active. A detachment of Americans having, on the 21st of September, captured a small village on the Canadian side, the enemy endeavored to retaliate by an unsuccessful expedition against Ogdensburg. General Van Rensselaer, on this resolved to attack Queenstown. The enterprise was undertaken on the 13th of October, and but for the cowardice of the militia would have resulted in a brilliant victory. It was on this occasion that General, then Colonel Scott, first distinguished himself.

The plan of the attack was as follows:—a corps of six hundred

infantry, half of which were militia and half regulars, was, under cover of night, to cross the Niagara and carry the batteries by assault. The boats collected to transport the men proved insufficient, however, and only a portion of the force was carried over to the British shore in time. One detachment, attempting to cross, was forced by the current under the guns of the enemy, and most of it captured. Meantime, however, Colonel Van Rensselaer, who led the pioneers, gallantly advanced on the foe with what forces he had; but being

BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN.

soon wounded, was forced to leave the field. The Americans dashed forward, nevertheless, and seized a height called the Mountain, whither they dragged an eighteen pounder and two mortars. The British now fled to Queenstown. Here the fugitives were met and rallied by General Brock, who led them back to dispossess the Americans of the height. But Brock being mortally wounded, the British again fled. Some accessions of force, chiefly militia, under General Wadsworth, finally made their appearance.

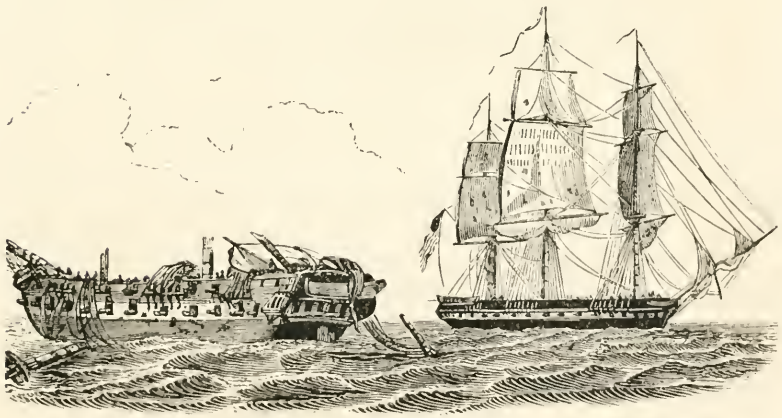
At this crisis Colonel Scott reached the field of battle and took command of the United States troops, now reduced to about two hundred and fifty. Expecting to be reinforced from Lewistown, he

drew up his men close to the ferry, in order to cover that important point. Here he manfully stood his ground, twice repulsing the British and their Indian allies. At last, Major-General Sheaffe, at the head of the neighboring garrison of Fort George, which had been aroused by the firing, arrived at the scene of contest. His forces numbered eight hundred and fifty. All hope of succor from the American side had meantime departed, for the militia, beholding the numbers of the British, were seized with alarm and refused to cross. Retreat was impossible, the boats all being on the American side. In consequence, after some desperate efforts at resistance, which proved unavailing, Scott was compelled to capitulate. The Americans suffered in killed, wounded and prisoners, one thousand men, a half of whom were regulars. The British loss is not known, though it was considerable. General Van Rensselaer, in consequence of this failure, shortly after resigned. In the death of Brock, the enemy experienced a blow for which even victory could afford no compensation. Brock enjoyed one of the best reputations in the English army, and had been Wellington's competitor, a few years before, for the command in the peninsula. A sentiment of chivalrous respect induced the Americans to fire minute-guns from Fort Niagara during the funeral ceremonies of this hero. What more delightful than to record acts of courtesy like this, amid the forbidding incidents of a sanguinary war!

Other attempts were subsequently made to invade Canada by General Smyth, the successor of Van Rensselaer. But the want of boats led to the failure of these projected expeditions. General Dearborn, whose head-quarters were at Greenbush, was not more successful; and, though in command of a respectable force of regulars, suffered the autumn to pass in inactivity. In short, so complete had been the failure of our arms on land in this campaign, that but for the brilliant success that attended us at sea, the spirit of the people would, perhaps, have given way. But, in the darkest hour of disaster, when the surrender of Detroit buried the nation in gloom, the victory of the Constitution over the Guerriere, suddenly blazed across the firmament, and inspired hope and exultation in every bosom.

On the declaration of war, the prowess of England at sea was regarded as so invincible, that the administration hesitated whether to send the national vessels from port. The American navy, in 1812, consisted of ten frigates, of which five were laid up in ordinary; ten sloops and smaller vessels; and one hundred and sixty-five useless gun boats. The representations of a few officers, however, who were confident of success, induced the President to allow a portion of

this little navy to sail. One of the first of our frigates to leave port was the Constitution. This vessel, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, put to sea from Annapolis, on the 12th of July, 1812, bound to New York. On her voyage, however, she fell in with a British fleet, from which she only escaped by incredible exertions of seamanship and skill. Being chased from her route, she went into Boston harbor. By this accident Hull was prevented receiving an order that had been despatched to New York, directing him to give up the command of his ship. In a few days he sailed on a new cruise. On the 19th of August he met the Guerriere, Captain Dacres, an English frigate of slightly inferior force, and, after a sharp conflict of half an hour, compelled her to surrender. The loss of the Americans in this action was seven killed and seven wounded; that of the British fifteen killed, sixty-two wounded, and twenty-four missing. The Guerriere was injured so materially that it was found impossible to carry her into port, and accordingly she was burned. This victory is attributed in part to the heavier metal of the Constitution, but chiefly to the superior gunnery of her crew. Its effect on the public mind was electric. The triumph was regarded almost as a miracle. In the general exultation, the surrender of Detroit was almost forgotten;

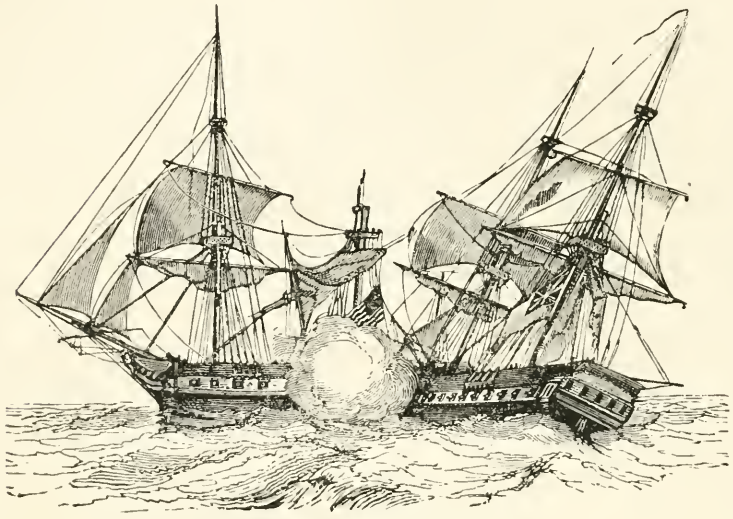


THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE.

and the spirits of the people were rallied, when otherwise they might have sunk into despair.

The insane confidence of the British in their naval superiority had been exhibited a few days before, when Captain Porter, in the Ame-

rican frigate Essex had been attacked by the British sloop of war Alert, a vessel of very inferior force. For her temerity, however, the Alert, in eight minutes had suffered so much from the fire of her enemy as to have seven feet of water in her hold. She surrendered of necessity, and was sent into New York. Other victories followed in rapid succession. On the 8th of October, the British sloop Fro-



THE CAPTURE OF THE FROLIC BY THE WASP.

lic, of twenty-two guns, was captured by the American sloop Wasp, Captain Jones, of eighteen guns. Seven days afterwards the frigate United States, Captain Decatur, being off the Western Islands, met the British frigate Macedonian, Captain Carden, and forced her to surrender. The loss of the Macedonian was thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded; that of the United States only four killed and seven wounded. Decatur carried the Macedonian into New York. On the 29th of December, the Constitution, now commanded by Captain Bainbridge, fell in with, and captured the British frigate Java, Captain Lambert, off the coast of Brazil; the Java losing sixty killed and more than one hundred wounded, while the loss on board the Constitution was but nine killed and twenty-five wounded. These series of successes had been attended with but few reverses. Only three national vessels had been lost, the Wasp, Vixen and Nautilus,

of which the first, a sloop of war, was the largest. All of these ships, moreover, had surrendered to vastly superior forces. In addition to the victories of the regular marine, almost daily triumphs were achieved by the American privateers. It was computed, when Congress met in November, that two hundred and fifty British vessels had already fallen a prey to private cruizers.

These successes determined the government to decline the offer of an armistice, tendered by Great Britain, unless that power would abandon her claim to impressment. The English Cabinet, however, refused to yield this point, and preparations were in consequence made to open the year 1813 with renewed activity. Twenty additional regiments of infantry were ordered to be raised, and ten regiments of rangers; while the greatest inducements were held out to enlist. It was resolved also to increase the navy. In a word, though our armies on land had met with almost universal defeat in 1812, it was hoped that in 1813 they would be attended by a better fortune: and accordingly, a new plan for the invasion of Canada was projected, under the especial direction of General Armstrong, the successor of Dr. Eustice, as Secretary at War.

The army on Lake Ontario was still commanded by General Dearborn. The plan of General Armstrong, as communicated to this General early in 1813, was to attack the British posts of Kingston, York, and Fort George, in succession—the reduction of the first being considered the most important, and therefore to be undertaken as a preliminary. General Dearborn, however, after consulting Commodore Chauncey, who commanded the fleet on Lake Ontario, resolved to begin with York. Accordingly, on the 27th of April, the fleet arrived off that place, and the troops being landed, the town was captured. Owing however to the explosion of the British fort, General Pike, who led the Americans, was killed, while two hundred of his men were either killed or wounded. General Dearborn having remained on board the fleet, and the officer who now succeeded to the command, being without orders, most of the fruits of the expedition were lost. The army next proceeded, though not until after various delays, to attack Fort George. On the 27th of May that place was assailed, and captured, after a spirited resistance. A series of operations in the open field now ensued, which were attended generally with disgrace and failure to the Americans; and, in the end, General Dearborn recalled all his troops to the fort, which the British proceeded to invest.

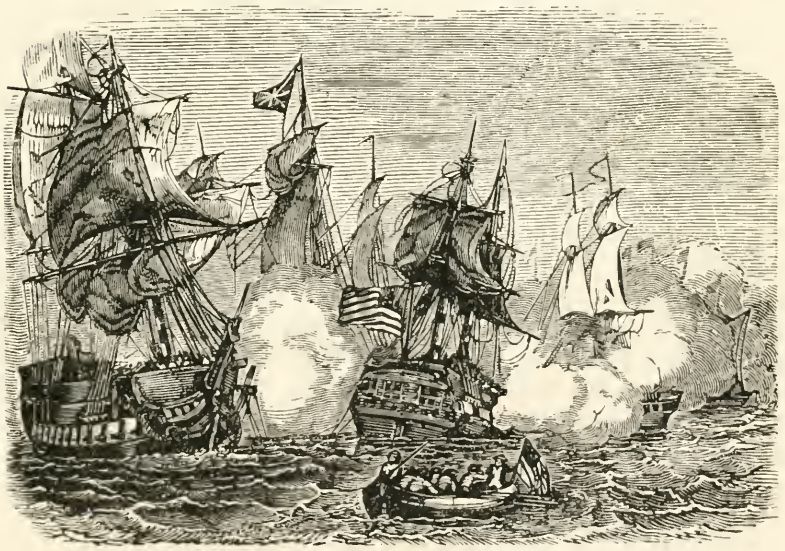
While this imbecile campaign was dragging along, a General born of the people blazed suddenly into notoriety. The circumstance

was this: On the 27th of May, an attack being made on the American post at Sackett's Harbor, General Brown, a militia officer of that neighborhood, placing himself at the head of the garrison, defeated the assailants. The gallantry and decision of Brown in this action, appeared the more conspicuous in contrast with the tardiness and want of ability displayed by Dearborn. The latter General was old, weak, and in bad health, and thus unfit, on many accounts, for his post. At last the public indignation rose to such a height, that he was recalled, and General Wilkinson appointed in his place.

It is time now to return to the north-western frontier, where we left Harrison engaged in the construction of Fort Meigs. The campaign of 1813 was opened in this quarter, by the advance of Proctor against that post, in the latter part of April, at the head of two thousand British and Indians. Harrison being in hourly expectation of succor from Ohio, gallantly defended the place until the fifth of May, when General Clay arrived with the expected reinforcements. An unsuccessful attempt was now made to raise the siege. A few days later, Proctor finding the Indians dissatisfied, suddenly abandoned the enterprise, and embarking his artillery, retired towards Malden. On the 20th of July another attempt was made on Fort Meigs, but after eight days, the siege was again given up. The enemy then sailed around to Sandusky Bay, in order to capture Fort Stephenson, a post affording an inviting opportunity for capture, since it was garrisoned by only one hundred and fifty men. The commander, however, Major Croghan, was a young man of spirit, resolution, and ambition. On the 1st of August, the British invested the fort, and on the second, after a heavy cannonade, advanced to assault it. But they were repulsed with such terrible loss, that they precipitately raised the seige, leaving behind their wounded. This gave Harrison an opportunity to contrast his humanity with that of Proctor. By the orders of the American General, the wounded British soldiers were treated with the greatest kindness, an eloquent rebuke to the conduct of Proctor at the Raisin, where his negligence, if not his consent, led to the massacre of the Kentuckians. The brilliant defence of Fort Sandusky, in conjunction with that of Sackett's Harbor, assisted to rally the despondency of the nation, and prophetic minds saw in them, forebodings of future victories, which, in the succeeding year, were realized.

From the period of his winter campaign on the Raisin, Harrison had urged upon government the necessity of a naval force on Lake Erie. He asserted that half the money expended in transporting supplies to the army as was necessary, for two hundred miles

through the wilderness, would build and equip a fleet which would give the United States the command of Lake Erie; enable supplies to be procured at comparatively small expense; and transport the army, if required, in a few hours to Canada. These views, at last, made an impression on the President, and two brigs, and several schooners were ordered to be built on Lake Erie. This fleet, being completed by the second of August, was entrusted to the command of Lieutenant Oliver Perry, an ardent, brave, and skilful young officer. He immediately set sail in search of the enemy. He found the British fleet lying in the harbor of Malden; but the enemy refusing to come out and engage, Perry retired. On the 10th of September, the English squadron left its post, when the American commander promptly made sail to give battle. A change of wind prevented the enemy from declining the combat. The British fleet consisted of six vessels, carrying sixty-three guns; the American, of nine vessels,



BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

carrying fifty-four guns. The English, consequently, were rather superior. The action was warmly contested, and once nearly won by the enemy; but the indomitable spirit of Perry was not to be subdued; he fought on, and victory finally declared for him. The loss of the British was forty-one killed, and ninety-four wounded;

that of the Americans, twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded. By this victory, one of the most glorious in the annals of our coun try, the enemy was disheartened, and his fleet, on which he had de pended for supplies, destroyed. Every sagacious mind now saw that the British would be forced, in time, to evacuate, not only the American territory they occupied, but also a portion of Upper Canada.

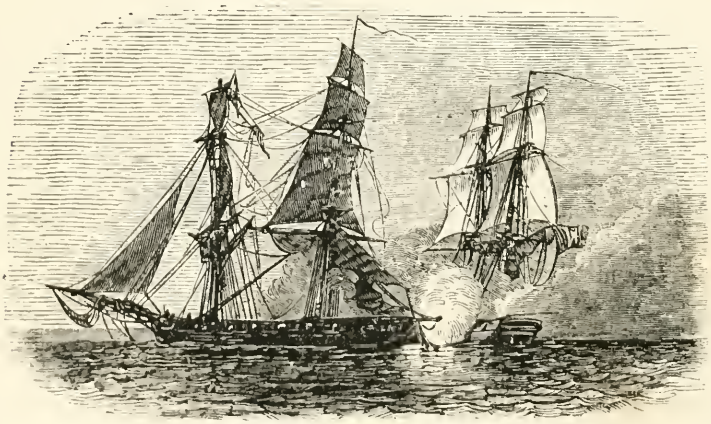
Meantime, a series of disasters was attending our arms on the St. Lawrence. General Dearborn, as we have seen, had been suspended by General Wilkinson; and General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, had arrived in person, at the seat of operations, in order to superintend the campaign. But the new General was even worse than the last. If Dearborn was superannuated, Wilkinson was vain, as well as old. On the 21st of October he began the descent of the St. Lawrence, his intention being to attack Montreal, after forming a junction with General Hampton, who was to advance from Lake Champlain. The late period of the year however, bringing inclement weather, delayed the progress of the troops. At last, after a delay of two weeks, the army left Lake Ontario, and entered the St. Lawrence. A few days subsequently, the indecisive battle of Williamsburgh was fought, and shortly after, on Hampton's declaring his inability to reach the rendezvous, Wilkinson abandoned the enterprise. A bold leader would have advanced, notwithstanding his disappointment. Wilkinson's only excuse for his conduct, is that he was enfeebled, both in mind and body, by sickness. The disgraceful termination of this expedition ultimately produced the resignation of both Wilkinson and Armstrong. The disasters on the northern frontier did not, however, cease with this failure. On the 10th of December, the Americans abandoned and blew up Fort George, and in retiring, burnt the Canadian village of Newark. On the 15th, the invaders were pursued to their own soil, Fort Niagara captured by surprise, and the neighboring villages of Lewistown, Youngstown, and Manchester, consumed in retaliation for the destruction of Newark. Subsequently, Black Rock and Buffalo were also attacked by the British, and given to the flames. In the north-west, however, our arms had been more successful. The victory of Perry having opened the road into Canada, Harrison, on the 27th of September, 1813, embarked his troops, and landed the same day in the British territories. Proctor, who, since the defeat of the English fleet, had acted like one stupified with fear, immediately abandoned Malden, and began a disgraceful flight. On the 5th of October, Harrison overtook the retreating General, and the battle of the Thames ensued, in which the combined British and Indian force

was defeated. Proctor was one of the first to fly. His savage ally, Tecumseh, fought with more resolution, and stoutly disputed the day, until he fell, covered with wounds. The loss in this battle was comparatively slight. The Americans suffered, in killed and wounded, only twenty-nine; the British and savages, about sixty-four. By this victory of the Thames, the whole territory surrendered by General Hull was recovered, while a large portion of Canada was wrested from the British crown, and retained until the end of the war. Nor was this all; the power of the savages having been thus broken, they were not able again to rally, and henceforth the British had to conduct the war alone.

While success on the Canadian frontier had been fluctuating in this manner between the Americans and British, though, on the whole, inclining to the latter, the people of the Middle States were kept in a state of continual alarm by predatory incursions from the enemy's fleet. In December, 1812, the Atlantic coast, from the Chesapeake to Rhode Island, had been declared in a state of blockade. Immediately, the British ships on the seaboard, commenced a harassing warfare on the exposed settlements. An attack made on Lewistown, near the mouth of the Delaware Bay, proved indeed, unsuccessful; but in the Chesapeake, the depredations of the enemy, under Admiral Cockburn, spread terror on every hand. Nothing was too petty for this marauder to assail. Farm-houses were plundered; country-seats burned; and villages sacked, under his personal superintendence. Frenchtown, Havre de Grace, Frederickstown, and Georgetown, were laid in ashes. But at Norfolk, the enemy met with a repulse. Irritated at this however, the British assailed Hampton, a town about eighteen miles distant, and having succeeded in capturing it, committed there the most revolting crimes. Subsequently, the shores of North Carolina were ravaged by Cockburn. The burning of Newark formed the excuse for these atrocities. Another circumstance in addition to these successful marauding expeditions, tended to depress the public confidence. The naval successes of 1813 were less numerous, and with the exception of Perry's victory, less brilliant than in 1812, though the year had opened auspiciously. On the 23d of February, Captain Lawrence, in the Hornet, a sloop of war, captured the British brig of war, Penguin, Captain Peake. So shattered was the enemy's ship by the fire of the Hornet, that she sunk before her crew could all be removed, carrying down with her nine Englishmen and three Americans. For this victory, Lawrence was promoted to the frigate Chesapeake, then in the port of Boston. He had scarcely taken command of his

new ship, before Captain Brock, of the British frigate Shannon cruizing off Boston harbor, sent in a challenge for the Chesapeake to come out and fight the Shannon. Ardent, young, and confident, Lawrence left his anchorage on the first of June, and proceeded to meet the foe. In the battle that followed, the American frigate was captured, with a loss of ninety-seven wounded, and seventy-eight killed—among the latter, the Captain. The British loss was twenty-four killed, and fifty-six wounded; Captain Brock being among the latter. The success of the enemy was owing to his crew being composed of picked men, while that of Lawrence was in a state of almost open mutiny. This loss of the Chesapeake happening almost in sight of Boston, affected the nation with a profound sentiment of despondency; and there were even those who now began to assert that our former naval victories had been accidents, and that hereafter, England would defeat us on sea, as universally as she had done on land.

However, other successes on the ocean soon brought the public mind back to a more healthy tone. In August the Argus, brig-of-war, commanded by Captain Allen, boldly entered the British channel, and in a short time captured vessels and cargoes to the amount of two millions of dollars. Such was the terror created by her depredations



THE ENTERPRISE AND THE BOXER.

that insurances could scarcely be effected at any price in London. The government hastened to despatch various cruizers against the Argus, one of which, the Pelican, of superior force, finally fell in

with and captured her. The defence of the Argus was desperate, and only terminated by the fall of her Captain, and the approach of an enemy's frigate. On the 4th of September, the American brig-of-war, Enterprise, Lieutenant Burrows, took the British brig-of-war, Boxer, of equal force, and thus again changed the fortune of war. On the whole, however, our naval success in 1813, was inferior to what it had been during 1812; and that unlimited confidence in our naval prowess, which had begun to characterize the Americans, yielded to uneasy doubts. While the failures on the St. Lawrence, and the equal nature of the strife at sea thus filled the public mind with uneasiness, the breaking out of a war among the Creeks of Georgia, affording a new element of danger, led, for a time, to almost general gloom.

The Indians of the south had early shown a taste for civilized pursuits, and become thriving agriculturalists. Some traces of their original savage natures, however, remained uneradicated, and these were easily re-awakened, when Tecumseh, in the spring of 1812, visited them to instigate to war. In September of that year, accordingly, an attack was made on a party of Georgia volunteers, who, after a sharp conflict, were forced to retreat. On receiving intelligence of this event, General Jackson, at the head of twenty-five hundred Tennessee volunteers, was ordered out, and in consequence, the Creeks were, for a time, awed into quiet. But, on the 30th of August, 1813, a body of Indians suddenly attacked Fort Mimmns, in Alabama, and having fired the houses built around the enclosure, massacred the garrison and other inmates as they rushed from the flames. About three hundred settlers, alarmed by the disturbed condition of the country, had taken refuge in the fort, and these all fell, except seventeen, who managed to escape. The savages followed up this blow by laying waste the neighboring country, and murdering the peaceable inhabitants. Encouraged by these successes, the whole Creek nation rushed to arms, and the people of Georgia, Alabama and even Tennessee, began to tremble for property and life.

An army of thirty-five hundred men was promptly raised to chastise the savages. At the head of this army was placed General Jackson. He immediately marched into the Indian country, and on the 9th of November, 1813, despatched General Coffee, with nine hundred men, against a body of Indians, collected at Tallushatchee. A complete victory was gained by the Americans, and at a loss of only five killed and forty wounded. The enemy fought with desperate valor, and protracted the contest until nearly all his warriors perished, over one hundred and eighty being left dead on the field. On the

9th of December, General Jackson, in person, met another body of the Indians at Talledega, and cut them to pieces, after a terrible encounter. More than three hundred of the enemy were killed; while but fifteen Americans were killed, and eighty wounded. After this battle, General Jackson was forced to remain inactive for a time, in consequence of the want of provisions and of a mutiny among his troops. But, meanwhile, General White, at the head of another body of militia, had attacked the principal towns of the Hillabee tribe, which he destroyed, killing sixty warriors, and making two hundred and fifty prisoners. Almost simultaneously, the Georgia militia, under General Floyd, at the Autossee town on Tallapoosa river, obtained a decisive victory over the Indians, killing two hundred, with a loss of but eleven Americans killed, and fifty-four wounded.

The bloody tragedy continued without intermission during the rest of 1813, and up to the spring of 1814. As it is but a repetition of sanguinary battles, let us hasten to its close. On the 21st of January, 1814, the savages, recovering confidence, attacked General Jackson at Emuckfau, but were again defeated, with great slaughter. On the 27th, they also assailed the camp of General Floyd, with like ill-success. The Americans did not follow up these advantages, however, until spring, being prevented from active measures by the want of provisions. But on the 14th of March, General Jackson began to advance a second time into the Creek territory. On the 27th, he fought the decisive battle of the Horse-Shoe-Bend, in which near six hundred of the savages perished. The American loss was fifty-five killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. This action terminated the war. The strength of the Indians had been completely prostrated in this last struggle, and being utterly unable to make another stand, they sued for peace. In all these actions the savages had fought with the most heroic obstinacy, generally refusing quarter; and, at the close of hostilities, many, disdaining to submit, sullenly retired to Florida, where, in secret, they brooded over revenge.

The conditions on which the United States granted peace, were liberal, considering the unprovoked nature of the war, and the almost uninterrupted success which had attended the American arms. All the prisoners on both sides were to be restored. As the war had prevented the Indians planting corn, and the nation would be consequently in a state of starvation, the United States agreed to furnish the necessaries of life until the famine should be over. In consideration of these things the Creeks ceded a portion of their territory

sufficient to indemnify the United States for the expenses of the war. It was further stipulated that roads should be opened through the Creek territory; that the navigation of the Creek rivers should be free; and that the United States should have the right to establish military posts and trading houses within the Creek boundaries.

We have thus followed the course of events during the years 1812 and 1813; and beheld, on every side, far more disasters than victories. The task has been an uninviting one. With the exception of the victory at Fort Stephenson, an incessant torrent of misfortune had characterized the operations in the north-west, up to the victory of Perry on Lake Erie. First, Detroit had surrendered; then Harrison's autumnal campaign had failed; afterwards had come the massacre of the Raisin; and, finally, to crown this climax of defeat, the American army, instead of recovering Michigan, was compelled to fall back and entrench itself at Fort Meigs. The first half of the year 1813 passed without any victories to compensate for these disasters. It is true, Fort Meigs twice repulsed the enemy, but this was only a negative success, and did not satisfy the people, who had expected the army to advance into Canada. At last the prospect began to brighten. After great exertions, a large army was collected on the shores of Lake Erie, and Perry having obtained his victory, there followed the invasion of the enemy's territory, the battle of the Thames, the recovery of Michigan, and the utter destruction of the hostile Indian confederacy!

But on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, misfortune still attended our arms. What few advantages had been obtained over the enemy in this part of Canada, were lost before the close of 1813, and the most cheerless prospect presented itself to the people on that frontier. Our armies had been universally defeated; our oldest and most tried Generals had failed; and our soil had been profaned and our villages burned by the victorious enemy. Instead of being the invaders we had become the invaded. These triumphs over us had been gained by a comparatively small number of the British forces; for occupied with the closing struggles of Napoleon, England had been unable to spare but few of her veteran troops. But the contest in Europe was evidently drawing to a close. Before many months, Great Britain, disengaged from her continental foe, would be at liberty to inundate our shores with fifty thousand veterans. These considerations filled all reflecting minds with alarm. It was to be feared, that, with such superior advantages, England would not only regain what she had lost in the north-west, but carry her vic-

torious arms permanently into New York. The prospect, indeed, was dark and threatening. Was it eternal night setting in, or only the gloom that precedes the dawn?

Indeed, even at this day, the historian cannot look back upon that period, without melancholy feelings. Millions of money had been spent, and thousands of lives sacrificed, yet scarcely a gleam of victory had irradiated the dark tempest of disaster. But the heroic resolution to continue the struggle remained, and while that was left all hope had not yet departed. The nation, at that epoch, reminds us of some defeated army, which has sunk down exhausted, amid the gloom and horror of the battle-field, to snatch a short repose before renewing the desperate contest on the morrow. Only a prophetic eye could see light breaking across the ruin.

BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

BOOK III.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE CONTEST.

BEFORE resuming the narrative of military events, we will turn aside to consider the financial condition of the country, and other matters important to be known for a full understanding of the contest.

The two years of war which had now elapsed had cost the nation immense sums. By carrying on the contest at a distance from the thickly settled portions of the country, the expenses had been much increased, and in some instances were almost appalling. Each barrel of flour for Harrison's army was estimated to have cost a hundred dollars. Of four thousand pack-horses employed in the autumn of 1812 to transport supplies to that General, but eight hundred were alive at the end of the ensuing winter, and the nation paid for all that perished. The expenses of the war on Lake Ontario were less frightful, though even there they swelled

to an amount that was almost incredible. It cost a thousand dollars for every cannon conveyed to Sackett's Harbor. To build the fleets on the lakes absorbed immense amounts. The sum expended on Lake Ontario for this purpose alone was nearly two millions of dollars. These vast outlays necessarily embarrassed the public finances, especially as the war had been begun with an impoverished treasury. Before Congress adjourned, after the declaration of hostilities, a bill had been passed, allowing the President to issue treasury notes to the amount of five millions of dollars; and one of its first acts on reassembling in November, was to authorize a further issue of five millions, and to empower him to borrow sixteen millions in addition.

These measures being found insufficient to provide for the rapidly increasing expenses of the contest, and the revenue from the customs being cut off almost entirely, it became necessary to adopt other expedients, and accordingly, on the 22nd of July, 1813, Congress passed an act for levying direct taxes and internal duties. The direct tax was, at first, fixed at three millions, but in January, 1815, it was increased to six. The average duration of the war taxes was three years. The nett proceeds were about five millions three hundred thousand dollars annually. These taxes continued to be increased, from time to time, until the declaration of peace, after which they were gradually diminished until they ceased altogether. It is honorable to the nation to record that never were taxes paid more promptly, though specie payments being suspended, money was scarce and the currency in a most deranged condition. In addition to these taxes, Congress, between the years 1812 and 1815, authorized loans to the amount of ninety millions, most of which were received in a depreciated currency, and never at an interest of less than six per cent. During the war the issue of treasury notes to the amount of forty millions also was authorized. At the close of the contest the national debt was increased nearly one hundred millions. In consequence of these enormous liabilities the credit of the federal government sunk so low that treasury notes depreciated to seventeen per cent. and the loans to thirty per cent. below par. During all this period the commercial world was plunged in distress. Coin disappeared from circulation, and was replaced by a paper currency, frequently of the most worthless kind. The ruin of private fortunes was frequent. Yet, on the whole, the people bore their calamities with cheerfulness, never forgetting that they, rather than the government, were the true authors of the war!

We have already alluded to the fact that England, for the first two years of the contest, depended chiefly on the savages to fight

her battles. This was, in part, the result of necessity. Her minister at Washington, Mr. Foster, had so completely mistaken public sentiment in the United States, as to believe that there existed no danger of a war, and accordingly his government, relying on these assurances, made little or no preparation for the crisis. Hence, when Congress declared hostilities, the British had but five thousand troops in Canada. Alarmed at the consequence of his error, Mr. Foster hastened to obviate them by a trick; and it was at his secret instigation that Sir George Prevost applied for and obtained the armistice with General Dearborn, to which we have before alluded. This armistice, it is true, was immediately disavowed by Mr. Madison; but in the meantime it had served its purpose; for as the agreement did not extend to the upper lakes, Brock had hastened thither, and in consequence Detroit had been captured. The disgrace attending the fall of that place, made it a point of honor that it should be re-taken; and hence more importance was attached to its re-capture than it, perhaps, deserved. It is almost certain that if the sums which were expended in recovering Michigan, had been applied to fitting out an expedition against Halifax, that important naval depot might have become ours in the first year of the war, and a blow been struck at England which would have staggered her, notwithstanding her colossal strength!

There is another consideration which increases the regret of the historian, when he reflects on this unfortunate armistice. It was the cause of a long period of inactivity, fatal not only to the health, but to the spirits of the army. The war on Lake Ontario having begun in a languishing way, was continued in the same manner for nearly two years; for the troops who were to conduct it had been ruined, as it were, by the inactivity of the first three months. Had Dearborn, on the declaration of hostilities, dashed boldly across into Canada, he would have carried everything before him. A leader like Brown, or Scott, or Jackson, would, at that period, have been invaluable. The comparatively small numbers of the enemy would have rendered his resistance unavailing, and the prestige of success once obtained, our soldiers would have won victories subsequently as of course! More men in Dearborn's command died of diseases contracted from inactivity, than would have fallen in all the battles necessary to wrest Canada from the British arms. The weakness, imbecility, and want of energy which characterized the leaders, soon descended to the soldiers; and hence it was that Wilkinson's army, the finest of the war, effected nothing. Timidity in the General breeds cowardice in the men.

The awe in which the enemy's prowess was held, was not unknown to him, as we have seen in narrating the operations that led to the surrender of Detroit. The old arrogance of England now displayed itself in consequence in a claim as absurd, as it was tyrannical. On the capture of Colonel Scott's regulars at Queenstown, those who had been born subjects of his majesty, were selected from the prisoners, and sent to England, there to be tried for bearing arms against their King. This conduct, though sought to be defended by the doctrine of allegiance, was an outrage of the most atrocious character, since many of the men were not only Irishmen, and hence unwilling subjects of Great Britain, but had become legal citizens of the United States. The behaviour of England in this affair, was no less absurd than unjust, for she could not but know that the United States would retaliate. Colonel Scott, on his exchange, immediately represented the case of these men to the Federal Government, which promptly issued orders that the British soldiers taken by our armies, should be held responsible for any injury inflicted on the prisoners of Queenstown. The English ministry, threatened in reply, that if a single British soldier suffered, an American officer should be sacrificed for every such soldier. But the United States, regardless of this, maintained a firm attitude. For a while the prisoners on both sides, below the rank of captain, inclusive, were treated harshly; but in the spring of 1814, the enemy set the example of relaxing, and the dispute was finally terminated, by the release of Scott's soldiers. The attitude assumed by England in this affair, would not, perhaps, have been attempted towards any other civilized power. That some of our citizens were found to defend it, proved that the colonial habit of submission had not yet entirely left us.

Nor indeed was the administration of Mr. Madison wholly free from that belief in the invincibility of England, which had led to so many disasters on land, and had, in part, invited this arrogance. From a war, forced on it by the people, it was extremely anxious to escape. Mr. Gallatin, the then most prominent member of the Cabinet, was eager for peace. Mr. Monroe, one of the warmest friends of the Government, declared that "we ought to get out of the war as soon as we could." Mr. Madison himself, had not favored hostilities, and was desirous to secure peace as soon as possible; but the conflict having once begun, he objected to any terms of conciliation which did not afford redress for all our old complaints. Hence, when Admiral Warren arrived at Halifax, in September, 1812, having been sent out principally to arrange an accommodation, the President rejected the offered olive branch, because Great Britain re-

fused to abandon her claim to impressment. The terms on which the United States were willing to treat, were a repeal of the orders in council, no revival of paper blockades, the cessation of impressments, and the immediate release of all American seamen from British ships. England, on her part, rejected these conditions, and the war consequently went on. But the negotiations had not been without their effect on military operations, which, as we have seen, languished on Lake Ontario during the whole autumn of 1812.

Another abortive attempt at a reconciliation came in the following year, from an unexpected quarter. On the 20th of September, 1813, the Russian Government, then in close alliance with Great Britain, offered itself as a mediator between the belligerants. This was, in part, attributable to the diplomatic skill of Mr. Adams, the minister of the United States, at the court of St. Petersburg; in part the result of the Emperor's anxiety to secure for his subjects those commercial advantages which hostilities between the two greatest maritime powers on the globe prevented. This offer of mediation was rejected in London as soon as made known, the English ministry declining to submit to mediation, differences which they declared involved the internal government of Great Britain. In the United States, however, the tender was promptly accepted, and Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard appointed envoys, to unite with Mr. Adams in negotiating a peace. As all these gentlemen had been opposed to the war, their selection was pregnant with meaning, and men were now confident that peace would speedily be declared. The embassy arrived in the Baltic on the 21st of June, 1813, but met with disappointment. England, on the 1st of September, after again declining the mediation, offered, however, to appoint persons to hold conferences with the American embassy, and named Gottenburg as a suitable place for the meeting. As the Commissioners of the United States had no authority to treat, except under the mediation of Russia, it became necessary to await new powers, which did not reach Europe until the Spring of 1814. There can be no question but that the eagerness shown by the United States for peace, frustrated its own wishes. Moreover, in proportion as this country grew more anxious for a reconciliation, England became freed from her continental struggle, and more able to punish us. Hence, as our offers rose, her demands increased. But a re-action was now about to begin, which, in the short space of six months, was to make her as willing to accept as she had before been arrogant to decline our terms.

The difficulty in the way of Mr. Madison's prosecution of the war, from the outset, had been the attitude of the New England states.

This wealthy, intelligent and influential section of the Union had always been opposed to hostilities; and had gone so far as to refuse to order out its militia on the requisition of the President. In other ways, also, the New England states sought to embarrass military operations. In a republic like this, where public sentiment is the main spring of all movements, the influence wielded by the most intelligent portion of the Union must ever be great. Hence, the sentiments of New England made converts throughout the whole country, especially in northern and western New York, where a large portion of the inhabitants were of New England origin. A favorite doctrine of those who opposed the war, was that the President had no right to employ militia for purposes of invasion; and hence it frequently happened at the most critical emergencies, that this species of force refused to cross into Canada. This occurred at the battle of Queenstown. The knowledge of the prevailing sentiment in New England induced Great Britain, during the first two years virtually to exempt that section of the Union from hostilities. Meantime, a thriving traffic was carried on with Halifax, by the disaffected states; and large quantities of American flour were landed at that port, almost weekly; at a time, too, when the article was scarce in the United States. To check this species of treasonable commerce, Congress, in December, 1813, passed an embargo law, but the trade still continued to exist, notwithstanding; and accordingly, in April, the useless interdict was repealed. The hostility of New England towards the war had such an influence on the earlier stages of its progress, as to induce the retort on Dr. Eustis, Secretary of War, and himself from Boston, "that if New England had not been disaffected, the United States could have taken Canada, the first year, *by contract.*"

But, towards the close of 1813, sentiments in New England began to change. Nothing exercised a greater influence in producing this wholesome alteration than the barbarities committed by Admiral Cochrane, in the Chesapeake, but especially at Hampton. Hitherto it had been said in New England that we were the aggressors; but after this invasion of our soil, and its attendant atrocities, public opinion turned. It was on this occasion that Henry Clay, then speaker of the House of Representatives, distinguished himself by one of those bursts of indignant eloquence, for which he was famed. Leaving the chair, he offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the departures of the enemy from the laws of war and humanity, and to embody a narrative of these outrages in a public document to challenge the attention of all civilized na-

tions. The motion was carried, and in accordance with it a report made, which exercised an important influence in revolutionizing public sentiment and inciting the nation to a vigorous prosecution of the war.

The blockade of the New England coasts in the spring of 1814, conduced also to this result. A British squadron seized Eastport, in Maine, and retained it until the close of the war. In April a squadron of the enemy ascended the Connecticut river as far as Pittipaug Point, set on fire the village, and burned over twenty vessels that had taken refuge there. In August, the town of Stonington, towards the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, was bombarded for three days, by Commodore Hardy, but without success. In September, the whole coast of Maine, from the Penobscot to Passamaquoddy Bay, was seized by the enemy, and a proclamation issued by him, declaring it conquered, and requiring the submission of the inhabitants to the British government. These successive outrages on its own soil roused the indignation of New England. The spirit of hostility there was still further increased, in the summer of 1814, by the invasion of the enemy along the route of Lake Champlain.

We have thus traced the causes why it happened that, just as England was prepared to turn her undivided strength against the United States, the latter, for the first time during the war, became competent for the struggle, and united in favor of its prosecution. At the moment when Great Britain loomed more colossal than ever across the Atlantic, the American republic, like a young Sampson, whose locks had grown again, stepped forth to the combat. In 1813, imbecile Generals, undisciplined troops, and divisions among the people had produced a harvest of defeat; but when the campaign opened in 1814, all this had changed. Younger and abler leaders were at the head of the army; the soldiers had been so thoroughly drilled as to be almost veterans; and the Union was united. Added to this, the imposing attitude of the enemy called up each latent sinew on our part. It was felt by every American that, if the republic was defeated in another campaign, consequences the most disastrous, if not fatal, would ensue.

Wilkinson had been succeeded in his command by General Izard; but the latter, in the active measures of the campaign, gave place to General Brown. This leader belonged to a new school in war. To seek the enemy, to fight him at odds, never to think of retreat, these maxims which are now cardinal points in the creed of an American army, first originated with General Brown. In this species of warfare he was ably sustained by General Scott, his second in command.

Resolving to take the initiative, General Brown, on the 2nd of July at midnight, embarked his troops from Black Rock, to attack Fort Erie. In the grey of the morning the astonished garrison beheld the Americans drawn up ready for an assault; and knowing that resistance would be useless against such an overwhelming force, immediately surrendered. General Brown now pushed forward to Chippewa, where it was understood the British, under General Riall, were posted, to the number of three thousand. Here, on the 5th of July, the battle of Chippewa was fought, in which the enemy was signally defeated. The loss of the British, in this action, was one hundred and thirty-three killed, three hundred and twenty wounded, and forty-six missing. The Americans lost sixty killed and two hundred and sixty-eight wounded and missing. The English troops in that portion of Canada now hastened to concentrate. On the 25th of July, General Brown, being informed that a detachment of the enemy had invaded the American soil, hurried General Scott for-

BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

ward to attack the forts at the mouth of the Niagara, hoping by this diversion, to recall the foe to the Canadian shore. General Scott at the head of about thirteen hundred men only, came suddenly across a superior force of the enemy at Lundy's Lane, under Generals Drummond and Riall. Disdaining to retire, a sanguinary battle en-

sued, which he maintained alone for two hours, until the arrival of General Brown with the remainder of the army. The latter officer immediately drew General Scott's brigade out of action, and committed the contest to that of Ripley, which was fresh. The height at the head of the lane, where the enemy had posted a battery, and which was the key of his position, was now gallantly carried by Colonel Miller, under the orders of General Brown. Several unsuccessful efforts were made by the foe to regain this elevation. The combat, which began before dark, raged until midnight. By this time both Generals Brown and Scott had been wounded and forced to retire from the field. The command now devolved on General Ripley. The enemy being repulsed, Ripley concluded to retire to camp, whence, after refreshing his men, he was directed to march by daylight, and engage the foe. But, finding the enemy's force had been much increased during the night, Ripley thought it advisable to retreat, and accordingly retired to Fort Erie, destroying the bridges as he went. The loss of the British at Lundy's Lane was eighty-five killed, five hundred and fifty-five wounded, and two hundred and thirty-four missing. The Americans lost in killed, wounded and missing, eight hundred and sixty.

Arrived at the fort, Ripley used the greatest exertions to strengthen its defences, before the enemy should arrive. On the 4th of August, General Drummond came up, and invested the place with five thousand men. The garrison was but sixteen hundred, commanded by General Gaines, who had been sent by General Brown to supersede Ripley. Having drawn their lines of circumvallation closer and closer, until, on the 13th of August, they had arrived within four hundred yards of the fort, the British began a furious bombardment and cannonade. At last, on the 15th, the enemy at two in the morning, advanced in three columns to assault the place. The conflict was long and desperate. The British, at one time, obtained a lodgment in the fort, but were eventually driven out again, with great slaughter. The loss of the enemy was computed at nine hundred and fifteen. The American loss was only eighty-four. A fortnight afterwards, General Brown, having recovered partially from his wounds, arrived, and assumed command. Finding that the British continued to push forward the approaches, General Brown resolved to make a sortie, destroy the batteries, and cut off the advanced division of the enemy. This bold undertaking was crowned with the most brilliant success. In thirty minutes, the Americans destroyed the labor of forty-seven days, took three hundred and eighty prisoners, and left five hundred of the enemy killed or

wounded on the field. The loss of General Brown was seventy-nine killed, two hundred and thirty-two wounded, and two hundred and sixteen missing. On the night of the 21st, the British raised the siege, and retired with their whole army. The Americans, however, soon after abandoned Fort Erie of their own accord, and transporting themselves to the other shore, terminated the third invasion of Canada. This was done under the orders of General Izard, who, arriving at head quarters on the 9th of October, took command as superior officer.

In the meantime, an expedition had been projected by the enemy, to dismember the Union by an invasion along the line of Lake Champlain. The scheme was not unlike that proposed by Burgoyne in the revolutionary war; and, as at that time, the English officers boasted of the certainty of success. It was thought a portion of New York or New England, might be permanently annexed to the British crown; and there were even those among the enemy who believed that the city of New York itself, would be captured by the expedition. The force collected for the purpose, boasted, indeed, threatening numbers. Napoleon having abdicated at Fontainbleau, in April, and the British troops in Europe being left without employment, large detachments of them were shipped to Canada, where they arrived during the months of July and August, 1814, to the number of thirty-five thousand. After garrisoning the various posts, and despatching reinforcements to the Niagara, there remained about fourteen thousand men, with whom the British General marched on Plattsburg, a town on the river Saranac, near its junction with Lake Champlain.

The whole force of the Americans left here, was but fifteen hundred, commanded by Brigadier General Macomb; for General Izard, a few days before, had carried off with him most of the troops to Niagara. But Macomb was equal to the emergency: his genius made up for the want of soldiers. On the 6th of September, the enemy appeared before Plattsburg. After some sharp skirmishing, Macomb retired across the Saranac, to an entrenched camp on the opposite shore, tearing up the planks of the bridge as he retreated, and with them strengthening his defences. The enemy, attempting to follow him, was repulsed. From this day, until the 11th, the British contented themselves with erecting batteries opposite Macomb's position. Meantime, the foe was busily engaged in fitting out a fleet, with the intention of capturing that of McDonough, lying in Plattsburg bay. On the 18th, the English squadron appeared in sight, and bearing down on the American fleet, began the action.

Simultaneously, the land forces of the enemy attempted to carry Macomb's position, but were repulsed at every point of attack. Finally, the British ships being captured, and night approaching, the battle ceased. As soon as darkness had settled on the landscape, the enemy precipitately abandoned the field, and began a retreat. Thus, at the head of fifteen hundred regulars, and three thousand militia, Macomb defeated an army fourteen thousand strong, composed of the very elite of the conquerors of the Peninsula. The loss of the American land forces was only ninety-nine, that of the fleet, one hundred and ten. The British squadron lost in killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, one thousand and fifty; their army was diminished by the same casualities, at least twenty-five hundred.

In another quarter of the United States, however, an invasion of the enemy was more successful. In August, an expedition destined to act against Washington appeared in the Chesapeake, and having effected a landing at Benedict, on the Patuxent, began its march towards the Capitol. The force of the British was about five thousand, commanded by General Ross. The Americans, to the number of three thousand, more than half of whom were militia, were led by General Winder, who, finding it impossible to make head against the enemy, fell back to Bladensburg, where, on the 24th, he was joined by a reinforcement of twenty-one hundred men, exclusive of Commodore Barney, at the head of his marines. Here the Americans made a stand. But the armies were too nearly equal in number to allow the invading one to be defeated by the illy disciplined levies of General Winder. The only portion of the field properly contested, was that occupied by Commodore Barney and his marines. These poured such a destructive fire into the enemy, flushed from the easy defeat of the militia, that he staggered, and was thrown into momentary confusion. A few more such brave marines, or another Barney at the opposite side of the field, would have saved the day. But General Ross perceiving the scanty numbers of these troops, poured his columns upon them, and charging them on both flanks and in front, simultaneously, gained the victory. Barney fell wounded into the hands of the foe, as did also Colonel Miller, of the marines. Meantime, the militia fled, panic-struck, in all directions, abandoning Washington to the enemy. General Ross, following up his success, entered the capital that evening, and proceeded with Vandal barbarity to burn the public buildings. The Capitol, the President's mansion, the War, Treasury, and Navy offices, shared this fate. The old excuse of the burning of Newark, in Canada, was offered for this outrage; a better one would have been that the con-

querors, so lately from the Peninsula, had become debauched by the wars of Europe. To men brutalized by a long series of hostilities in a half savage country; to men who had sacked Badajoz, and ravaged half of Spain; the wanton destruction of an enemy's Capitol, appeared a slight offence against civilization and humanity. It is the proud boast of America, that under similar circumstances, and when the siege was infinitely more irritating, the public edifices of Mexico were sacredly respected.

The British retired from Washington on the evening of the 25th, and on the 29th, embarked from Benedict. Their loss in this expedition is estimated at four hundred killed or wounded; while it is believed five hundred deserted, or were made prisoners. Simultaneously with this attack upon the Capitol, two other detachments had been sent out from the fleet, one against Alexandria, the other up the Chesapeake. The attack on Alexandria proved successful, and the town was preserved from the torch only by the sacrifice of all its vessels and merchandize. The foray up the Chesapeake was more unfortunate for the British. Near Bellair, Sir Peter Parker, who led the expedition, landed to assault a body of militia, but was

FORT MC HENRY.

driven back, receiving a wound, by which he died in a few minutes.

The enemy, flushed with success at Washington, now moved upon

Baltimore, where he expected as easy a triumph, and a richer prize; for it was now a maxim with the invaders only to attack for the purpose of booty. But meantime, the country was rising to its defence. In an incredibly short interval, fifteen thousand armed men had been collected at Baltimore, under the command of General Samuel Smith, an officer of the Revolution, in whom the fire of military genius had not yet suffered diminution. Batteries were hastily erected, and a ditch dug on the eastern side of the town; the only line where it was available by land. Ten thousand men were stationed to defend these works. The approach to Baltimore by water was guarded by Fort McHenry, by obstructions sunk in the channel of the river, and by two heavily constructed batteries between Fort McHenry and the city.

On the 12th of September, the enemy debarked his land forces, to the number of five thousand men, at North Point, fourteen miles below Baltimore. A detachment twenty-two hundred strong, under General Stricker, having been sent forward in anticipation of this landing, to skirmish with the enemy and impede his progress, a sort of running action began, which continued throughout the day; the Americans slowly retreating before the superior numbers of the British. During the early part of the combat, General Ross, the English commander, was killed. By evening, General Stricker had retired to within half a mile of the American entrenchments, where he rested. On the ensuing day, the enemy was seen moving in heavy masses to the right, as if intending to reach the city by a circuitous route, but General Smith, concentrating his forces in that direction, frustrated the design. Night fell, when the enemy took post within a mile of the works, intending to storm them as soon as the attack by water had succeeded.

Here, however, the British met with an unexpected repulse. The bombardment of Fort McHenry began at sunrise, on the 13th, and continued throughout that day and the succeeding night, though without reducing the fortress. Under cover of the darkness, several rocket vessels and barges ascended past Fort McHenry, but being detected, were received with a heavy cannonade. They maintained their course, however, until they arrived opposite the lesser forts, where they met such a deadly fire that they hastened to retire—one of their flotilla being sunk with all on board. When morning dawned, a consultation was held between the commanders of the English fleet and army, and the resolution taken to abandon the expedition. Accordingly, the troops retired to North Point, where they embarked the same evening, and on the morning of the 15th, the people of

Baltimore were gladdened by the sight of the English sails, whitening the bay, in their retreat. The British lost in this affair about three hundred; the Americans, two hundred and thirteen. During the whole series of operations the militia behaved with the greatest spirit, and amply redeemed the conduct of the same species of force at Bladensburg. Indeed, the whole number of regulars at Baltimore, exclusive of marines, was but seven hundred.

The enemy had projected, simultaneously with this attack, an expedition against our southern waters. Towards the close of August, General Jackson, whose head-quarters had been at Mobile since the termination of the Creek war, received intelligence that an English squadron had appeared at Pensacola, where it was harbored by the Spanish Governor. Information was also obtained that a second squadron, accompanied by ten thousand troops, was soon to arrive at Pensacola, whence a descent was to be made on some convenient point on the American coast, most probably New Orleans. General Jackson, having vainly remonstrated with the Governor of Pensacola, for receiving and granting assistance to the British, now proceeded to call on the neighboring states for reinforcements, with the intention of punishing this infraction of the law of nations. Meanwhile, Colonel Nichols, the Commander of the enemy's forces, issued a proclamation, supremely ridiculous considering the circumstances, calling on the people of Louisiana, Tennessee and Kentucky, to "throw off the yoke under which they had been so long groaning." Simultaneously, also, he attempted to enlist in his service a band of nautical marauders, half smugglers, half pirates, who had formed quite an extensive settlement at the island of Barrataria, on the coast of Louisiana. These lawless men were commanded by a person named Lafitte. This individual, instead of accepting the terms of Colonel Nichols, revealed them to the Governor of Louisiana, at the same time communicating important information respecting the designs of the British. Lafitte was offered, in return, an amnesty for himself and followers, if he would join the Americans. This proposition was accepted, and the haunt at Barrataria broken up. Subsequently, at the siege of New Orleans, Lafitte and his men rendered important services.

On the 15th of September, while General Jackson was awaiting reinforcements at Mobile, a British squadron appeared off Fort Bowyer, thirty miles below the town, and immediately began an attack. A tremendous cannonade, on both sides, was continued for three hours, when the enemy's squadron retired, having suffered immense slaughter. The flag-ship ran aground, and was set on fire

by her surviving crew; for out of one hundred and seventy men in her, only the Captain and twenty escaped. At the moment of the naval attack, Colonel Nichols, with a force of three hundred and thirty British and Indians was debarked for a land attack; but the fire of the fort soon destroyed all hopes of his success, and, after the retreat of the squadron, he retired to Pensacola by land. Thither, on the 6th of November, General Jackson, having been reinforced by two thousand Tennessee militia, followed him; and immediately despatched a flag to the Governor of Pensacola, demanding redress for his late conduct. The flag was fired on and compelled to retire. On the following day, General Jackson stormed the town, and after capturing one of the batteries, forced the Governor to capitulate. In consequence of the loss of Pensacola, the British left the bay, and General Jackson returned to Mobile.

The design of the enemy to attack New Orleans having now become public, General Jackson hurried to assume the command of that important post. He left Mobile accordingly on the 22nd of November, and reached his destination on the 2nd of December. His presence was the salvation of the city. He found, on his arrival, that scarcely any preparations had been made to repel the projected invasion; and that the most vigorous measures would be necessary in consequence, to place the town and its approaches in a state of defence. Moreover the city was full of disaffected persons, who carried intelligence almost daily to the enemy. To check these treasonable practices, as well as to give him that despotic control over the labor of the citizens, which was necessary in the emergency, he applied to the Legislature to repeal the habeas corpus act. The Legislature hesitated. As no time was to be lost, General Jackson cut short further discussion by proclaiming martial law. The inhabitants were now ordered down to the lines, to work on the fortifications, without regard to their wealth. The whole country by which the city could be approached was personally examined by the General, and defences constructed at all proper points. These preparations were increased when a fleet of gun-boats, on which the General had placed much dependence, was attacked in the lakes to the east of the city, and overcome by superior forces. In a word, General Jackson availed himself to their utmost extent of all the materials for defence within his reach; and by his promptitude, energy, and vast resources of mind, infused confidence into both citizens and army.

On the 5th of December, the enemy had first appeared off the coast; on the 14th he had captured the American gun-boats; and

on the 23rd, availing himself of a pass, called the Bayou Bienvenne, which unfortunately had been left unguarded, he fell on an advanced guard of the Americans, made its members prisoners, and pushing rapidly on, reached the bank of the Mississippi at two o'clock in the afternoon. The road to the city was now open before him. In this crisis, General Jackson, instead of waiting to be attacked, resolved boldly to march out and assail the British. He arrived at their position about five o'clock. Their flank being exposed to the water, Commodore Patterson's armed schooner, the Caroline, was sent, under cover of the night, to assail it, which was done, the guns being aimed by the British watch-fires. This was the first intimation the foe had of his danger. Simultaneously the American land forces attacked the right, centre and left, of the enemy. His camp was carried on the right, and the slaughter along his front was excessive. But, extinguishing their watch-fires, the British rallied to the combat, when a close and well contested combat ensued. In the end, General Jackson drew off his men in consequence of a dense fog. He lay on the field all night, but thought it most prudent to retire in the morning to a stronger position, two miles nearer the city. In this action, the enemy numbered about three thousand. The loss of the Americans, in killed, wounded and missing, was two hundred and thirteen: that of the British two hundred and eighty-two. This battle may be said to have decided the fate of New Orleans. It inspired confidence among the Americans, while it forewarned the enemy that his expedition was to produce more hard blows than booty.

In his new position, which, strong by nature, was rendered stronger by art, General Jackson leisurely awaited the approach of the foe. On the 28th, the main body of the British having landed, their commander, Sir Edward Packenham, advanced within half a mile of the American works and began a bombardment and cannonade. The American batteries replied, however, with such spirit, and were so well sustained by an armed vessel in the river, that the enemy retired with loss. On the 1st of January, another unsuccessful attempt was made on General Jackson's lines. Between this and the 8th, each army received accessions of force, so that the American numbers were raised to seven thousand, and the British to twelve thousand. On the morning of that day Sir Edward Packenham made a grand assault on his enemy's lines; but notwithstanding his troops were all tried veterans, and those of Jackson raw militia, indifferently armed, he was repulsed with immense slaughter. The loss of the Americans was but seventy-one in killed, wounded and

missing. The British lost two hundred and ninety-three killed, twelve hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and four hundred and eighty-four prisoners and missing. The mortality among their officers was excessive, Sir Edward Packenham being among the killed. We cannot record his death without a reflection on the chances of fortune. It had been originally intended that the Duke of Wellington should lead the expedition against New Orleans; and, had this happened, that great General might have perished in Packenham's place, and Waterloo never have been won!

The British now hastened to abandon their enterprise. Embarking their troops they retired to Fort Bowyer, which surrendered to this immense force. Here they remained until the news of peace, which arrived in the following month. It was doubly fortunate for the United States that the expedition against New Orleans had failed, since, tempted by the possession of so great a prize, the enemy might have found some excuse for setting aside the treaty of Ghent. In that event a long and sanguinary war on the Mississippi must have followed, and though America would eventually have triumphed, because fighting on her own soil, the victory could only have been purchased by an immense expenditure of blood and treasure. The battle of New Orleans was the closing act of the drama. It remains for us only to notice the treaty of Ghent, before bringing this narrative to an end. Yet, preliminary to doing this, let us pass in hasty review the naval history of 1814.

Towards the close of 1812, Commodore Porter, in the frigate Essex, had sailed from the Delaware. Missing a rendezvous with Bainbridge, at Brazil, he proceeded, pursuant to a discretion vested in him, around Cape Horn, and began a war on the British commerce in the Pacific. He remained in this quarter of the globe for more than twelve months, during which he lived at the enemy's expense, and captured twenty vessels, carrying in all one hundred and seven guns. The value of these prizes was estimated at two and a half millions of dollars. At last, in March, 1814, while lying at Valparaiso, the British frigate Phœbe, carrying thirty-eight guns, and a sloop of war which had been fitted out expressly to capture Porter, appeared off the port. In a few days the Essex, attempting to get to sea, carried away her main-top mast. Unable to return into harbor, she anchored near the shore. The English ships now attacked her, and placing themselves out of reach of her cannonades, opened with their long guns, of which fortunately for them, their armament was composed. Disabled from manœuvreing, and exposed to a fire he could but feebly return, for he had but three long twelve-pounders, Porter was finally compelled

to surrender. He lost fifty-eight killed, and sixty-six wounded; the British losing but five killed and ten wounded. This battle was fought on neutral waters, and was therefore a violation of the laws of nations; but England has never hesitated to act in a similar manner when her interest required it.

This reverse was followed, however, by numerous victories. The sloop-of-war Peacock, Captain Warrington, on the 29th of April, 1814, captured the British brig-of-war Epervier, of about equal force. In this action the enemy lost eight killed, and fifteen wounded; the Americans only two wounded. On the 28th of June, the sloop-of-war Wasp, Captain Blakely, captured the Reindeer, of slightly superior force, after one of the most hotly contested naval engagements of the war. The British lost twenty-five killed, including their captain, and forty-two wounded; the Americans lost five killed, and twenty-one wounded. On the first of September, Captain Blakely took the Avon, a sloop-of-war of twenty guns. On the 23d, he captured a British brig, the Atalanta, which he sent into the United States. From that day to this, nothing has ever been heard of the gallant Blakely, or his ship. They probably perished in a tempest.

The war was now virtually over, since peace had been concluded at Ghent, but this being as yet unknown, the naval combats continued. On the 14th of January, 1815, in gallantly attempting to get out of New York harbor, Commodore Decatur, in the President, was pursued and captured by the British blockading squadron. In this action the Americans lost twenty-four killed, and fifty-five wounded. On the 20th of February, Commodore Stewart, in the Constitution, took the Cyane and Levant—the first of thirty-four guns, the last of twenty-two. The loss of the British was seventy-seven in killed and wounded; that of the Americans fifteen. On the 23d of March, the Hornet, a sloop-of-war, of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Biddle, captured the British brig-of-war Penguin, of nineteen guns. In this action the enemy lost forty-two in killed and wounded; the Hornet twelve.

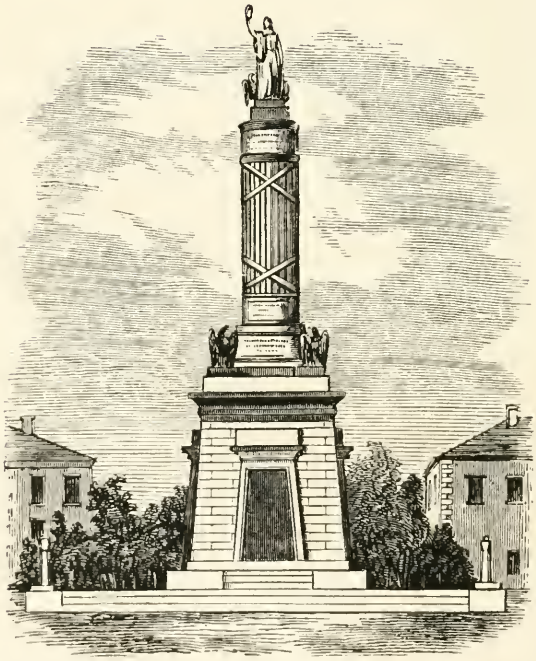
We have already narrated the offer of Russia to mediate between England and the United States; the refusal of the former to accept this mediation; her agreement, however, to appoint commissioners to treat of a peace; and the alteration in the powers of the American embassy, to enable them to act under these new circumstances. In the Spring of 1814, these powers were sent to Europe, and Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell added to the United States Commissioners. The place of meeting was first appointed at Gottenburg, but finally

changed to Ghent. The British plenipotentiaries arrived at the latter place on the 6th of August, but showed little earnestness for a treaty until after the news of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Plattsburg, and Baltimore. On intelligence of these events, foreboding a long, and probably disastrous war, the high tone of the English Commissioners lowered, and on the 24th of December, 1814, a treaty was finally signed. In this document, no notice was taken of the question of impressment, which appears a singular circumstance at first sight; but we have endeavored to explain the reasons for the omission in the first book of this narrative. The articles of the treaty provided for the restoration of all possessions taken by either power, during the war, with the exception of the islands in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, whose destination was to be referred to arbitrators. Various questions of boundary were left to be decided in the same way. Both parties agreed to desist from warfare with all tribes of Indians with whom they were engaged in hostilities, provided such tribes ceased warlike operations, on being notified of the treaty. By another article, England and the United States stipulated to do all they could to abolish the slave trades. Other provisions were inserted in the treaty, but they related chiefly to prizes and prisoners, and were such as are usual on all like occasions. This treaty was ratified by England, on the 28th of December, 1814, and by the United States on the 17th of February, 1815. A commercial treaty was subsequently negotiated between the two countries during the year 1815.

Thus closed a war in which little was nominally gained, but much in reality. By it, indeed, the United States consummated their independence, which hitherto, so far as regarded England at least, had not fully existed. In other words, the war of 1812, freed the popular mind in America, from a sort of provincial reverence for Great Britain. It also removed that dread of her military prowess which had descended from the revolutionary epoch, but which was wholly unbecoming a nation so vigorous as the United States had since become. It is not too much to say that the military spirit of the Republic, which has since shone with such brilliancy, had its birth in the war of 1812.

The early misfortunes of the war, considered in this light, were not without their benefits. They forced the nation to put forth its whole strength, and thus developed a capacity, of the existence of which, even she had been ignorant. From that hour the United States took a prouder stand among the nations of the earth. From that hour her flag was respected. More than thirty years have

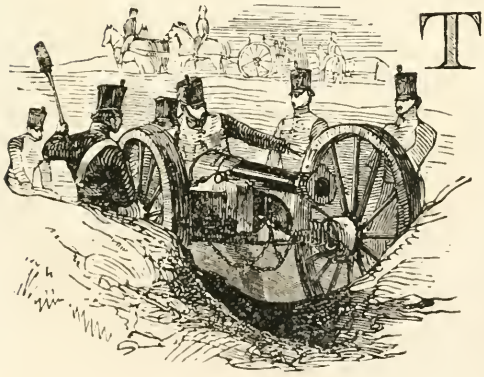
elapsed since the treaty of Ghent, yet England has never renewed her claim of impressment, nor is it probable that she ever will.



THE HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812.

DETROIT.

WILLIAM HULL.



THAT it required the war of 1812 to consummate our independence, is proved by the military operations which led to the surrender of Detroit. Our enterprise and sagacity in commerce was admitted; but even a portion of our own citizens laughed at our pretensions to arms. It was said that we could not withstand the power of Great Britain for six months. An uneasy feeling of provincial weakness, and a profound awe of our old enemy possessed, in part, the public mind, and especially influenced those officers who, by their rank, services and experience, would naturally be looked to in the emergency of war. Hence, during the earlier periods of the contest, most of our Generals regarded any attempt to overthrow the veteran armies of England

as worse than useless. Mistrusting their troops, but most of all themselves, they invited defeat by their moral cowardice. In no other manner can we explain the conduct of General William Hull, in the surrender of Detroit. With his overpowering force he ought to have been confident of success. It is now apparent, that if he had put on a bold front, he would have achieved a glorious triumph; opened the war with eclat; and forced Great Britain, two years earlier, to listen to terms of peace. He was conquered by his own fears, not by the prowess of the enemy.

William Hull was born in 1753, and served, with some distinction, in the War of Independence, as an officer in the continental line. He was present in several of the hardest fought battles of that period, and distinguished himself uniformly as a soldier of spirit, industry and bravery. He rendered himself especially conspicuous on the glorious field of Saratoga, and afterwards at Stony Point. On his retirement from the army, Hull settled in Massachusetts, where, in 1796, he was chosen a Major-General of the state militia. Like others of the officers of the Revolution, he sought and obtained employment from the Federal Government; for, in 1805, he was appointed Governor of Michigan Territory. This office he continued to hold until his disgrace and ruin. When, in 1812, it became probable that war would be declared with Great Britian, an army, to be composed chiefly of volunteers and militia, was ordered to be raised on the north-western frontier, for the two-fold purpose of holding the Indians in check, and opening the expected contest with eclat. The command of this force was bestowed on Hull, with the rank of Brigadier-General in the United States army. The soldiers mustered at Dayton, in Ohio, on the 1st of June, 1812, and, after a long and toilsome march, reached the Miami of the Lake on the 30th of the month. Here Hull received a despatch from the war office, requesting him to quicken his movements. Accordingly he embarked his baggage, stores, sick and convalescent, in a vessel bound for Detroit, continuing his march with the main body of the army by land. Up to this period he had received no intimation of the declaration of hostilities, a culpable negligence on the part of our government which has never been properly explained. But the day after the embarkation of the stores, a letter arrived from the Secretary of War, written under the same date as that to which we have alluded, and which Hull had received several days before by a special messenger. He now pressed forward to the River Raisin, alarmed for the safety of his stores. Here his fears were verified. He learned that the British had received intelligence of the declaration of war, at all their

posts, in advance of himself; and that in consequence his stores had been captured in passing the fort at Malden. This disaster, so early in the campaign, like an ill omen weighed on his spirits from that hour.

Pursuing his march he soon reached Detroit, and immediately proceeded, under instructions from the war office, to invade Canada. Indeed, in the United States, the most sanguine expectations had already been formed of the result of his expedition; but these, however, were not common to all classes; large numbers, affected by the feeling we have alluded to, doubted secretly of his success. On the 12th of July he crossed the river Detroit, and pitched his camp at Sandwich, with the professed intention of marching against Malden, a post which it was of importance to reduce, since it lay in the way to intercept all supplies forwarded from the United States. There can be no doubt, if Hull had pushed forward at once to Malden, that the place would have surrendered. The fort there was in a most dilapidated condition, nor was it until a week later that it was rendered defensible; the garrison numbered but seven hundred men, of which six hundred were lukewarm militia, and indifferent savages; and, to add to the chances of success, the population of the neighborhood was very generally disaffected, and ready, as were also the Indians of the vicinity, to join whatever side promised, by a successful first blow, to gain the ascendancy. Only eighteen miles interposed between Hull and Malden. A rapid summer day's march would have brought him to the gates of his enemy. He had nearly two men where his opponent had one. Yet he lingered for three weeks at Sandwich without striking a blow. There are few things in history as inexplicable as this conduct, and nothing but the solution we have given can unriddle it.

His behavior appears the more singular when we come to follow the transactions of these three weeks into detail. During his stay at Sandwich different detachments penetrated the country sixty miles into the interior, and everywhere found the inhabitants friendly. The royal militia at Ahmetsburg, opposite Malden, was daily deserting. Nor was this all. A party of American soldiers, commanded by Colonels Cass and Miller, on the 16th of July, assailed a British outpost at the bridge over the Canard, a river but four miles distant from Malden, and drove the picket back upon the fort, where the fugitives arrived panic-struck, spreading terror and confusion among the garrison. The enemy, satisfied that Hull was advancing with all his strength, knew scarcely what to do; and had there been a sufficient force at hand to take advantage of this dismay, Malden

would have fallen before sunset. Even on the ensuing morning, when the enemy had partially recovered from his alarm, if Hull had brought up all his troops, and made a vigorous attack, the place must have surrendered. But, instead of doing this, he sharply reprehended Cass and Miller for having exceeded orders in making their attack, and directed that they should immediately return to camp, unless they were prepared to assume all the responsibility of holding their position, and that, too, without reinforcements. Perhaps age, as well as dread of British prowess, had something to do with this conduct. To quote the epigramatic remark of another, "he who, in 1777, would have fought or died without care, in 1812, with not much of life left, was fearful of losing that little."

Yet his mind evidently vacillated, and for a space he appeared to have regained a portion of his old daring. In fact, the strictures of his younger officers had reached his ears, and he began to show a disposition for more vigorous measures. He gave out that he would lead the army directly to Malden. There seems, indeed, no reason to doubt the sincerity of his intentions. The artillery for which he had waited, was now ready. It had been proved by the affair at Canard, that the British were not invincible. His troops, to a man, were eager to be led forward. Accordingly, the ammunition was placed in wagons, the cannon fixed on floating batteries, and every other preparation for the attack made. But, at this point Hull stopped, and became suddenly irresolute. He had just received intelligence of the fall of Mackinaw, a fort situated on the island of that name, commanding the passage between Lakes Huron and Michigan, which had been surprised by the enemy, its commandant receiving the first intimation of the war on his surrender. This disastrous news was backed by information of the rising of the Canadians and Indians, both of whom, foreseeing Hull's fall in his inactivity, began to take arms for the British. The very thought that by advancing and sustaining a defeat, his army might become a prey to the savages filled his mind with horror. He countermanded his orders, and re-crossed the river to Detroit, on the 7th of August.

He had begun his career in the Canadian territory by a vaunting proclamation; he finished it by a temerity which made him the scorn even of his own troops. He had commenced with the inhabitants favorable to him; he ended by alienating them forever. Far different was the conduct of General Brock, the British commander in that region. Receiving intelligence on the 25th of June, of the declaration of war, he hastened to plan the capture of Fort Mackinaw, and his scheme having been crowned with success, his audacity in-

creased, and he conceived the idea, not only of driving Hull from Canada, but of capturing him within the territories of the United States. Brock, indeed, seems to have despised his adversary as much as the latter feared Brock. In furtherance of his design, Brock superseded Colonel St. George in the command of the district, and appointed in his place Colonel Proctor, a skilful officer, obedient, active, daring, and unscrupulous. The wisdom of his choice was soon vindicated, for Hull, having sent out a detachment of two hundred men to open his rear for a convoy, Proctor, ever on the watch, fell on the party, and totally routed it, with the loss of nearly seventy men. A second detachment, led by Colonel Miller, was more successful, defeating the British, and routing their Indian ally, Tecumseh; but this body Hull refused to support after its victory, and finally commanded its return to camp, where it arrived just in time to be included in the surrender.

As Hull retreated, Brock had advanced, and on the 14th of August, took post at Sandwich, opposite his adversary's camp. Here he threw up a battery, Hull refusing to annoy him. In vain the American officers solicited permission to open a fire on their enemy; in vain they desired to be led to the charge, in order to spike his cannon. A mortal terror of his foe seemed now to have seized Hull. The vision of defeat constantly pursued him, and the sanguinary tomahawk was ever present to his fancy. He would, even at this early stage, have grasped at a truce, as the only hope of safety. "If you will give permission," said the brave Dalliba, "I will clear the enemy on the opposite shore from the lower batteries." "Mr. Dalliba," said the weak old man, "I will make an agreement with the enemy, that if they will not fire on me, I will not fire on them." Even the success of Colonel Miller's detachment could not inspire him with hope. "Nothing has been gained by it but honor," he said despondingly, "and the blood of seventy-five men has been shed in vain." A person in such a frame of mind, was ill fitted to cope with a General as enterprising and bold as Brock. It needed the impetuosity of youth in that crisis, not the drivelling caution of old age. A Croghan would have saved the day, which a Hull ignominiously lost.

On the 15th, Brock sent a boat across the river, with a summons of unconditional surrender. It found Hull in a moment of re-action, and he returned a spirited refusal. The refusal had scarcely been transmitted, however, before he regretted it. Brock appears to have read his adversary's character thoroughly. An enemy, under ordinary circumstances, would have taken some precautions, in crossing a hostile river, with an inferior force; but though the British Gene-

ral had only twelve hundred men, and Hull thirteen hundred and fifty, the former boldly embarked in broad day, under cover merely of a slight cannonade. No attempt was made to oppose his landing. The American leader had already expressed to several of his officers an opinion that a capitulation would be necessary; and accordingly when Brock drew up his troops, and marched to the assault, orders were sent to the advanced parties not to fire. The command was heard with indignation. Tears of shame and rage rose to the eyes of the men, and the officers talked of marching back and displacing their commander. But it was now too late.

The position of the army would have warranted a defence against twice the numbers of the enemy. The fort, a work of regular form and great solidity, surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, strongly fraised and palisaded, was defended by two twenty-four pounders, and a garrison of four hundred artillerists and infantry of the line. The town was held by three hundred Michigan militia, eager to defend their firesides, and well protected by the houses. Flanking the approach to the fort, and covered by a high and heavy picket-fence, were four hundred Ohio volunteers, all expert marksmen, all indignant at the retreat, all athirst for glory! To add to this, the detachment under Colonel Miller, which we have already spoken of as ordered back to camp, was within a mile and a half, stretching forward directly in the enemy's rear, with every nerve strained at sound of the cannon. Not a man in the American lines but was anxious for the contest. Only one hesitated, and he the leader! It is said that surrounded by the ladies of his family, who besought him with tears to save them from the savages by a timely surrender, he sat for a while irresolute, blushing with shame at the proposed capitulation. But at last rising with trembling limbs he ordered the white flag to be hoisted, the troops to stack their arms, and the outer positions to be given up. No council of war was summoned. No advice was asked of a single officer. For once he took all the responsibility on his own shoulders; but it was one which covered his name with eternal infamy!

The capitulation which followed was announced amid the execrations of the troops, the sullen silence of the militia, and the stinging reproaches of the women of Detroit. It was such a one as might have been expected from Hull's panic. Everything was given up, even more than was asked. Not only the territory, in its length and breadth, was yielded to the enemy, but the supplies at the river Raisin, and the absent detachment were included in the surrender. This was done, moreover, at the suggestion of Hull himself. He seemed

to be guided by a morbid desire to save blood, and to crave his antagonist's mercy by abandoning everything to him. He engaged that the militia should not serve again until exchanged. Yet he forgot to make any stipulation in favor of the Canadians who had joined his army; but sacrificed them to the anger of the enemy. In short, the whole capitulation betrayed the panic in which it had its origin. Hull's surrender, as one of his cotemporaries remarked, was the result of "an ignorance that knew not what to do; of a self-sufficiency refusing to be instructed; and of a cowardice that in its terrors, lost all sense of national interest, personal dignity and professional duty." As for Brock, he could scarcely conceal his surprise at this wonderful success. "I hasten to apprize your excellency," he said, writing to his superior, Prevost, "of the capture of this very important post. Twenty-five hundred prisoners have this day surrendered prisoners of war, and about twenty-five pieces of ordnance have been taken without the sacrifice of of a drop of British blood. I had not more than six hundred troops, including militia, and about six hundred Indians to accomplish this service. *When I detail my good fortune your excellency will be astonished.*"

Yet Hull can scarcely be called a coward in the ordinary sense of the term. Cowardice is applied in military affairs at least, to physical rather than to moral terror. There are many men willing to brave death on the battlefield, who shrink from assuming responsibility in critical and uncertain emergencies. Hull had fought bravely in the revolutionary war, and would probably have fought bravely again as a subordinate. Had he been a Colonel in the north-western army, with a Jackson at its head, a portion of the inflexible character of his superior might have been imparted to him. His whole career proves that though brave enough when he could lean on others, he was not accustomed to depending on himself. Personally he had no fear of death; but he shrank from the responsibility of bringing it on others. It is probable that if there had been no Indians in the British army, he might have made a bolder stand, for dread of the savages was a prevailing feature of that day. But the conviction that England was invincible, and that it was a waste of blood and treasure to combat her, seems to have been the leading cause which produced Hull's surrender. He began the campaign with uneasy fears of her superiority, and these fears were increased by the bold and dashing enterprise on Mackinaw. It has been well remarked that, from the day that fort fell, Hull was conquered.

The news of the capitulation at Detroit was received in the United States with incredulity at first, and subsequently with curses of rage

and shame. The astonishment of the people, who had expected to hear of the conquest of all Canada, could not have been greater. A re-action from hope to despair was the consequence. Those who had been most confident became the most desponding. The cry was that the war would ruin us. The New England states, which had denounced the invasion of Canada as unjust and irreligious, pointed to the late disaster as a rebuke sent by Providence, and exhorted the militia to refuse crossing the border. Never, perhaps, since the War of Independence, and in the period immediately preceding the battle of Trenton, was the public mind so despondent. But suddenly news came of a victory, so unexpected, so brilliant, so far beyond ordinary calculation, that the nation was flung into transports of joy. We allude to the capture of the Guerriere. The fall of Detroit now ceased to call the blush of shame to American cheeks, for it was more than set off, in the popular estimation, by this triumph. If the flag of the republic had been trailed in the dust on the north-western frontier, the red cross of Britain had been struck down on her native element, the sea!

So great was the public indignation at Hull's surrender, that, for a while, he was regarded as a traitor, who had sold his country to the enemy. He had been carried, with his officers, to Montreal, where the English entered the city with their captives in mock procession; but subsequently, having been exchanged, he was brought to trial before a court-martial, found guilty of cowardice, and condemned to be shot. In consideration, however, of his age and past services, the court recommended him to mercy; and the President humanely suffered him to live, though not without first striking his name from the army roll. The charge of treason was abandoned as unfounded. There is one redeeming feature in the history of Hull, as connected with this transaction. He made no attempt to excuse himself before the public, by endeavoring to inculpate his officers in his crime; but stated frankly, and at once, that the whole blame should rest on himself. In summing up his character, we must regard him as a man of weak, though not despicable intellect; possessed of mere animal courage, but with little moral firmness; as a soldier, good enough for subordinate stations, but totally unequal to a superior command.

Hull endeavored to exculpate himself before the public, by printing, in 1814, a defence of his conduct. But he did not succeed. In 1824, he again appeared as an author, by publishing a memoir of the campaign of 1812, together with a sketch of his revolutionary services. He died in 1825, aged seventy-two.

MASSACRE AT THE RIVER RAISIN.

JAMES WINCHESTER.

JAMES WINCHESTER, a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, was born in Maryland, about the year 1756. He served during the war of Independence in a subordinate capacity, and subsequently removed to Tennessee, where he rose to considerable influence. Possessed of an ample fortune, conciliating in manners, and ambitious as well as brave, he became the successful candidate, in 1812, for the office of Brigadier from his adopted state. His competitor was Andrew Jackson, then comparatively an obscure man, out of Tennessee. It is said that the decision in favor of Winchester was made at the instigation of the member of Congress from his district, who feared that if Winchester was not put into the army, he might become a formidable opponent in the ensuing election.

The ignominous surrender of Hull, had, at this period, filled the whole west with grief and indignation. The best and bravest of her sons, especially from Kentucky, pressed forward to offer themselves as volunteers, and within a month from the fall of Detroit, a gallant army had assembled, breathing vengeance for the late disgrace, and resolved not to return until the British conquests had been regained. Two competitors presented themselves for the command of this force. The first was Winchester, who claimed it as senior Brigadier; the other was William Henry Harrison, who had been created a Major-General by the Governor of Kentucky, expressly to supersede Winchester. Harrison was popular with the troops; Winchester was not. In the end, the difficulty was adjusted by the Federal Government, which assigned to Harrison the chief command. Accordingly the army put itself in motion for a winter's campaign, the Commander-in-chief leading the right wing, and Winchester the left.

Winchester, after relieving Fort Wayne, in September, moved down to the site of old Fort Defiance, where a new post was established, called Fort Winchester. Here, the General, by perseverance in conciliatory measures, succeeded in gaining the popularity of his troops. After building a sufficient number of large canoes, to transport their baggage down the Maumee to the Rapids, the volunteers left this camp in November, and advanced in the direction of the enemy. The way was long, difficult, and wild. The troops, as yet, were destitute of winter clothing, though snow was on the ground and ice forming fast. Provisions soon failed, and for fourteen days the gallant Kentuckians subsisted on hickory roots, elm bark, and the beef of a few cattle killed in a state of starvation. At last a supply of warm clothing was received, and the troops moved forward with re-animated bosoms. It was at this period that an incident occurred, characteristic of the generosity of the western people. The volunteers from Kentucky were the first to receive their winter clothing, and a regiment of regulars remained for a long time afterwards with no protection against the inclement weather, except linen fatigue dresses. The brave Kentuckians insisted that this regiment should be exempt from camp duty, and be allowed to remain by their fires: and they carried their humane point.

It was on the 8th of January, when the order was issued to march to the Rapids. The snow lay twenty-seven inches deep on a dead level, and the men had to harness themselves to sleighs, in order to transport the baggage. Yet, intense as the cold was, the everlasting swamps of that region were not hard frozen. Through incalculable difficulties the troops of Winchester pressed forward,

and in about ten days reached the Rapids. In the meantime a messenger had arrived in camp from the village of Frenchtown, on the Raisin, a small stream, emptying its waters into the north-west angle of Lake Erie; the inhabitants terrified at the approach of the enemy, solicited aid from Winchester. Accordingly, Colonels Lewis and Allen, were detached with six hundred men. This little band, on the 18th of January, 1813, reached the river Raisin, and defeated a combined English and Indian force, five hundred strong, led by Major Reynolds, of the Canadian militia. The effect of this victory was electric. The inhabitants of Frenchtown were filled with exultation, and while two days before they had thought only of escaping the tomahawk of the savage, now, they considered nothing but in what way best to pursue the enemy. Nor was the excitement less at Winchester's camp. Every man there felt as if it had been the greatest misfortune of his life to be left behind when Lewis marched on Frenchtown, and all, with one voice, demanded to be led forward in order to share what there was of glory yet remaining. Little did they imagine the dark and bloody tragedy in store for them.

On the 21st of January, Winchester put his troops in motion for the Raisin. The way lay partially through the woods, where the snow was two feet deep, partially along the borders of the lake, where the ice almost blocked up the passage; these were obstructions sufficient to deter ordinary men, but the indomitable spirit of the Kentuckians was not to be disheartened. Winchester reached Frenchtown on the evening of the 21st; he found Colonel Lewis, who was an officer of experience in Indian wars, posted in enclosed gardens, with an open field on his right. The reinforcement brought by Winchester, numbered about three hundred, and was commanded by Colonel Wells, who being of the regular army, outranked Lewis, who belonged to the volunteers. Wells demanded to be posted on the right, as the station due to his superiority in rank; and to this claim Winchester yielded, placing Wells, in consequence, in the open field. Had the advice of Lewis been taken, who recommended that Wells should be stationed in some gardens on his left, the result of the day might have been different.

Meanwhile, Proctor having heard at Malden of the defeat of Reynolds, was hastening forward with all his disposable force. On the morning of the 22d, just after dawn, he prepared for the assault. Covering his right with artillery, and his flanks with Indian marksmen, he advanced at first gallantly, but when he had approached within musket shot of the pickets, was met by so galling and incessant a fire, that this part of his army fell into confusion. On the left

however, he was more successful. Perceiving the exposed situation of the detachment under Wells, Proctor hastened to concentrate all his force against it. A furious conflict ensued on this part of the field. Sharp and rapid vollies of musketry followed in succession from either side, over which occasionally rose the whoop of the Indians, or the cheers of the brave Kentuckians. But that little band, unprotected as it was, could not long hold out against overwhelming numbers. After the action had lasted about twenty minutes, Winchester saw that his position was untenable, and ordered Wells to fall back and gain the enclosures of Lewis. But at the first symptom of this retreat, the enemy redoubled their exertions, and pressed so obstinately on the Americans, that the line soon got into disorder. A panic now seized the men, who had just defended themselves so bravely, and mistaking the command to fall back, for a direction to retreat, they rushed to the river, which they crossed on the ice, and began to fly through the woods, in the direction of the Rapids. Exhilarated by victory, the British gave pursuit, the chase being led by the savages, who tasted, in anticipation, the blood of the fugitives. In vain Winchester, riding among the men, endeavored to rally them; in vain Colonels Lewis and Allen, hurrying from their enclosures, with a company of fifty men each, struggled to check the torrent of defeat. Nothing would avail. Allen fell bravely fighting in the desperate attempt; while Winchester, with Lewis and other officers, were taken prisoners. And now the rout became a massacre. On sped the panic-struck troops, on came the Indians, like tigers who had tasted blood. Some fell by merciful rifle-balls, some were reserved for the hatchet, some were scalped alive, and left to perish by degrees. Of the whole of that chivalrous band which had left the Raisin with Winchester two days before, all were slaughtered, except forty who were taken prisoners, and twenty-eight who were miraculously saved. To this melancholy catalogue must be added the two companies under Lewis and Allen, who had made the sortie we have spoken of in favor of their companions.

We have already seen that Proctor had been repulsed from the enclosures in the earlier part of the day. In that abortive attack he had lost one-fourth of his men, and would probably have now been glad to retire, satisfied with his partial victory, if he had not heard that Winchester was among the prisoners. His fertile mind immediately suggested a stratagem by which he might yet, perhaps, capture the whole American force. Sending for Winchester, he enlarged on his large number, on the ruthlessness of his savages, and on the impossibility of the remaining portion of Winchester's command being

able to make good their defence. "I can set fire to every house in the village," he said, "and this my duty will compel me to do. Think of the innocent women and children who will be massacred by the Indians in consequence. You alone can avert this terrible calamity. Order your subordinate to surrender, and these miseries will be spared."

Instead of replying indignantly to this brutal threat, Winchester suffered himself to be deceived by Proctor's sophistry, or by his own humanity, and sent word to the garrison that it was his advice they should surrender. The message, however, was basely perverted, for when Proctor's aid-de-camp was introduced to Major Madison, on whom the command had now devolved by the capture of Colonel Lewis, the latter was informed that "he and his followers had been surrendered prisoners of war, by General Winchester, to the arms of his Brittannic Majesty." But Madison, refusing to acknowledge the right of a captured General to make a capitulation for his troops, declared his determination to perish where he stood, with his gallant Kentuckians, unless more favorable terms should be granted. "We prefer selling our lives as dear as possible," he said, "rather than be massacred in cold blood." At last a solemn stipulation was entered into by Proctor, that all private property should be respected; that sleds should be sent, next morning, to remove the sick and wounded to Ahmetsburg, opposite Malden; that, meantime, a guard should be left to protect them from the savages; and that the side arms of the officers should be restored to them at Malden.

On these conditions, Major Madison surrendered, though reluctantly. He would still have rejected all proposals for a capitulation, and held out to the last extremity, but for a scarcity of ammunition. That night the prisoners, about six hundred in number, were marched to Ahmetsburg, where they arrived on the evening of the 23rd. Here they were penned up in a muddy and confined wood-yard, exposed to a pelting rain, without sheds, tents, or blankets, and with scarcely sufficient fire to keep them from freezing. The men, on first hearing of their surrender, had broken their muskets across the pickets in rage; and now they spent the night in muttering execrations on their captors for this inhuman treatment. But their fate was merciful compared to that of the sick and wounded who had been left behind. These, by the terms of the capitulation, were to have been conveyed to Ahmetsburg in sleds, on the morning of the 23rd. But instead of the sleighs came two hundred savages, painted in the most hideous manner, who, rushing upon the houses where the wounded lay, first plundered them of every valuable, and

then surrounding the habitations, set them on fire. As the flames roared and crackled to the sky, the savages danced around with yells of fiendish delight. Some of the victims, staggering from their beds, endeavored to fly, but their merciless enemies drove them back with exulting whoops. When the fire smouldered into ashes, the bones of sixty-four brave men lay charred among the embers.

Nothing can excuse Proctor's agency in this affair. He broke his plighted word in not detailing a sufficient guard to protect the wounded. Moreover, one of his own officers, a half-breed named Elliot, on being told that most of the American Surgeons had been killed, and that there were not sufficient to attend to the wounded, answered inhumanly, and with prophetic meaning, "the Indians will be found excellent Doctors." The rage and despair of the prisoners at Ahmetsburg, all of whom had left friends, and some brothers behind, when they heard of this massacre, exceeded all bounds. In this disastrous battle, and in the bloody scene that followed, so many of the best sons of Kentucky were sacrificed, that it was said the whole commonwealth was plunged into mourning. The sacrilegious neglect of the American dead was another part of the conduct of Proctor, as disgraceful, though not, perhaps, as criminal as his perfidy to his prisoners. The corpses were formally denied the rights of sepulture, and left a prey to the hogs and dogs of the village. Some time afterwards friendly hands were found to lay them piously in the ground; but when the American army passed that way, in the ensuing summer, the relics were again seen exposed. They were buried once more, and thenceforth slept in peace. For his success in defeating Winchester, Proctor was made a Brigadier-General; but not a word of disapproval was uttered by his government in reference to the massacre.

The history of Winchester, after this unfortunate defeat, ceases to be of interest. He survived several years, respected in private life for his mild and generous heart; but suffering, in his public capacity, under the odium of this disgraceful and fatal repulse. His career is a warning to popular governments, that a man without real capacity for command, should never, whatever his influence or fortune, be entrusted with the lives of his fellow men.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, a Brigadier-General in the United States army, was born at South Trenton, in New Jersey, on the 5th of January, 1779. He was an officer of industry, ability and promise, though he perished at too early an age to fulfil all the high expectations that had been formed of him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and adroit in the management of men. His courage was bold and dashing. Fond of his profession, ambitious of distinction, and with many qualities to ensure success, it was the melancholy burden of his thoughts, as he lay on his untimely death-bed, that he perished too soon for glory!

Pike was destined for the army from his earliest years, his father being a Major in the regular service. He served, when quite a youth, as a cadet in his parent's corps, and on the 3rd of March, 1799, received his first commission, that of an Ensign, in the second regiment of infantry. In little more than a year he was promoted to the rank of First-Lieutenant. His assiduity soon attracted the notice of his superiors, and in 1805, he was appointed, by General Wilkinson, to command an expedition to explore the head waters of the Mississippi. The detachment, consisting of a Serjeant, a Corporal, and seventeen privates, beside Pike himself, left St. Louis on the 9th of August, 1805, and was absent eight months and twenty-two days. During this period it visited numerous tribes of Indians on the upper Missouri, and was the first to carry the flag of the United States into those remote regions. Pike found the savages generally suspicious of this republic, though acknowledging the prowess of its citizens in war; and it soon became evident to him that for these opinions they were indebted to the intrigues of the English traders in that direction. During the war of 1812, the sentiments, thus sown, bore bitter fruits, some of these very savages marching fifteen hundred miles to join in the contest against us.

The admirable manner in which Pike executed his task in this expedition, induced Wilkinson to despatch him on an exploration to the head waters of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. The primary object of the enterprise, as appears from his instructions, was to restore certain Osage captives, recently rescued from the Potawatamies, to their homes on the Grand Osage; the second was to effect a permanent peace between the Kansas and Osage nations; and the third was to establish a good understanding with the Yanctons, Tetans, or Camanches. If there were other, and more secret purposes of the expedition, they have never come to light. Pike started from St. Louis on the 15th of July, 1806. His party consisted of a Second-Lieutenant, a Sergeant, two Corporals, sixteen privates, and an interpreter. A professional gentlemen, Dr. Robinson, accompanied the party as a volunteer. The Indians carried out by the expedition, were fifty-one Osages and Pawnees.

The enterprise proved disastrous. Near the head of the Arkansas River, Pike lost his way, and wandered about for a month without gaining a day's journey on his original encampment. The winter set in severely; the snow lay thick on the ground; provisions failed; and many of the men became frost-bitten, and had to be left on the road. At last Pike reached what he supposed to be the Red River, and began to erect a fortification there, his intention being to leave

four or five men in this place, when completed, and, with the remainder, to return for those of his party he had been compelled to abandon. In a few days, however, he was visited by a party of Spanish dragoons, the commander of which, first informing him that he was within the boundaries of New Mexico, and on the Rio del Norte instead of the Red River, ended by civilly requesting his company at Santa Fe, which was but two days march distant. Under the circumstances there was no resource but to accede to a request, which, if refused, would evidently be enforced as a command. Accordingly Pike accompanied the officer to Santa Fe, first stipulating that a party should remain at the fort, in order to await the men for whom he had sent back. On reaching Santa Fe, the cause of his arrest was explained, in the notoriety which Burr's exploded designs on Mexico had attained. The Spanish Governor had, at first, supposed Pike to be one of Burr's emissaries. On discovering his mistake, however, he allowed Pike to return to the United States, though not until he had taken away his papers. Pike's homeward journey was pursued through what is now Texas. In the ensuing year, he published the results of his observations, in a work entitled, "Geographical, Statistical, and General Observations on the Interior Provinces of New Spain;" and shortly after, made a report to the government of his expedition up the Mississippi. The most flattering testimonials, from both the Secretary of War and the President, were received by him for his conduct in these explorations. He appears indeed to have possessed every required qualification except being a man of science.

After his return from Mexico, Pike was raised to the rank of Captain; in 1809, to that of Major; and in 1810, to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. When the War of 1812 broke out, he was advanced to the post of Colonel. In the ensuing year, when General Dearborn planned his attack on York, the command of the expedition was given to Pike, who had meantime been nominated for Brigadier. It was on the 27th of April, 1813, that the tragical assault was made. The defenders numbered about eight hundred, half regulars, and half militia and Indians, commanded by General Sheaffe. An adverse wind prevented the landing of the Americans where they had intended, and accordingly it became necessary to pass some thick woods before reaching the works. These woods were occupied by a strong party of the enemy, who poured in a destructive fire as the troops approached the shore. The first who landed were the riflemen under Major Forsythe. One of their number, an especial favorite, falling almost as soon as he sprang on the beach, the whole

corps became inflamed with a thirst for revenge, which lent the most terrible effect to their fire. Immediately taking covert behind the trees, they picked off the troops of the British one by one, Forsythe, it is said, passing up and down the line behind his men, and pointing out those who presented the surest mark. The slaughter was terrible. Yet the enemy resolutely held his ground, until Pike, with the main body, had effected a landing.

Quickly forming his men, Pike dashed on in pursuit. After threading the wood we have spoken of, he came to an open ground, at the further end of which appeared the redoubts of the enemy. One of these soon yielded to the impetuous attack of the Americans. But the other holding out, it was resolved to halt the column until a battery could be established of some light artillery, beneath the cover of the conquered redoubt. The troops being fatigued, the leading regiments were allowed to seat themselves on the ground, Pike himself, surrounded by his staff, imitating their example. In this position they were awaiting the effect of the artillery, when sud-

DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE.

denly an explosion occurred, shaking earth and sky. Instantly every man looked around in horror. The explosion was seen to proceed from a magazine of the enemy, a huge stone building,

which had caught fire by some untoward accident. The Americans were all within a compass of a few hundred yards, right in the track of this terrible volcano. An instant or two elapsed between the stunning report and the fall of the destructive missiles. The sight is described as having been awful. At first a jet of flame was seen shooting to the sky, followed by thick puffs of white smoke, from the midst of which huge fragments of the wall went spinning aloft, and then fell, thick and fast, over the field around. The gigantic masses, as they poised a moment before descending, seemed like some black cloud obscuring the heavens: then, with a rushing sound, they came to the earth, bruising, maiming and destroying wherever they touched. In some places the fragments fell with such force as to bury themselves several feet in the ground. Over three hundred individuals, by that fearful descent, were hurried into eternity, or else wounded or maimed for life.

Pike was one of the sufferers. Seeing the huge masses in the air, and knowing that escape was impossible, he did not attempt to rise, but stooped his body forward instinctively. A piece of the wall struck him on the back as he bent in this position, and gave him a mortal injury. Just as he was lifted from the ground, he heard a shout, and inquiring what it was for, was told the enemy's flag was coming down. He smiled proudly on hearing this. He lived but a few hours, just long enough to be taken on board the fleet. Here he desired the captured banner might be placed under his head. He died thinking of his wife and children, and regretting that his career was cut so short. His wife was a woman who shared all his ambitious longings, and would have incited him to glory, if he had been less athirst for it himself. She heard of her loss with the fortitude of a Roman matron, and lived thereafter to cherish his memory, as a sacred deposit.

The death of Pike, and the explosion of the magazine, threw the Americans into momentary confusion, which General Sheaffe availed himself of to abandon his fortifications, leaving the authorities of York to make the best terms of surrender they could. Offers of capitulation were immediately made, but while they were being entertained, the enemy set fire to a public vessel on the stocks, and to a magazine of military and naval stores. The loss of the British in this affair was five hundred, in killed, wounded and prisoners; that of the Americans, in killed and wounded, three hundred and twenty, and most of these were in consequence of this explosion.

Pike was but thirty-four at the period of his death. His loss was

deeply regretted by the nation, which had formed a high estimate of his ability. In the army, but especially in his own regiment, the grief for his premature fate was long and heart-felt.

HENRY DEARBORN.

HENRY DEARBORN, a Major-General in the army of the United States, was another example of a revolutionary officer who failed to maintain his old reputation. But as there are grades in unfitness as in other things, Dearborn has the merit of being less incapable than either Wilkinson or Hull. His fault was that of all the earlier Generals of the war of 1812. Age had damped his ardor, and weakened his energy: instead of being the first to lead, he was content to delegate this task to others. Forty years had

completely changed his character. In 1776 he had been distinguished for promptitude and fire; in 1812 he was remarkable only for inactivity.

Dearborn was a native of New Hampshire, where he was born in the year 1751. He received as good an education as the colonies could then afford, and at the age of manhood, settled as a practitioner of medicine at Portsmouth, in his native state. Among one of the most ardent supporters of the colonial rights, he did not hesitate, when the trial of arms came, to devote his sword and life to his country; and on hearing of the battle of Lexington, marched, with sixty volunteers, to Cambridge, a distance of sixty miles, within twenty-four hours. He was present at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he held a Captain's commission, in Stark's regiment. He subsequently accompanied Arnold to Canada, where he was captured, and at first closely confined; but was afterwards liberated on parole, and, in March, 1777, exchanged. He was now attached to the army of Gates, with the rank of Major, and shared, with his companions, the glories of Saratoga. In the campaign of 1778, he distinguished himself at the battle of Monmouth, in a manner to win the personal commendation of Washington. In 1779, he formed one of the expedition, under Sullivan, against the Six Nations. His military career in the War of Independence, closed at the siege of Yorktown.

After the conclusion of peace, Dearborn returned to private life. On the elevation of Washington to the Presidency, he was appointed marshal of the District of Maine. Subsequently he was twice elected to Congress from Maine. In 1801, on the formation of the Jefferson administration, he was appointed Secretary of War, an office he held until 1809. He was rewarded, on his retirement, with the collectorship of the port of Boston, at that time the most lucrative post, of its character, in the country. When the war with Great Britain was declared, he was made a Major-General, partly on account of his influence, and partly for his reputation earned during the revolutionary struggle. His first operation in the autumn of 1812, signally failed. But, as the army was as yet only partially prepared for action, better auspices were drawn for the future.

The plan of campaign for 1813, on the northern frontier, was sketched by General Armstrong, the Secretary of War. He proposed the reduction of Kingston and York, on Lake Ontario, and of Fort George, on the Niagara, in the order named. It was the opinion of Armstrong that the most important of the posts, Kingston, ought first to be attacked, since its fall would paralyze the operations

of the British throughout Canada ; and in arriving at this decision it must be confessed, the Secretary of war evinced more than his usual judgment. The force of Dearborn was thirteen thousand men, and that of the enemy but three thousand, so that if numbers could secure victory, the Americans had nothing to fear. Besides, Chauncey was on the lake, with a fleet, ready to co-operate with Dearborn. On a consideration, however, of the Secretary's plan, Dearborn and Chauncey decided to assail the weakest point of the enemy first, thus displaying another instance of that exaggerated dread of the English armies, and a mistrust in our own, which led to most of the disasters during the first two years of the war. Accordingly the expedition against York was undertaken.

This post fell into the hands of the Americans after a feeble attempt at resistance. It was here that the brave Pike lost his life by the explosion of a magazine ; and in consequence of this calamity a portion of the enemy escaped, for Dearborn not being present on the field, and Colonel Peirce, who succeeded Pike, having received no orders, a pursuit was not undertaken. The next movement was against Fort George, which was abandoned by its garrison on the approach of Dearborn. But here also the inactivity, or want of foresight of the American General, permitted the escape of the enemy. If, instead of concentrating his whole force on the water-side of the British defences, he had sent a sufficient detachment across the Niagara, below Queenstown, he could have cut off all escape. Even when, on the flight of the garrison, Colonel Winfield Scott, on his own responsibility, gave pursuit, Dearborn recalled him, and thus allowed the enemy to secure a safe retreat. Afterwards, by taking the wrong road, he lost two days in following the foe to Burlington heights ; and finally closed this series of blunders by detaching an insufficient force, which was attacked at Stony Brook, in the night of the 5th of June, and completely defeated. These failures the prophetic eye of Pike had foreseen before his death. "Our country is again doomed to defeat," he is reported to have said, "if the operations now meditated by the General are attempted to be accomplished."

Dearborn's want of success, during the twelve months he had been in command, had now led to a very general demand on the part of the public, that he should be recalled. Not only had he signally failed in his attempt on Canada in the autumn of 1812, but afterwards, when full time had been allowed to discipline his troops, and when the government had given him the most unlimited discretionary powers, his campaign had presented only a series of disasters.

With an army never less than thirty-five hundred men, he had been foiled by an enemy rarely numbering a thousand. After the defeat of Chandler and Winder at Stony Brook, Dearborn had withdrawn his forces to Fort George; and the enemy, though much inferior in numbers, emboldened by these signs of fear, had advanced in the direction of that post, in order, as the British General wrote in his despatches, "to circumscribe the range of the American troops, and compel them to live on their own resources." Aroused by these encroachments, Dearborn determined to send out a detachment to attack the enemy. A last opportunity to redeem himself was here presented; but he wanted either the sagacity or energy to avail himself of it. If he had despatched Scott and Miller, both known to be active and able officers, with fifteen hundred men each, he might have crushed the British; but instead of this he chose Colonel Boerstler, an officer proved by no particular service, with but five hundred and forty men, to operate, beyond sustaining distance, against a rapid, practised and vehement foe. The consequences were such as might have been foreseen. Boerstler was surrounded and compelled to surrender.

When intelligence of this last disaster reached the city of Washington, Congress was in session, and an informal committee was immediately appointed, to wait on the President and solicit the recall of Dearborn. Madison complied, and the order was despatched that day. In consequence of this removal, the operations of the northern army were suspended, for General Boyd, the second in command, was ordered to do nothing until the arrival of Wilkinson, Dearborn's successor. In justice to the retiring General it must be stated that he had been ill for more than a month before his removal; that his army was becoming rapidly thinned by sickness; and that he had been left almost entirely without regimental officers. Moreover, about this period, the command of the lake was temporarily lost. But Dearborn, nevertheless, appears to have been wanting in the requisites of a successful General; for he displayed a torpor and indecision, which, whether resulting from age or natural incapacity, produced the most unfortunate results.

After his recall, Dearborn was ordered to assume command of the military district of New York city. His subsequent life presents few incidents worthy of record here. In 1822, during the administration of Monroe, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal; but he did not long hold this honorable post, being recalled, two years later, at his own request. He survived only a short period, dying in 1829, at the age of seventy-eight.

JAMES WILKINSON.

JAMES WILKINSON, a Major-General in the army of the United States, had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war, but failed in the present contest to maintain his former reputation. He was, in fact, disqualified for a supreme command, though capable of discharging with credit the duties of a subordinate. The disgraceful termination of the attempt on Canada, in the autumn of 1813, is to be attributed chiefly to him. At the head of the most imposing force which had yet been concentrated on the northern frontier, he had

advanced to a convenient distance of Montreal, when suddenly he abandoned his design, and retired to French Mills, to the chagrin of all his abler officers. His excuse for this conduct, was the want of concert on the part of General Hampton. But this is an insufficient justification. The battle of Williamsburg, in which the enemy had met a check, left the road to Montreal comparatively open, and it needed only a bold and vigorous push to carry that important place. But there was nothing heroic about Wilkinson. He was a gentleman of polished address, and a methodical officer, but not a great General. He was fitted to follow rather than lead. His pompous manner, his affectation of military knowledge, and his jealous spirit, all marked the second-rate man, attempting to conceal his deficiencies by noise and bluster.

Wilkinson was born in Maryland, in the year 1757. He was educated for a physician, and began his medical career in 1775, but the War of Independence breaking out in that year, he yielded to a partiality he had always experienced for the military life, and repaired to the camp at Cambridge. In March, 1776, he was rewarded with a Captain's commission. He served in Canada under Arnold, and subsequently in New Jersey, under Washington. At first, his advance was rapid. In January, 1777, he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. When General Gates was appointed to the northern army, he offered Wilkinson the post of Aid-de-camp, a flattering tender, which the young soldier accepted, resigning for that purpose his commission in the line. Appointed Adjutant-General by his patron, he served with industry and ability, until the surrender of Burgoyne, when he was despatched by Gates to inform Congress of the capitulation. Wilkinson stopped so long at Reading, on his way to Philadelphia, that the felicitous news reached the capitol before him; but notwithstanding his laggard pace, Congress was so delighted with the intelligence, that he was rewarded with the rank of Brigadier. A keen rebuke, however, was administered by Roger Sherman, who, in seconding the motion, proposed to amend it, by voting the messenger a whip and a pair of spurs. When Gates became President of the Board of War, Wilkinson was appointed his Secretary. Having been implicated in the cabal against Washington by the conduct of Gates, a rupture occurred between the patron and pupil, and Wilkinson, in consequence, resigned his post as Secretary, as also his brevet of Brigadier. He was, however, subsequently appointed Clothier-General of the army.

At the close of the war, Wilkinson settled in Kentucky, where he embarked in trade; but soon becoming disgusted with commerce, he

returned to the army, and was employed on the frontier. When the purchase of Louisiana was effected, under Jefferson's administration, Wilkinson was joint commissioner with Governor Clairborne, to receive that territory from the French authorities. He was now in command of the southern department. A few years later, Burr conceived the design of invading Mexico, and Wilkinson, still at the head of the southern department, appears to have lent, at first, a favorable ear to the dazzling scheme. Subsequently, however, induced either by patriotism or interest, he refused to give his countenance to the enterprise, and became, indeed, one of the most active and even virulent witnesses against the prisoner. In this conduct, there is such an absence of magnanimity, as leaves no very favorable impression on the mind of the historian. Nothing, in fact, can vindicate Wilkinson from the imputation of having sought his own personal advancement by the ruin of his former friend. He was well acquainted with the real intentions of Burr, and had been a party to them; but when the popular cry was raised, he became one of the first, not only to desert his late associate, but to seek his destruction. The most partial eulogists of Wilkinson's behaviour in this affair, are forced to admit, that either he shared in Burr's ambitious plans, or else played the spy on him from the beginning.

Wilkinson continued in command of the southern department until 1811. In 1813, he was ordered to the northern frontier, to assume the chief command of the army there, made vacant by the recall of General Dearborn. The failure of the preceding campaign had led to the resignation of the Hon. Wm. Eustis, Secretary of War, and the advancement of General Armstrong to that place. The new officer had no sooner assumed his post, than he planned a bold and comprehensive campaign against Canada, the reduction of Kingston, the enemy's chief depot, being laid down as the first step to be taken, and preliminary to the conquest of Montreal and Quebec. The campaign was to have been opened on Lake Ontario, by the first of April, or as soon as that lake was free from ice; and on the St. Lawrence by the 15th of May, or earlier if the navigation would permit. Had this plan been vigorously carried out, there is little doubt but that the whole of Canada would have fallen. But there seems to have been a lamentable imbecility, not only in those entrusted with its execution, but in the Secretary of War himself, who, later in the season, repaired to the scene of action in person. In the early part of the spring, General Dearborn was in command of the northern department, but instead of opening the campaign by an attack on Kingston, he moved against York, where victory

afforded no reward commensurate with the trouble. Had he assailed Kingston at once, it is now apparent that he would have succeeded, and in so doing, struck a deadly blow to the British in Canada. His mistake at the beginning of the campaign, led to the inactivity of his army during the whole summer, for in July he was recalled, and by direction of the Secretary of War, every thing was left to await the arrival of Wilkinson, his successor. Meantime, however, Armstrong renewed the original plan of the campaign, which, on Wilkinson's arrival, was communicated to that General. The seizure of Kingston, and the destruction of the British fleet there, the Secretary said would give Wilkinson command of Lake Ontario, and strike at the vital parts of the enemy. In conjunction with this enterprise, the Secretary proposed a movement from Lake Champlain on the St. Lawrence, and the troops destined for this service, about four thousand men, were entrusted to General Hampton.

Wilkinson arrived at Albany in the early part of August, 1813,

KINGSTON.

and despatched, on the 16th of that month, his first orders to Hampton. The latter General, who had imagined his command an independent one, was jealous of this new superior, and immediately

tendered his resignation, but the Secretary succeeded in persuading him to retain his post until the close of the campaign, though not in wholly eradicating his disgust. The consequence was that the operations, which ought to have opened in the spring, and which were now about to begin at last in the autumn, commenced with a feud between the General-in-chief and his second in command, an event generally ominous of failure. However, the campaign was at once begun. Wilkinson arriving at Sackett's Harbor, hastened to call a council of war. At this assembly it was resolved to rendezvous the troops at that post, and after a bold feint on Kingston, to slip down the St. Lawrence, and in conjunction with General Hampton, capture Montreal. The army at Wilkinson's disposal, was already seven thousand four hundred men, which, in a month, could be raised to nine thousand. This, it was believed, would outnumber the disposable force of the enemy, and ensure certain success to the contemplated campaign. In order that nothing might be left undone to obtain victory, the Secretary of War transferred his department from Washington to Sackett's Harbor, believing that his presence at the scene of operations would add to the celerity of the army, and compose the jealousies of Wilkinson and Hampton. But in this expectation, as might have been foreseen, he signally failed. His appearance rendered Wilkinson as jealous of the Secretary, as Hampton had before been jealous of Wilkinson. Where there should have been but one controlling head, there were now three. A general distrust between the Generals was the consequence. As a late writer has powerfully said, "that deplorable campaign was a monster with three heads, biting and barking at each other, with a madness which destroyed them all, and disgraced the country. Discord was a leprosy in the very marrow of the enterprise, worse than all its other calamities. Armstrong was on good terms both with Wilkinson and Hampton till it failed, but thenceforth the enmity became as bitter between him and both of them, as between the two themselves."

On the 21st of October, Wilkinson at last set his army in motion; Commodore Chauncey, having, as a preparatory measure chased the English fleet into harbor, and obtained command of the lake. The troops were embarked at Grenadier Island, near Sackett's Harbor, in three hundred boats, under convoy of a part of Chauncey's squadron, but more than a fortnight elapsed before they cleared the lake, and reached the St. Lawrence. This delay is attributable to the advanced season. Now was seen the error of putting off the campaign to this late period of the year. Autumn proved particularly inclement; there was almost constant rain, with occasional snow

storms; while the gales that swept that inland sea, lashed it into short, wild waves, that were more dangerous even than those of the ocean. One third of the boats were wrecked in this perilous navigation. The troops, crowded into the remainder, and unprovided with proper clothing, were continually drenched to the skin. To add to all provisions were scanty and unwholesome. In consequence, large numbers, both of officers and men, fell sick, and the spirits of the rest became materially impaired. Nor did the enemy omit any opportunity to harass and distress the expedition, but frequently assailed it from their batteries, which were posted at various points along the shore. At last, on the 6th of November, the Americans arrived opposite Prescott. The main body of the troops was now debarked, only a small portion being left with General Brown, to whom was entrusted the charge of carrying the fleet of boats past the English fortification. This task, that daring and skilful General effected in the night, without loss, though in the midst of a furious cannonade. The army and its flotilla having once more united, the expedition advanced on its way. At Ogdensburg, Wilkinson heard from Hampton, who expressed his conviction that the campaign was at an end, and renewed his desire to resign. Wilkinson, in reply, announced his present position, declared his intention of marching on Montreal, and demanded Hampton's co-operation to carry out the objects of the campaign. The progress of the main army down the St. Lawrence was now continued.

During the whole voyage Wilkinson had been ill, and for most of the time confined to his bed. Secluded in his boat from the view of the men, his own spirits appear to have sunk as fast as theirs, if the diary which he kept of the proceedings of the army, is any criterion of his feelings. As early as the 24th of October, he writes in the most despondent strain. With each succeeding day, this deplorable want of confidence seems to have increased. Every new storm, every additional obstruction added to the depression of the General, when they should have been only increased inducements to renewed enterprise and perseverance. If Greene, when at the head of the southern army in the Revolution, had given way to the thousand difficulties that surrounded him, the Carolinas never would have been liberated; but, though suffering for most of the time under disease, and though pursued by infinitely greater obstructions than Wilkinson, he manfully bore up against all, and came out victorious. The test of military genius is to conquer in spite of fate. Second-rate men always fail in difficult emergencies, but the first order of minds succeed by bending destiny to their will. Napoleon was never

greater than in his Italian campaign, where, nevertheless, he was always inferior in force to the Austrians. Washington, when retreating across the Jerseys with three thousand men, while the British with twenty thousand, thundered in pursuit, is one of the noblest spectacles in military history, because he was conqueror in defiance of odds. Neither the sickness of Wilkinson, nor the inclemency of the weather can be admitted as a justification of his failure. The fact was, he held a post above his ability. He was unfitted to command.

We have said that the British had omitted no occasion to annoy the Americans. Undismayed by the superior numbers of the invaders, they had attacked, whenever an opportunity offered, with a bravery and resolution which extorts admiration. Indeed, the effect of the preceding campaign had not worn off from the public mind in either country. The British, were, in consequence, always confident of victory; the Americans, distrustful of their own powers and expecting defeat. On the 9th of November, a fleet of the enemy's gun boats, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, cut off a large quantity of provisions and stores, with two pieces of ordnance, from the rear of the Americans. Flushed with this success, Morrison on the following day pressed so close upon the invaders, that the Brigade under Boyd, which was nearest to him, turned and gave him battle. Had Wilkinson been a General of spirit, he would have concentrated all his forces, and crushed his assailant. But reduced by illness to spend the day on his pillow, he was so thoroughly destitute of the necessary energy, that, on hearing the distant cannonade, he merely enquired how the day was going, and was contented when he heard his troops had not been utterly defeated. The battle was thus left wholly to General Boyd, who had but sixteen hundred men, while his adversary commanded a force at least equal, if not superior. The conflict raged for two hours, and was obstinately contested. Both the British and American Generals exhibited the greatest skill and intrepidity, so much so, indeed, that the English commander paid his adversary the compliment of declaring that the battle was in these respects, the handsomest affair of the war. In the end, the British were driven from their positions, with a loss to the Americans of one hundred killed, and two hundred and thirty-six wounded, the enemy losing more by our account, less by their own. The desperate character of the fight is shown by the loss, which, in Boyd's brigade, amounted to one-fourth of the whole number. Had this detachment of the Americans been sustained by the whole disposable force of our

army, there can be no doubt but that a glorious and decisive victory would have been won. This battle has been known as that of Williamsburg.

Wilkinson had now achieved three-fourths of his journey. His forces were greatly superior to those of the enemy; the road to Montreal was comparatively open; and the season was approaching which, notwithstanding the cold, is more favorable to military operations in Canada than either the autumn or spring. His advance was commanded by General Brown, a bold and gallant officer, who felt confident of the success of the campaign. Serving under Brown was a young officer, since the conqueror of Mexico, Colonel Winfield Scott, who had just routed a party of the British, eight hundred strong, at Hoophole Creek, and who was equally confident of victory. Had Wilkinson listened to the advice of these more heroic spirits, he might yet have achieved successes that would have crowned his name with glory. But, instead of this, he took counsel of his own morbid fears. At every step he considered he was further from his base, and, expecting defeat, lamented the distance that separated him from a secure place of refuge. While in this miserable condition of mind he received a letter from Hampton, on the 12th of November, refusing peremptorily to join the expedition. This decided Wilkinson. He saw a chance to shift the responsibility on another, and relieve himself of his suspense. His brow, which had been so long clouded, cleared up; eagerly snatching at this refusal of Hampton as an excuse, he resolved to retreat, and calling in the advance, set out, the very next day, for French Mills, on Salmon River. This resolution was heard with grief and dismay by the younger officers. Thus failed an expedition, undertaken at the head of the best appointed army which had yet been sent out by the United States. No palliation, or but little, can be offered for the conduct of Wilkinson. It was not criminal, perhaps, but it was not heroic. A man of more ability, a Jackson, a Taylor, or a Scott, would have entered Montreal in triumph. Wilkinson was tried by a court-martial, and acquitted, of course, since neither treachery, nor any other glaring error could be proved upon him. But the popular verdict was against him, and in questions of this kind the robust common sense of the people is generally right.

We cannot close the narrative of this disgraceful campaign without alluding to the loss of Fort George and of Fort Niagara. The former was situated on British soil, and had been the only conquest remaining to us, when its Commander, Colonel Scott, eager to share in the expected glories of Wilkinson's expedition, left it in charge of

General M'Clure of the New York militia. During the period of his absence, the British, twelve hundred strong, headed by General Drummond, advanced to the siege of the place. Alarmed at this imposing force, a council of war was called in the fort, and its abandonment resolved upon, though the place was fully competent for a

QUEENSTOWN.

defence. The post was accordingly dismantled. But, not content with dilapidating the fort, the retiring Americans set fire to the neighboring village of Newark, alleging that otherwise it might afford a shelter to the enemy during the approaching winter. By this inhuman act, four hundred women and children, deprived of their homes, were thrust out into the open air to endure all the horrors of a Canadian winter. Nor did the savage cruelty of the militia end here. Finding that the British sought shelter in the neighboring village of Queenstown, red hot shots were fired at that place, to deprive the enemy of a refuge there. For these acts of Vandalism, a terrible and speedy retribution was taken by the British. Crossing the river at the head of five hundred men, Colonel Murray, of the

English army, surprised and carried Fort Niagara, putting sixty-three of its garrison to death with the bayonet, before he would grant quarter. This bold act was followed up by the burning of the villages of Lewistown and Manchester, and subsequently by the sacking and conflagration of Black Rock and Buffalo. We do not pretend to defend either of these barbarities. The British, in the campaign of the preceding year, had acted so ruthlessly as to exasperate the Americans; and to this, in part, is the burning of Newark and Queenstown to be attributed. But the Vandalism of one party should never excuse that of another. It ought to be the proud boast of Americans, that while they make war like heroes, they conduct themselves towards defenceless women and children, with the tenderest humanity. Such, indeed, had been their character up to this period. It is lamentable to consider that this fair fame was lost through the instrumentality of cowards, who, incompetent to defend their post, set an example of barbarity that was fearfully retaliated in the sack of Buffalo, and subsequently in that of the capitol of the nation.

Wilkinson, having arrived at French Mills, waited until his army was established in winter quarters, and then requested leave of absence, in order to recruit his health. He directed Hampton to be brought to a court-martial, and, in the spring, that General resigned. Wilkinson afterwards requested a court-martial on himself. This body met in 1815, and acquitted him of all blame. However, on the new organization of the army, after the peace, he was not retained on the establishment, an ominous hint as to the popular opinion of his conduct. He availed himself of the leisure thus afforded him, to give to the world, in 1817, three large octavo volumes entitled "Memoirs of My Own Times." This work is not without value, but is marked by too much personal prejudice.

Having become possessed of large estates in Mexico, Wilkinson removed to that country soon after leaving the army. He survived there until the 28th of December, 1825. His death occurred in the vicinity of the capitol, and he lies buried in the parish of St. Miguel.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

ALTHOUGH Armstrong was not present in any battle during the war of 1812, yet, as Secretary of the War Department, and the projector of the campaign of 1813, he merits a place in this series. It can scarcely be said that he was a very able, or a very fortunate leader. None of his projects were crowned with success. Though he removed his department from Washington to the northern frontier, in order to be nearer the scene of operations, he gained nothing from the step but the envy of his Generals. Neither in arranging the plan of

this campaign, nor in endeavoring to reconcile the jealousies of Wilkinson and Hampton, did he exhibit any evidences of a superior intellect. In short, he was better at criticising others than at performing great deeds himself. A caustic writer, a good hater, prejudiced, vindictive and vain, he presents the spectacle of a man, who, unable to rise to a first position himself, detracted from all others who aspired to it.

Yet it would be improper to speak of Armstrong in a tone of unqualified censure. He experienced many things to exasperate him, and to leave upon his mind the stinging impression of injustice and undeserved insult. The failure of the campaign of 1813 was far from being entirely his fault. In fact the very errors which led to that failure, he had early warned the commanding Generals against; and the removal of the department to the northern frontier was projected in hopes to prevent, by his presence, unnecessary delays. Moreover, he was not properly seconded in any of his plans by the President. Madison and Armstrong had not agreed from the first; and as the war progressed, the mutual distrust widened. None of the Generals whom the executive had most confidence in, and who were consequently appointed to the chief commands, were, in the Secretary's opinion, competent for their posts. It was Armstrong's favorite belief that victory would never attend our banner, until the old Generals were weeded out of the army, and new and more vigorous ones appointed in their place. The result certainly verified his views. His retirement from his office was attended by circumstances which favored his assertion at the time, that he had been unjustly treated; for, when the capture of the capitol covered him with undeserved odium, instead of endeavoring to shield him, the President hinted that it would be best for him to be absent for a while. The truth was that it was Madison and not Armstrong, who was the real cause of the capture of the capitol. The President insisted that Winder should command the troops, and Armstrong objected. But the will of the President prevailed, and the imbecility of Winder caused a defeat. In the end, the popular clamors demanded a victim, and Armstrong, though the least criminal of all, was disingenuously sacrificed to public opinion. Indignant at this treatment he threw up his office. His own generation blamed him for the fault of another; but it is the duty of the annalist to reverse this decision.

John Armstrong was the son of General John Armstrong, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the year 1758. At the age of eighteen, contrary to the wishes of his parents, he absconded from his studies and entered the

army as a volunteer. He was present at the battle of Princeton in the capacity of Aid-de-camp to General Mercer; and after the conflict assisted to bear the wounded and dying hero from the field. Subsequently, he was invited by General Gates to become a member of his military family, and in this situation, with the rank of Major, he continued until the close of the war. He was the author of the celebrated Newburgh addresses which raised such a ferment in the army in 1782, and which Washington publicly denounced as improper, factious, and dangerous to the country. They were written with great ability, and having something of justice as a foundation, were eminently calculated to exasperate the officers against Congress. It was with difficulty that even the Commander-in-chief could allay the storm. The writing of these letters was, in later life, a source of obloquy to Armstrong. Attempts have been made accordingly to defend his conduct. But though we can see some slight palliation, we cannot discover any legitimate excuse. The verdict of Washington in reference to these letters, pronounced many years subsequent to their publication, is, perhaps, the most impartial that can be given. This judgment exculpated Armstrong from intentional error, but censured the means he employed. "I have since," wrote Washington, "had sufficient reason for believing that the object of the author was just, honorable and friendly to the country, though the means suggested were certainly liable to much misunderstanding and abuse."

After the conclusion of peace, Armstrong was Secretary of the state of Pennsylvania, during Franklin's administration. He was subsequently a member of the old Congress. In 1789 he married a sister of Chancellor Livingston, of New York, and removed to the latter commonwealth to reside. In 1800 he was elected a Senator of the United States. In 1804 he was appointed, by Jefferson, Minister to the court of France. He continued to reside in Paris, discharging the duties of his mission, and acting also as ambassador to Spain, until 1810, when, at his own request, he was recalled, his health and his private affairs requiring his attention at home. On the declaration of war in 1812 he was appointed a Brigadier; but he had scarcely entered on his duties, when the resignation of Dr. Eustus as Secretary of War, opened his way to that high post. The President, it is understood, selected him with reluctance, but considered the choice the best that could be made under the circumstances; while Armstrong, on his part, accepted the post with misgivings, for he found, almost on his first interview, that Madison and himself differed as to the Generals to be employed. "The old commanders have lost all ambitious aspirations," said the new Secretary, "while they

have forgotten all they ever knew, and are ignorant of the later improvements in military science." In the end, this difference of opinion, as we have already seen, led to the comparative alienation of the President and Secretary, and to the resignation of the latter in disgust.

It was in February, 1813, that Armstrong assumed his new office. He immediately drew up a plan for the invasion of Canada, predicated on the capture of York, Kingston and other posts, and the obtaining command of the St. Lawrence, before the ice should leave that river, and recruits arrive from England. Had this scheme been executed with promptitude and vigor it is probable that Montreal would have fallen into our hands, and perhaps the whole province been triumphantly overrun. But Dearborn, then in command at the north, trifled with the precious moments, and the navigation was opened before anything could be effected. At last, the expedition against York was undertaken, a gallant exploit, but an almost useless one, since it was beginning at the extremity, instead of striking at the heart. Annoyed at these delays, Armstrong insisted that Wilkinson should be sent to supersede Dearborn, and that the war office should be changed to the north in order that he might personally inspect and hasten operations. But the campaign, though begun again under these happier auspices, proved a total failure. Armstrong revenged himself, however, by abusing both his subordinates, thus proving that, if he was not a great war minister, he had at least a caustic pen. He continued in office until August, 1814.

Armstrong, after his retirement, amused himself with literary labors. He wrote a sharp review of Wilkinson's Memoirs; numerous short biographical notices; a treatise on gardening, and another on agriculture, both considered admirable; and a work in two volumes, entitled, "Notices of the War of 1812." The latter publication is strongly tinged with the author's prejudices and acrimonious feelings; but displays a large share of military knowledge; and is written in a very effective style. Indeed, Armstrong is decidedly the best military author America has produced; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to finish a history of the Revolution, which he is understood to have begun.

He retained his health in almost full vigor to the 84th year of his age. Towards the close of 1842 he began to waste away, and sinking into a rapid decline, died on the 1st of April, 1843.

GEORGE CROGHAN.

THE first gleam of success in the north-west was the heroic defence of Fort Sandusky, by Major Geo. Croghan. This affair occurred on the 2d of August, 1813, and exhilarated the public mind in proportion to its former depression. A more gallant act it has never been the province of the historian to record. Croghan was born at Locust Grove, Kentucky, on the 15th of November, 1791. He received the best

education the grammar schools of his native state could afford; and entered the college of William and Mary, in Virginia, in his seventeenth year. In July, 1810, he graduated, and immediately began the study of the law. In the autumn of 1811, however, the discovery of an Indian confederacy under Tecumseh, became public, and a large portion of the more spirited of the young men of Kentucky, resolved to offer their services in this emergency to their country. Croghan was one of this number. He first entered as a private for the campaign up the Wabash, but soon attracting the notice of his superiors, was made Aid-de-camp to General Boyd, the second in command. This promotion was a short time preceding the battle of Tippecanoe. For his behaviour in that stoutly contested field, he received the thanks of the commanding General, and was presented with the commission of a Captain in the provincial army, directed to be raised in the spring of 1812.

In August of that year, Croghan accompanied the detachment under General Winchester, which marched from Kentucky to the relief of General Hull. As is well known, the premature surrender of Hull rendered the advance of these reinforcements unnecessary, Croghan continued with Winchester, until, in the succeeding winter, that General moved upon the Rapids, when our hero was left in command of the fort just erected at the juncture of the Miami and Au Glaize rivers. In consequence of this arrangement, he escaped being made a prisoner with the rest of his comrades at the Raisin. He now joined Harrison at the Rapids. This was previous to the erection of Fort Meigs. On the completion of that work, Croghan was one of those besieged in it, with the commanding General; and Harrison frequently afterwards expressed the confidence he had reposed in his subordinate's judicious arrangements during that leaguer. On the occasion of the sortie of the 5th of May, Croghan commanded one of the companies under Colonel Miller, and, for his courageous deportment, was again noticed in general orders. In 1813, Croghan was advanced to the rank of Major. The command of Fort Stephenson was now entrusted to him, and the consequence was that brilliant exploit which will enshrine his name to the latest posterity.

A large body of Indian auxiliaries having assembled at Malden, in the spring of 1813, Proctor, to give them employment, resolved to attack Fort Meigs, and subsequently Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky. His design, in assaulting these places, was two-fold. By making a demonstration against Fort Meigs, he hoped to induce the commander, Colonel Clay, to leave his entrenchments, and meet

himself and Tecumseh in the open field. This was his first object. His second was by seriously alarming Harrison, then at Lower Sandusky, for the safety of his out-posts and stores on the Miami, to induce that General to hasten to their defence, by which means the British leader thought the capture of Forts Stephenson, Cleveland, and Presque Isle, would be rendered comparatively easy, since no longer sustained by the army of the Commander-in-chief. Accordingly, these being the plans of his campaign, Proctor, on the 22d of May, advanced against Fort Meigs. But speedily discovering that his designs against that post promised little success, he raised the siege six days after, and dismissing a portion of his force to Malden, and sending another portion to watch Harrison, he hastened with the residue, twenty-two hundred, white and red, to assail Fort Stephenson.

Meanwhile, Croghan, the commander of that place, was in a most perilous condition. Harrison, having determined to retreat, had sent word to him to abandon the fort, and repair to camp; but the young officer taking the order as a discretionary one, resolved to hold the position. The fort, however, presented few inducements to encourage resistance. Injudiciously placed, and badly constructed, neither finished nor furnished—stripped of a part even of its usual armament, and garrisoned by only one hundred and fifty men, it was scarcely worthy the name of a military work, and would have been considered untenable by four out of five ordinary officers. But the men who occupied that little post, as well as their heroic commander, were made of no common stuff. The disgrace of the preceding campaign had caused their cheeks to burn with shame, and they longed, one and all, for an opportunity to redeem the glory of their country, now suffering a sad eclipse. Accordingly, when notice was given of the approach of the enemy, there was but one opinion in the fort as to the course to be pursued. "We will repel the foe," was the cry, "or perish in the attempt."

The instructions of Harrison had been that Croghan should abandon the fort on the approach of Proctor, provided a retreat should then be practicable. The disposition of the British force, however, rendered a retrograde movement difficult, if not impossible. Proctor's first object had been to surround the place with a cordon of Indians. This movement showed that he considered the retreat of the garrison so certain, as to render some precautions necessary to secure his ground. Having thus, as he thought, provided against the only contingency by which his enterprise could fail of complete success, Proctor despatched Captain Elliot, the half-breed, who had figured

in the massacre at the Raisin, to summon the fort to surrender. The demand was seconded with a threat of indiscriminate slaughter in case of refusal. Croghan's answer was short and heroic: "Go back to your leader," he exclaimed, "and tell him that brave men do not surrender without blows. We will defend the fort to the last extremity." With these words, he turned on the messenger, and regaining his companions, prepared to make good his words by a desperate defence.

Yet, to have seen the scanty means at his disposal, would have made the heart of any man less brave, sink within him. The works were shamefully weak, and but a single cannon constituted the armament. These things, however, had all been known before, and duly considered by that little garrison. The resolution to defend the place had not been the Quixotic impulse of an hour, but the settled determination of days of calm deliberation. Croghan felt that it was better the whole garrison should be cut off, than that, by its retreat, hundreds of miles of frontier, with thousands of innocent inhabitants should be thrown open to the merciless savages. Moreover, he knew well the perfidy of Proctor. The very messenger the British General had sent had been ominous of massacre. The Americans, in consequence, resolved, like the heroic defenders of the Alamo in a similar emergency, to rely on their own stalwart arms and unerring aim, rather than on the word of a treacherous enemy, choosing to perish, if death must be their fate, in the noble effort to defend their flag, and not unresistingly under the scalping knife and tomahawk of the savage. A resolution worthy of freemen, and fortunately crowned with success!

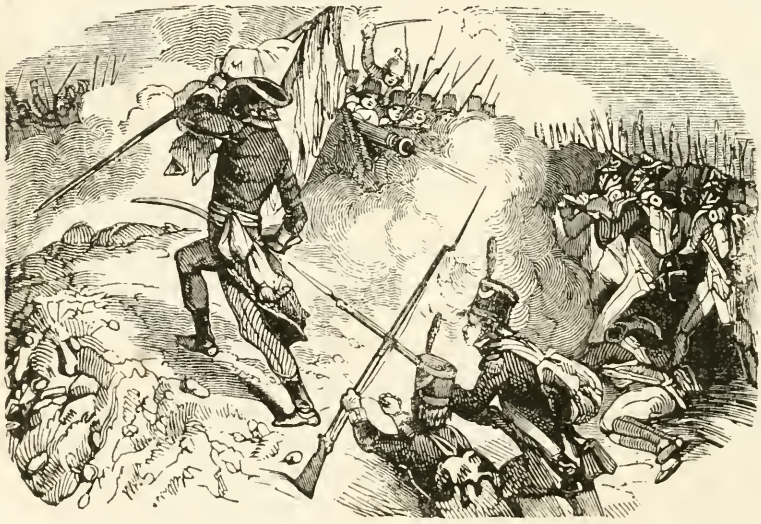
Proctor, though fully expecting a surrender, had not, however, intermitted his preparations for a siege, and by the time his messenger returned with a defiance, had landed his artillery, and placed it so as to support his gun-boats. A fire was immediately opened on the fort. Soon the balls began to strike the works, knocking the splinters in every direction. The day, meanwhile, departed, but darkness was not allowed by the eager enemy to retard his operations. All through that mid-summer night cannon shook the neighboring shores with their roar, and flung a lurid blaze across the gloom. It was no time for slumber, consequently, in the American camp. Every man was at his post, or convenient to it; every cartridge box was seen to be supplied; every musket was examined, and the point of every blade tried, that they might be sure to do their work. Croghan passed and re-passed among his troops, in order to convince himself that nothing was omitted. Now and then, perhaps, as he or

his soldiers looked out on the plain below, and beheld the thick masses of the enemy, revealed every few minutes by the flashes of the cannon, their thoughts might revert to the terrible chances against them on the morrow, and, in fancy, memory would return to the homes they had left, and the lovely faces that made those homes so dear, never, perhaps, to be seen again. But feelings like these were not suffered to unman them. On the contrary, at every such thought, the musket was grasped more tightly, and a silent vow taken to fight as if those distant ones were looking on. Occasionally, between the sound of the explosions, wild noises would come up from the flanks of the enemy, which the soldiers too well knew to be the shouts of the savages, as their braves boasted of the scalps they should take on the morrow; and, once or twice, there were those who saw, or fancied they saw, the figures of painted Indians dancing, the scene blazing out an instant in the blue and ghastly light of the cannonade, like a vision of fiends at their orgies.

Morning came slowly and wearily to the besiegers, but with wings of lightning to the besieged. As the grey dawn melted into the rosy hues of sunrise, many a brave man within that fort looked up for the last time, as he thought, to heaven, but still with no unmanly fear; only with that sad feeling which the boldest will experience when he sees himself about to be immolated. Such a feeling perhaps, crossed the heart of Leonidas, when he fastened on his buckler, and waited for the Persian thousands. Croghan was in the front of his men, calm in that hour of extreme peril. But it soon became evident that the enemy did not intend an immediate assault, for he had established a new battery, consisting of six pounders, within two hundred and fifty yards of the pickets. A respite was thus gained for the defenders. But it was a respite allowing no repose, and only a protraction of their suspense. The fire of this new battery soon began, and the air shook with concussions. The balls hurtled around the fort, or bounded from the ramparts. The surface of the ground in the line of fire, became covered with smoke, which, every few minutes, would rend asunder, and a ball come whistling along. Thus the morning passed. Noon came, but the roar of the cannonade was undiminished. And even when the hot August sun began to decline in the west, the blaze of artillery still went on, and the suspense of the besieged continued.

At last the fire of the British was seen to be concentrated on the north-west corner of the fort, and now Croghan no longer doubted as to the point where the attack was to be made. He accordingly hastened in person to the threatened spot. Every man that could be

spared from other quarters, was put in requisition, and all the bags of flour and sand that could be found, were hurriedly collected, and arranged to strengthen the angle. The solitary cannon, the only hope of the defenders, was charged with grape-shot, and placed so as to enfilade the assailants. Then each soldier took his post. A profound silence succeeded within the fort. This lasted for perhaps, two minutes, at the end of which the enemy was seen advancing through the smoke, his troops formed in one compact column, and marching with the steady tread of assured victors. When Croghan gave the order to fire, such a rattling volley was poured in by the garrison, that the enemy reeled and fell into disorder. But, at this crisis, Lieutenant-colonel Short, who led the British in the assault, sprang to the head of his soldiers, and waving his sword, called to them to follow, bidding them with oaths, to remember that no quarter was to be given. A savage shout answered this address,



DEFENCE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

and the ranks recovering their order, the head of the column rushed forward, and leaped down into the ditch, which was soon densely crowded.

This was the moment for which Croghan had waited. Another minute, perhaps, would have given the fort to the foe; but that minute many of his best men were destined never to see. The

single cannon of the garrison, placed so as to rake the assailants, now bore full on the masses of soldiery in the ditch, and the mask being suddenly removed, the whole fearful contents of the piece swept the solid ranks before it. There was a gush of flame, a stunning explosion, and the hissing sound of grape—then, as the white smoke floated back on the besiegers, the prospect was, for an instant, hidden. But when the veil of battle blew aside, a scene of horror was exhibited, such as those who witnessed it have described as one of the most awful on record. At first a lane, perceptible to every eye, and extending right through the densest portion of the assaulting mass, marked the path traversed by the shot, but as the distance from the gun increased, and the grape scattered, this clearly defined line disappeared, and a prospect of the wildest confusion ensued. One third of those who had entered the ditch, lay there a shapeless, quivering mass. In many instances, the dead had fallen on the wounded, and as the latter struggled to extricate themselves, the scene resembled that depicted in old paintings of the Final Judgment, where fiends and men wrestle in horrible contortions. Groans, shrieks, and curses more terrible than all, rose from that Golgotha! The few who retained life and strength, after the first second of amazement, rushed from the post of peril, leaped wildly upon the bank, and communicating their terror to the rest of the column, the whole took to flight, and buried itself in the neighboring woods. As this occurred, such a shout went up to heaven from the conquerors as never had been heard on that wild shore before. And well might the Americans exult—for it was against ten times their own number they had achieved a victory.

In recompense for this gallant exploit, Croghan was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His name was eulogized in Congress, and hailed with applause throughout the country as that of one, who united in himself the prudence of the veteran, and the courage of the hero. His military genius, indeed, had been proved by his uniform conduct, to be of a very high order. During his campaign under Winchester, he became celebrated among his companions for the judicious selection he made of his ground wherever the army encamped, and for his throwing up some slight fortifications, even when the stay was to be but for a night. He was remarkable also for a manly and open character, for chivalrous sentiment, and for an intellect of more than ordinary force. In 1835, Congress presented him a gold medal, in commemoration of his defence of Fort Stephenson.

Croghan made an unsuccessful attempt after the battle of the Thames to recover the post of Mackinaw. On the conclusion of

peace, he was retained in the army, but resigned in 1817. Soon after he was appointed Post-Master at New Orleans. In 1825, however, he returned to the army, and accepted the post of Inspector-General, which he still worthily fills. He joined the army in Mexico on the march to Monterey, and was present at the assault of that place. During the crisis of one of the three days fighting, when a Tennessee regiment shook under a tremendous concentric fire, Croghan rushed to the front, and taking off his hat, the wind tossing his grey hairs, he shouted: "Men of Tennessee, your fathers conquered with Jackson at New Orleans—follow me!" The stirring words were received with a burst of cheers, and the troops re-animated, dashed on. In the list of brevets subsequently conferred for gallantry in this action, his name was, however, by some oversight, overlooked, and he was unwillingly recalled soon after to the United States.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

HARRISON was one of the successful Generals of the las. war. It was under him that the first victories were gained over the British in the north-west; and his name will go down to posterity indissolubly connected with the battle of the Thames. He is even more honorably remembered for his Indian wars, however: and as the hero of Tippecanoe has gained a fast hold on the public heart. Perhaps, critically speaking, he was inferior, in military

genius, to both Jackson and Brown. He wanted the terrible energy, the almost reckless boldness which characterized these two leaders. He belonged to a different school altogether. His was the policy of Fabius, rather than of Marcellus; and this not from necessity, but from choice. The bent of his mind was to be prudent, economic of means, willing to listen to advice.

William Henry Harrison was the son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born at Berkley, the residence of his father, in the county of Charles City, Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773. He received his education at Hampden Sydney College, in his native state. At the age of seventeen he graduated, and turned his attention to the study of medicine. His father dying, however, in the succeeding year, he abandoned all thoughts of this profession, and solicited an Ensigncy in the United States army. In 1791, accordingly, he received a commission, and was immediately ordered to his regiment, then stationed at Fort Washington, where the city of Cincinnati has since been built. The war which raged with the western Indians gave the young soldier numerous opportunities to distinguish himself; and he was, on more than one occasion, mentioned in flattering terms by his superior officer. Promotion rapidly followed. In 1792 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant. In 1794, on the victory of Wayne, he became a Captain. Soon after, peace having been concluded with the Indians, he was honored with the command of Fort Washington. During the whole of this period he had resided, without intermission, in the west, and had now become so thoroughly identified with its interests, that it needed but little temptation to induce him to make that his permanent home.

Accordingly in 1797 he resigned his commission in the army, in order to be appointed Secretary of the north-western territory. The vast district, then known under this name, comprised what are now the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. In 1799, when the territory sent its first delegate to Congress, Harrison was chosen the representative. His career as a legislator was distinguished by practical sense and an untiring endeavor to benefit his constituents. Among other measures, he procured an alteration in the law providing for the sale of public lands. Up to that period, the smallest portion of land which the government would dispose of to one individual was four thousand acres. This practice, though convenient for the government, was injurious to the west, and unjust to the people. It was, in fact, holding out inducements to the wealthy speculators, and virtually excluding the poorer classes, who composed

the real settlers, from being purchasers. Harrison procured the passage of an act which provided that the public lands should be sold in alternate sections and half sections, the former comprising six hundred and forty acres, and the latter three hundred and twenty acres each. This change proved highly beneficial. The settlers of comparatively humble means were no longer at the mercy of the land speculators, and as a consequence, emigration to the west tripled itself within a few years.

When Indiana, in 1801, was erected into a distinct territorial government, Harrison was appointed its Governor, with extraordinary powers. His administration was so popular with the people, that, at their solicitation, he was re-appointed to this office, by both Jefferson and Madison, down to the year 1813. His knowledge of Indian affairs rendered him, during all this period, prominent in every transaction with the savages. In 1803, Jefferson had appointed him a "commissioner to enter into any treaties which might be necessary with any Indian tribes north-west of the Ohio, and within the territory of the United States, on the subject of their boundaries or lands." In his capacity of commissioner, under this appointment, he executed no less than thirteen treaties with different tribes. By his sagacity and wisdom the western border was preserved, for many years, in a state of comparative security. As the impression of Wayne's victory began to wear away, however, the Indians, always restless, thirsted to take up the hatchet. The instigation of England, whose emissaries increased with the probabilities of a war between her and the United States, assisted to fan the flame of discord. But peace might, perhaps, still have been preserved but for the exertions of Tecumseh, an Indian chief, who had conceived the design of uniting all his race in one great league against the whites, and thus endeavoring to recover the lands and hunting grounds of his ancestors.

Had Tecumseh been a Roman, and successful in his design, his name would have been immortalized by this gigantic plan. He knew by the traditions of his people, that scarcely three centuries had passed since the white man first landed in America; and patriarchs were still living among his tribe, who could recollect when the Alleghanies formed the boundary to civilization. He himself had seen how, year by year, the great tide of population rolled westward, obliterating forest, village and wigwam, like the sea gaining steadily upon the shore. Where once the smoke of the council-fire curled up amid the boundless wilderness; where once the hunter roamed fearless, knowing that, far as he went, the land was all his own; where once the Indian girl sang her love-song, the Indian wife

plaited her mat, or the Indian children gambolled before the cabin-door, now rose the tall chimney of the furnace, now surged along the dense population of cities, now was heard the clatter of the mill-wheel, the roar of manufactories, and all the other noisy accompaniments of civilized life. Each year the Indian saw his territory decrease, and his white neighbor crowd him further towards the setting sun. Is it to be wondered at that Tecumseh regarded the Americans as his natural enemies, that he vowed against them eternal hostility, and that he sought to unite all the red tribes in one immense league against these natural foes of his race? Yet even he must, at times, when revolving his stupendous plans, have felt how impotent would be resistance against what seemed to be the inevitable decree of Providence.

Tecumseh was assisted in his enterprise by his brother, who was known by the name of "the Prophet." Together these two labored to excite the savages against the United States. Their designs at last began to attract the attention of government. Murders and other outrages became of frequent occurrence. Some great movement against the whites was obviously in preparation. Determined to take the initiative, the United States assembled a force of regulars and militia in 1811, and placing it under the command of Harrison, directed him to march against the Prophet's town of Tippecanoe, and demand the restoration of such property as had been carried off by the Indians. If his request was refused, he was to proceed and enforce the claim. Accordingly, Harrison, losing no time in delay, arrived before the town on the 6th of November. Here he was met by messengers from the Prophet, deprecating hostilities and promising that all differences should be adjusted on the morrow. Relying in part on this stipulation, yet alive to the treachery of the Indian character, Harrison was perplexed what to do, since to seem to doubt the foe might produce the very danger he wished to avoid, while to trust implicitly to him might insure destruction. He resolved, finally, to encamp for the night on an elevated piece of dry oak land, situated between two prairies, a position affording the best means of defence in the vicinity.

His mistrust of the enemy was so great, however, that he encamped his men in order of battle, and directed them to rest on their arms; hence, if attacked in the night, they would be ready instantaneously for the contest. The line was formed also with great skill. The front and rear were composed of infantry, separated on the right about ninety yards, and on the left about twice that distance. The front line contained a battalion of the fourth regiment of regulars, com-

manded by Major Floyd; the rear line was formed of another battalion of the fourth, under Captain Baer. On the rear of the left flank was posted a company of sixty dragoons; and in the rear of the front line another more numerous. The left flank was defended by about one hundred and fifty mounted riflemen, under General Wells, of Kentucky; and the right flank by Spencer's company of mounted riflemen, in numbers about eighty. Two companies of militia flanked the right of Major Floyd, and on his left Captain Baer's line was flanked by four companies of militia under Lieutenant-Colonel Decker. Thus judiciously posted, the little army lay down to slumber.

Before daybreak, however, on the morning of the 7th of November, the soldiers were startled by the sound of the war-whoop close to the lines. Instantly every man sprang to his arms. Louder and nearer rose the yells of the Indians, followed by the rapid dropping of shots; and speedily the pickets, driven before overwhelming numbers, came pouring into the camp. Never were the high qualities of the American soldier more gloriously displayed than in this emergency. Though surprised, and scarcely yet awake, each man knew at once what to do. The first weight of the assault fell on Captain Barton's regulars and the mounted riflemen of Captain Geiger, and with such impetuosity did it burst, that a few savages actually cut through the ranks and penetrated into the camp. But this spectacle, instead of creating a panic, only roused the soldiers to the most desperate exertions. Reinforcements were hurried to the front. The Indians in the camp paid for their temerity with their lives. But suddenly, while the attention of the General was thus occupied, a tremendous fire was opened in another quarter, to the left of the front, on the companies of Baer, Prescott and Snelling. At the same time the savages appeared in great force among some trees a few yards in advance of the front. The flashes of their guns followed each other in rapid succession, and soldier after soldier fell beneath their unerring aim. Yet not a man flinched. The regulars died where they stood; the mounted men were decimated unmoved; and the volunteers, regardless of their fast thinning ranks, still bravely faced the foe.

In this emergency, Major Davies, who had been posted in the rear of the front line, was ordered to charge the enemy with his cavalry. Calling to his men to follow, he dashed gallantly forward, but almost immediately received a mortal wound; while his troops, unable to withstand the close and well directed fire of the savages, fell back in disorder. The yells of the Indians now redoubled, and in this part of the field rose triumphant over the rattling of the mus-

ketry. Captain Snelling was next ordered to charge with the bayonet. The command was received with a cheer, the long line of glistening steel was levelled, and the little phalanx of regulars was launched like a thunderbolt on the foe. The Indians gave way in affright. But this success crowned only one portion of the field. On all the others the savages still maintained their positions, and continued to pour in heavy and destructive discharges. The light was still too faint to detect the situations held by the Indians, except when the flashes of the guns lit up their dark forms in the back-ground, or a sudden burst of yells betrayed them in some near locality. The whole camp, however, was occasionally girdled with fire. Spencer's mounted riflemen and the right of Warrick's company appeared to be especial marks for the foe. The slaughter among these brave men was awful. Captain Spencer was killed, as was also his first and second Lieutenant; Captain Warrick fell, mortally wounded; and the men dropped from their ranks continually. The Americans could do nothing until morning broke, except maintain their posts, and keep up an intermitting round of vollies. This they did effectually. One rolling discharge after another shook the solid ground and hurled its missiles of death against the foe, until the smoke of the pieces grew so thick, that it increased the darkness and thus prolonged the danger.

At last the dawn broke, and soon, in the increasing light, the position of the foe became distinctly defined. The exact locality of the savages on the left was now reconnoitred for the purpose of a charge; and Major Wells, in the most brilliant manner, leading his men down the slope, broke the line of the enemy. The Indians were no sooner perceived to be retreating, than a detachment of cavalry was hurled among them. Their consternation on this became general. Driven furiously by the horsemen, who cut them down almost unresistingly, and as fast as the sabre could be plied, they rushed wildly forwards, crowding and treading on each other in their terror, until they finally plunged themselves into a marsh where the cavalry could not follow. The victory in this quarter was complete. Simultaneously the companies of Captain Cook and Lieutenant Larabie were ordered to advance against the savages on the right, sustained by the mounted riflemen. The movement was executed with great gallantry. The Indians broke and fled. Our troops pursued, throwing in the bayonet, wherever it was possible, the cheers that rose from every part of the field, stimulating them with assurances of a complete victory. The enemy was now flying, indeed, in all directions. Harrison had gained a decisive triumph.

In the battle of Tippecanoe the inherent courage, combined with the intelligence of the American soldier, was strikingly exemplified. Rarely has any body of troops been attacked under circumstances more discouraging to the assailed. The numbers and position of the foe were unknown; the darkness prevented aggressive measures; and nothing remained but to stand firm until dawn, a mark for the concentric fire of the enemy. The scattered nature of the Indian forces magnified their strength, lessened the mortality of our fire, and assisted to dishearten the soldiers. During the greater portion of the battle there was no opportunity for the exercise of generalship, or of any quality in either officers or men, except passive courage. Yet nobly did the American soldier vindicate his blood. When morning dawned at last, and the positions of the savages could be made out, how readily, and with what splendid courage he came to the assault! The loss of the Indians was excessive, considering the caution with which they hazard life; it was one hundred and fifty. That of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was one hundred and eighty-eight.

The victory was immediately followed up by vigorous measures against the offending tribe. On the 9th, two days after the battle, Harrison burned the Prophet's town. He next proceeded to lay waste the contiguous districts. The Indians, struck dumb with astonishment at their unexpected defeat, and finding themselves powerless to resist their foe, now sued for submission. Perhaps if Tecumseh had been present, the contest would have been more protracted; but that indomitable chieftain was in the south, engaged in stirring up the Creeks to war. Having completed all the purposes of the campaign, Harrison now set out on his return. Everywhere, as he traversed the inhabited country, he was received with enthusiasm. The people hailed him as the preserver of beauty from the tomahawk of the savage; as the defender of civilization against barbarian inroads; as the hero whose sword carried victory upon its point. No man, in the whole west, was more popular.

Accordingly when, in the succeeding year, the capture of Hull aroused the nation to the necessity of a more active prosecution of the war, the public voice at once fixed on Harrison as the only man capable of leading the army to success and glory in the north-west. When the news of the fall of Detroit reached Kentucky, Harrison was on a visit to that state, and was almost immediately invested, by the Governor, with the rank of Major-General. This was done although Harrison was not a citizen of Kentucky, in order that he might rank Winchester, a Brigadier. Some difficulty, in consequence

of this irregularity, ensued between the two Generals in reference to which should hold supreme command; but it was terminated by the President, who assigned it to Harrison, and made Winchester second in authority. Before this, however, and immediately on receiving his appointment from the Governor of Kentucky, Harrison had marched to relieve the frontier posts, at the head of a body of militia, hastily collected. He left Cincinnati on the 29th of August, 1812, and on the 3rd of September arrived at Piqua. His force now amounted to about twenty-five hundred men. Believing that an autumnal campaign held out prospects of success, he lost no more time at this place than was absolutely necessary to complete his arrangements and receive his military stores.

On the 6th he marched for Fort Wayne, situated at the head of the Miami of the Lake, a river formed by the confluence of the St. Mary and St. Joseph. This post had been invested, for some time, by Indians, but, at the approach of the Americans, they fled in haste. On the 12th, Harrison arrived at Fort Wayne, and was followed, on the 19th, by Winchester, with reinforcements. The difficulty with respect to the rank of the two Generals not having been yet adjusted, Harrison yielded the command to Winchester, and started for his own government, at the head of a body of mounted men, intending to operate against the Indian settlements in that quarter. He had proceeded, however, but a short distance, when an express from Washington overtook him, with a notification that the disputed point had been decided in his favor. He accordingly returned to Fort Wayne, but found that Winchester had set out for Fort Defiance, the preceding day. This latter General arrived at Fort Defiance on the 30th, after a toilsome march. Here, on the 3rd of October, Harrison overtook him; but left on the 4th, to bring up the centre and right wing. He first, however, despatched General Tupper, with a thousand men, on an expedition against the Rapids. Owing to the defection of the Ohio militia, as well as to a disagreement between Tupper and Winchester, the enterprise was never carried into effect. The autumn was consumed in a series of petty attempts upon the foe; but no great movement was undertaken; for the dearth of supplies frustrated any attempts of magnitude. Michigan did not afford even forage for the horses. "To get supplies forward," wrote Harrison to the department at Washington, "through a swampy wilderness of near two hundred miles, in wagons or on pack horses, which are also to carry their own provisions, is absolutely impossible." In consequence of this difficulty an autumnal campaign was abandoned.

But Harrison was still sanguine that, in the winter, he should be able to strike a successful blow at Malden. His plan of operations did not vary much from that projected for the autumn: it was to occupy the Rapids of the Miami, and having collected a sufficient quantity of provisions there, to advance towards Detroit, make a feint against that place, and then suddenly passing the strait upon the ice, invest Malden. His whole effective force was about six thousand three hundred men, divided into three detachments, one at Fort Defiance, another at Fort M'Arthur, and a third at Upper Sandusky. The different divisions were to concentrate at the Rapids. Winchester, who commanded at Fort Defiance, was the first to arrive at the rendezvous. Here he began to form a fortified camp. Having been induced to send forward a portion of his force to Frenchtown, in order to protect the inhabitants of that place from the savages, a victory was the consequence, which so elated the troops left behind, that they insisted on marching to share the glory of their comrades. Accordingly, Winchester, at the head of the remainder of his detachment, advanced also to the river Raisin, where the united forces sustained that terrible defeat, followed by a massacre, which we have narrated in its proper place.

Harrison had arrived at Lower Sandusky on his way to the place of rendezvous, when he heard of the party sent forward to Frenchtown by Winchester. The intelligence paralyzed the older officers of the army. Alarmed for the consequences, Harrison hastened his march, and reaching the Rapids, discovered that Winchester, deceived by the delusive victory, had pushed on in person to the Raisin. The force under Harrison's immediate command did not amount to quite seven hundred men, yet he decided at once to follow his subordinate, hoping to overtake him before it would be too late. He had left the Rapids but three miles behind him, however, when he heard of the disastrous defeat of Winchester. A hurried consultation now took place, when a retreat towards Sandusky was decided on. This decision was hasty. To have advanced against fifteen hundred victorious troops, with a force less than twice that number would, indeed, have been madness; but it did not follow that a post, already partially fortified, should be dismantled, its provisions destroyed, and the garrison withdrawn. Such, however, was the decision of the council. The unnecessary haste of this measure was atoned for partially in the ensuing month, when Harrison advanced again to the Rapids, and began to fortify the post anew, under the name of Fort Meigs. Meantime, however, he had retired to Carrying River, about midway between this place and Sandusky. With this retreat, Har-

rison's winter campaign terminated. It had been even less successful than the autumnal one.

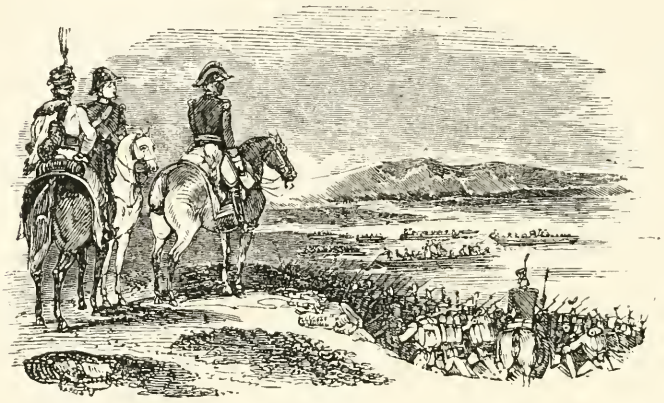
The ensuing spring opened with more eclat. Proctor, at the head of a combined force of regulars and savages, twenty-two hundred strong, advanced against Fort Meigs about the middle of April, hoping to capture it before the arrival of Harrison's reinforcements and supplies; for in consequence of the term of service of a large portion of the troops having expired, the American army was comparatively weak, and anxiously awaited the appearance of General Clay, from Cincinnati, with the new levies, amounting to twelve hundred men. Incessant rains prevented Proctor from opening his batteries before the first of May. The garrison, however, though little over a thousand, was not intimidated. The fort was strong and well supplied with cannon; and the men relied even enthusiastically upon their leader. Moreover, the time had been judiciously employed in throwing up a grand traverse, twelve feet high and three hundred yards long, which effectually covered the besieged. On the 5th of May, a small party sent forward by General Clay, arrived. Harrison now conceived the plan of making a sortie against the enemy, to be sustained by General Clay's detachment. The attack of General Clay was, at first, made with spirit, but finally failed, principally because of the imprudence and insubordination of the troops. The sortie from the fort, under Colonel Miller, was more successful, though, in consequence of General Clay's repulse, it was rendered abortive in the end. It is disgraceful to record that the cruelties visited on their prisoners by the savages, and this too in presence of the British officers, was such as to make humanity revolt at recording them. Proctor, notwithstanding his partial success in this engagement, soon found that he neither could make any impression on the works of the batteries, nor hope to carry the place by storm; accordingly, on the 9th of May, four days after the battle, he raised the siege and began a precipitate retreat, carrying off with him his artillery. The Americans did not, however, molest him. The garrison lost about two hundred and sixty in killed and wounded during the siege, principally in the affair of the 5th. The repulse of Proctor from Fort Meigs obliterated, in a measure, the misfortunes of the preceding winter and autumn, and the name of Harrison was once more regarded, especially in the west, as a sure presage of triumph.

And, in justice to Harrison, it must be said that the failure of the autumnal and winter campaigns cannot wholly be attributed to him. Though not a bold man, he was sufficiently brave, and would have

succeeded if prudence had not forbidden him to risk too much. He has been charged with excess of caution; but it was better to err on this side than on that of rashness. His troops, moreover, were undisciplined, and scarcely fit to cope with British regulars. But the great defect of both campaigns was the attempt to reduce Canada without first obtaining the command of Lake Erie. As we have seen, the supplies of the army had to be carried a distance of two hundred miles, principally on pack-horses, and consequently at an enormous expense. The drivers of these pack-horses were generally of the most worthless description, who, by their carelessness, broke down their animals and destroyed the goods. Wagons were so difficult to obtain, that when used, the teams were valued at an excessive price, which operated as a bounty to induce the owners to drive them to debility or death, in order to get the price. No bills of lading were used, nor accounts kept with the wagoners, and of course the plunder of the public goods went on without restraint. The immense sums thus squandered in supplying the army almost surpasses belief. "From my knowledge of the cost of transportation," wrote Harrison to the Secretary of War, in December, 1812, "I do believe that the expense that will be incurred in the course of six weeks in the spring, in moving the provisions of the army along the roads leading from the Rapids to Detroit, would build and equip all the vessels necessary to give us the command of the lake." Hence, Harrison urged on the government the construction of a fleet on Lake Erie. His advice was finally adopted, and suitable vessels built in the summer of 1813. The victory of Perry over the English squadron, on the 10th of September in that year, followed, and laid open, at once, the whole of that portion of Canada to invasion.

Harrison lost no time in availing himself of the fruits of this naval triumph. He immediately embarked his army, and on the 27th of September, landed on the enemy's shores. Meantime consternation had seized Proctor. Abandoning Malden, notwithstanding the reproaches of Tecumseh, the British General began an ignominious flight. Harrison, now reinforced by Colonel R. M. Johnson, at the head of one thousand mounted Kentucky men, pressed forward in pursuit; and, on the 5th of October, overtook the fugitives on the banks of the Thames, and gained a decisive triumph. The victory was won chiefly by the regiment of Johnson, who pressed forward with such impetuosity that the terrified enemy threw down his arms before the American infantry could get into action. By this glorious event, the direct result of Harrison's foresight and skill, all the territory surrendered by Hull was recovered; a vast quantity of small

arms and stores was captured; and what was, perhaps, of even more importance, the disgrace of that event was wiped from our arms, and the Indian confederacy under Tecumseh broken forever. Among the trophies were three pieces of artillery which had been taken



GENERAL HARRISON'S ARMY CROSSING LAKE ERIE.

from the British at Saratoga, and had subsequently reverted to their original possessors by the surrender of Hull.

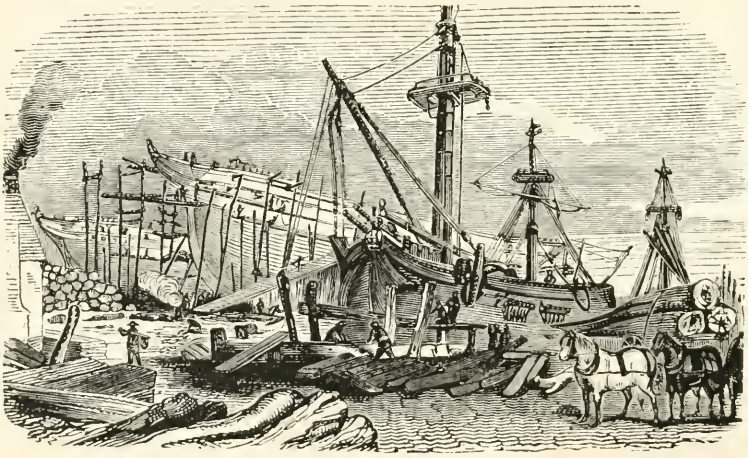
Harrison, having taken possession of Detroit, and finding himself without orders from the war department, resolved to proceed in the fleet to Buffalo. Here he arrived on the 24th of October, and from this place marched to Newark, where he received orders to send McArthur's brigade to Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by an intimation that he had leave to return to his family. Harrison received this declaration as a hint to retire from his command. He obeyed the order, however, but soon after sent in his resignation. Armstrong, then Secretary of War, from whom the order proceeded, has charged Harrison with imbecility in his command, asserting that his successes were the result of good fortune and not of plans well conceived. After the narrative we have given of Harrison's military career, it is impossible to coincide in opinion with the vindictive Secretary. Harrison was not a Wayne nor a Jackson; he belonged, as we have said, to a less dashing school; but he was an infinitely better officer than Armstrong, or than most of his cotemporaries. After Brown, Jackson and Scott, he ranks pre-eminent.

The remainder of Harrison's career was chiefly political, and we

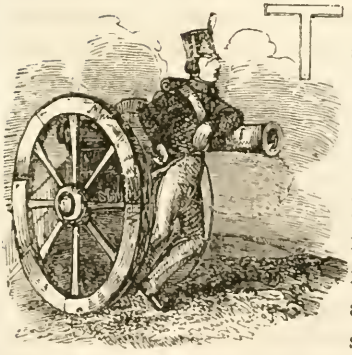
shall, therefore, dismiss it with a rapid summary. In 1814 he was appointed with General Cass and Governor Shelby, to treat with the north-western Indians; and in 1815 to treat with numerous other tribes. In 1817 he was elected a representative to Congress from Ohio, having, at the close of the war, purchased a seat at North Bend, below Cincinnati. During his term he demanded an investigation of certain reports to his disadvantage, in relation to the management of the commissariat department in the army under his control. A committee being appointed, his character was fully vindicated by their report. He voted, during this session, to censure General Jackson for having seized the Spanish posts in Florida. Having been elected a member of the Ohio Senate in 1819, he now transferred his counsels to that body. In 1824 he was chosen a United States Senator from Ohio. His career in that body was marked by his endeavors to procure the passage of a just and proper pension law, for the benefit of those who had shed their blood in the battles of their country. In 1828, Harrison was appointed Minister to the republic of Columbia, but was recalled by Jackson, on the elevation of the latter to the Presidency in 1829. He now retired to private life. His farm and his books employed his time; and his table was ever ready for the calls of hospitality. He ultimately found, however, that his income was not adequate to the support of his family; and accordingly, in 1834, accepted the office of Prothonotary of the court of Hamilton county, Ohio.

In this office he continued until his election to the Presidency in 1840. He was first made a candidate for that high office in 1836, but defeated, the successful candidate, Mr. Van Buren, receiving one hundred and seventy of the electoral votes, while Harrison obtained but seventy. At the next trial, however, in 1840, he was chosen President by a larger majority of votes in the electoral college than has ever yet been bestowed on any man; for he received two hundred and thirty-four votes out of the whole number of two hundred and ninety-four. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841. One month later, to a day, he breathed his last, after a short but severe illness, being the first President to die in that office. His decease was caused principally by the excitement of his new position, and the manner in which he was harassed, day and night, by applicants for office. Popular in manners, and too easy of access, his frame worn down by exposure and years, gave way beneath the exactions to which he was subjected. He died thinking of his country. "The constitution—the constitution," were the words that were

continually on his lips. The demonstrations of grief at his decease were universal; party rancor was forgotten for awhile; and the nation, as one man, united to deplore its loss.



RICHARD M. JOHNSON.



THE state of Kentucky, so fertile in great men, had the honor of giving birth to Colonel Richard M. Johnson. The early life of this distinguished warrior was passed in the midst of Indian alarms. While still an infant he was sent with his mother to take refuge in a frontier fort, against an inroad of the savages, his father being absent in Virginia. The fort was successfully defended by thirty men against five hundred Indians. Similar perils inured the young Kentuckian to danger; while his active life hardened his frame.

His education was simple, as in all new countries. A common

school at first, and subsequently a grammar school prepared him for the study of the law. At nineteen he began to practice this profession. At twenty-two he was elected to the legislature of his native state. Little more than two years later, he was sent to Congress, as a member of the House of Representatives, having just attained the age required by the Constitution. Here he was called on to vote for a war against England, which he did promptly, and immediately afterwards prepared to sustain his opinion in the field.

When, after the successful defence of Fort Stephenson, Governor Shelby, with four thousand men, marched to the assistance of Harrison, Colonel Johnson commanded a regiment of mounted Kentuckians. The force of Shelby arrived at head-quarters on the 17th of September, 1813, a few days after Perry's victory. The men were all in the highest spirits. The despondency of the preceding year had passed away, and nothing was expressed but the most confident belief in victory. Johnson's mounted regiment comprised the whole cavalry of the Kentuckians; the rest of the force, owing to imperative circumstances, acting as infantry. It was partly in consequence of this that his command played so prominent a part in the approaching campaign.

The victory of Perry had opened a new road for the invasion of Canada, and one that ought to have been conquered a year before. Instead of having to march through a wilderness, the Americans had now only to embark on the lake, and be wafted by favorable breezes, in a few hours, to their destination. Accordingly, on the 27th of September, seventeen days after Perry's victory, the Americans with the exception of Johnson's regiment, which was to proceed by land to Detroit, were embarked under convoy of the fleet, and before night reached the Canadian shore. The landing was effected without resistance, no enemy appearing in sight. Harrison pushed rapidly forward to Ahmetsburg, where his troops bivouacked for the night. This was the place where, on the preceding winter, the prisoners captured at the Raisin had been huddled into a pen, and where with tears of rage and despair, they first heard of the inhuman massacre of their brothers, relatives and friends who had been left wounded on the field of battle. As the recollection of this crowded on the Americans, many a bitter vow of revenge was taken. In sad memories like these the night was passed.

But in the morning it became known that Proctor, after dismantling Malden, and burning the barracks and navy-yard, and stripping the surrounding country of horses and cattle, had begun a precipitate retreat, early on the 26th. In fact, the British General had suddenly

become a prey to terror. Like all who are brutal, he was a coward in heart, and shook at the shadow of disaster. His spies had magnified the number of the Americans to fifteen thousand, and declared them to be made up chiefly of Kentuckians sworn to avenge the murders at the Raisin. The fear of falling into the hands of his enemies completely unnerved him; and he resolved by a speedy retreat to save his pitiful life. In vain his officers pointed out to him that there was still a chance of defending his post. In vain it was represented that the larger portion of his Indian allies would abandon him on the first symptoms of a retrogade movement. In vain the heroic Tecumseh, who was above deserting even a coward in extremity, strove, by bitter taunts, to arrest his purpose. "Father," said the bold chief, "listen to your red children. They are standing all around, ready to fight and die for you. Do not forsake, do not alarm them. In the old war your fathers deserted ours. Will you do it again? You invited, encouraged, supplied us with arms, to war on the Americans! Ever since you desired it, we have fought at your side; and when did we turn our backs on the foe? Listen to us now, father. The ships went out to fight on the lake—you made them go out. Where are they? We do not know what happened: we heard the great guns. They sounded loud and far, and since we have seen you tying up bundles to carry away. You told us always you would never run away: that the English never do. Will you now run before you have even seen the enemy?" But nothing could allay the panic, or alter the resolution of Proctor. He fled, and with such precipitancy, that he did not even stop to destroy the bridges behind him.

When Harrison arrived at Malden, accordingly, he found that place only a smouldering ruin. The embers of the conflagration were still smoking; and the neighboring country looked as if just ravaged by an invader. The barns were empty, the farms were plundered of their stock, and the few miserable inhabitants remaining bore the sad aspect of famine. At first, Harrison despaired of overtaking the fugitives; and on the 27th he wrote in that strain to the Secretary of War. "I will pursue the enemy to-morrow," were his words, "but there is no possibility of overtaking him, as he has upwards of one thousand horses, and we have not one." But, pushing forward to Sandwich, he there met to his inexpressible satisfaction, Johnson's mounted regiment of Kentuckians, winding along the other bank of the Detroit. During the march of this force a circumstance had occurred which greatly inflamed them against the enemy. Their way had led them by the scene of the massacre

at the Raisin, where they found the bones of the victims which had been piously interred in the preceding June, brutally exposed. The Kentuckians paused to consign them once more to the earth. While engaged in this sad duty, an express from Harrison reached them, urging them to hasten forward. The scene they had just witnessed inflamed the Kentuckians to madness. They were more eager than ever to overtake the enemy; and pressing rapidly forward, joined Harrison, as we have seen.

The combined forces now marched in pursuit of Proctor. Never, perhaps, had a greater number of gallant men, who were not professional soldiers, left their homes and peaceful associations to avenge the blood of their slaughtered relatives. There was Crittenden, and Barry, and Wickliffe, names since conspicuous among the highest in the councils of the nation. There was Perry, with the wreath of victory still green on his brow: Clay, whose services and bravery in the preceding campaign had won him merited renown: Cass, already celebrated for that courage and ability, which still, after nearly forty years, survive for the benefit of his country. There, too, was Governor Shelby, one of the heroes of the Revolution, who had fought at King's Mountain, and who now came, with a head silvered by age, to fight in a new and scarcely less holy cause. One common sentiment pervaded every bosom. To overtake the enemy, to avenge the blood shed at Raisin, was the sole thought of those gallant Kentuckians! The pursuit was pushed with the greatest vigor. At every step new proofs of Proctor's panic met the eye. Here were stores abandoned in bulk, there arms scattered along the highway: here despatches left to their fate, there ammunition itself cast away. The road grew rougher as the army advanced; there were morasses to be threaded and rivers to be crossed; but unintimidated by any obstacle, the Americans pushed resolutely forward, still thirsty for vengeance. For three days the pursuit continued. At last, on the morning of the 5th of October, the army of Harrison came up with Proctor, and immediately preparations for a battle began.

The victory that followed was won chiefly by the regiment of mounted Kentuckians, under Johnson, though to Harrison is due the credit, in the capacity of leader, of directing their mode of attack. On approaching the enemy, he was found arrayed on a narrow strip of dry land, having the river Thames on his left, and a swamp upon his right. The savages, of whom there were about twelve hundred, under Tecumseh, occupied the extreme right on the eastern margin of the swamp. The infantry, eight hundred in number, were posted between the river and swamp, the men drawn

up, not close together, but at some distance apart, in open order as it is called. Harrison had already made arrangements for attacking with his infantry, but perceiving this position of the British regulars to be favorable for a charge, he sent for Johnson, and asked him if he would undertake it. "I have accustomed my men to it from the first," was the reply. "Then charge!" said Harrison. Instantly galloping to the head of his regiment, Johnson informed the men of the duty before them, and the whole vast squadron, more than a thousand strong, went thundering over the solid plain. In the whole range of modern warfare, perhaps, there is no charge which can be compared to this for reckless and romantic courage, for the men were armed only with guns, hatchets, and knives, and had no sabres, that most necessary of all weapons in a melee. As they swept down towards the foe, leaving the infantry of the army half a mile behind, Johnson perceived that the ground on which the regulars were drawn up, was too confined for the manœuvres of his whole regiment, and determined to divide his force, leaving to one half the attack on the British infantry, while with the other he resolved to go and seek the Indians under Tecumseh. In taking this bold resolution, in the absence of his commanding officer, he assumed the whole responsibility of victory or defeat. Accordingly, dividing his force, he consigned to Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnson, his brother, and second in command, the task of charging the regulars, while he himself turned off towards the swamp, to assail an enemy even more formidable.

The detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnson, advanced at a rapid pace, and was soon close upon the foe, who, at once, opened a heavy fire. The men came onward, in four columns of double files, and at this volley the heads of the column halted. "Forward, Kentuckians!" shouted Johnson, at this juncture. Ashamed of their momentary hesitation, the men again shook their bridles, and with a wild hurrah the solid masses of horsemen galloped on the enemy, and in the face of a rapid fire, penetrated his ranks. Wheeling rapidly, as soon as the British line was passed, the Kentuckians poured in a destructive volley on his rear. The battle, in this spot, was over in less time than we have taken to describe it, for when the regiment wheeled, it found the enemy crying loudly for quarters. This was immediately granted. A force was then sent in pursuit of Proctor, who was understood to be further in the rear; but that General had already fled, having scarcely waited to see the defeat of his soldiers. He left behind him, however, his carriage, sword, and papers. His subsequent career furnished a merited, though late retribution for his preceding cruelties. Arriv-

ing at Burlington Heights, he was met by an angry Governor-General. He whose cruelty and rapacity had been overlooked in victory, now found himself, like many another tool of power, made to expiate his faults in consequence of defeat. Publicly disgraced for avarice and cowardice, Proctor, from that moment became as much an object of scorn, even in his own country, as he had before been one of dread in ours.

The attack of Johnson himself on Tecumseh, was, if possible, executed with even more gallantry. Putting his squadron to a rapid trot, he charged into the midst of the savages. On their part, the Indians met this assault with unflinching bravery. For five or six minutes nothing was heard but the sharp ringing death-shot, and the shouts of the Kentuckians, answered back by the war-whoop of the savages, and the crack of their unerring rifles. Making right for the spot where the voice and dress of a chief seemed to betoken the presence of Tecumseh, Johnson strove to bring him to personal combat, and, by his fall, to end the day. As he advanced, the melee grew terrific. His men were falling on all sides around him; he was himself wounded in three places. The smoke grew so thick as almost to blind the eye. But still the Kentuckians pressed on around their leader, and still the Indians, gathering by Tecumseh, answered with shot and yell. The rifle-balls whistled thickly past. Yet onward the Americans pressed. At last the dark form of Tecumseh, who had all along been animating his troops, fell prostrate, and, at the sight, a panic seizing his followers, they fled on every side. By whose hand the chief died, has never been satisfactorily ascertained. The credit of the deed, however, has always been Johnson's.

Colonel Johnson is still living. His life, since the victory of the Thames, has been chiefly spent in the political councils of the country. In 1832, he was elected Vice-President, and again in 1836.

ISAAC SHELBY.

HE enthusiasm with which the volunteers of Kentucky rallied to the defence of their country in the summer of 1813, is to be attributed in a great measure to the influence of Isaac Shelby, the venerable Governor of that state. He joined the army of Harrison with four thousand Kentuckians, and fought in person, at the age of sixty-three, in the battle of the Thames. For his valuable services in this campaign, Congress, on the 4th of April, 1818, voted him a gold medal.

Shelby was born on the estate of his family, near the North Moun-

tain, in Maryland, on the 11th of December, 1750. His father, General Evan Shelby, was a distinguished soldier in the Indian wars, and under his command the son served a first campaign against the savages on the Scioto river, in 1774. He was in the awful battle of Kenhawa, fought during that year. The conflict raged from sunrise to sunset; and when the struggle was over, the ground along the Ohio was strewed, for nearly half a mile with the bodies of the slain.

In 1776, Shelby was appointed Captain of a body of minute-men in Virginia. He was not, however, called into service, and in 1777, he became attached to the commissary department. When, by the extension of the boundary line of North Carolina, Shelby's estate became included in the latter colony, he was appointed a Colonel of militia by Governer Caswell. He was absent in Kentucky, laying out some lands he had purchased there five years before, when he heard of the fall of Charleston, and instantly abandoning his private affairs, he hurried to offer his sword to his country. Placing himself at the head of a body of militia, he took part in several subsequent skirmishes between the Americans and British. At last, on the 7th of October, 1780, the battle of King's Mountain was fought, in which the English leader, Major Ferguson, at the head of his riflemen, was beaten, and that, too, in a position from which he had vauntingly declared, "God Almighty could not drive him." Shelby was one of the commanders in this conflict. By a vote of the North Carolina legislature, he and his brother Colonels were presented with elegant swords for their behavior in this action. After serving two years longer, chiefly under Marion, he retired from the army.

In 1783, Shelby returned to Kentucky, where he settled at Boonsborough. He was the first person in that State who took up a pre-emption grant for the purpose of cultivation; and at his death, forty-three years after, was the only individual residing on his own settlement and pre-emption. In 1812, he was elected Governor of Kentucky. During the next year he organized a body of four thousend volunteers, and marching with them to the support of Harrison, participated in the victory of the Thames. In 1817 he was offered the War Department, but declined it in consequence of his age. He survived until the 18th of July, 1826, when a stroke of apoplexy terminated his useful and glorious life.

Shelby was brave to a fault. He could endure exposure and fatigue without flinching. He was remarkable for a sound common sense, which rendered his opinion more practically useful than that of more brilliant men. In manners he was courteous.

Jac: Brown

GENERAL BROWN AT THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

JACOB BROWN.

IT was reserved for the middle states to be the first to rally the drooping spirits of the country, in the war of 1812. While New England held coldly aloof from the contest, and the south as yet had scarcely roused herself for action, New York and Pennsylvania, then as now the two greatest states of the confederacy, came gallantly to the rescue. It was on the soil of New York, and principally by New York troops that the first repulse was given to the British. It was a Pennsylvania General that won the

victory. We allude to the defeat of the enemy at Sackett's Harbor, by a combined force of regulars and militia under General Brown.

Jacob Brown, a Major-General in the American army, and perhaps the ablest commander in the war of 1812, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1775. His ancestors, for several generations, had been members of the society of Friends. His father was originally a farmer, but having embarked in trade, very soon lost the whole of his property; and his progeny, among them Jacob, were thrown on the world to seek a subsistence, while still children. This happened when the subject of our memoir was but sixteen. Having an ordinary English education, he resolved to make it useful as a country schoolmaster, and accordingly acted in that capacity at Crosswicks, New Jersey, from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year. At this period the tide of emigration was just beginning to set towards Ohio, and young Brown, eager to improve his fortunes, resolved to move out to that territory. He accordingly went to Cincinnati, and obtaining employment as a surveyor, remained two years in that vicinity; but finding the reality of western life less alluring than he had been led to expect it, he returned to the eastern states. In 1798 he was teaching school in New York. He continued at this, however, but a few months. He next turned his attention to the law, but finally abandoned this also. He now purchased a tract of land in Jefferson county, New York, for he had acquired some property in his various pursuits, and, in 1799, he removed to his new possession, then a wild clearing in the heart of the wilderness.

The district, however, rapidly improved; and with the rise of its fortunes rose those of Brown. Here on this exposed border, he began to show those qualities of mind, which subsequently raised him to the head of the American army, and which would have enrolled his name among the most renowned of military commanders, if a wider sphere had been found for their exercise. Bold, sagacious, brave to a fault; persevering, industrious, full of resources; firm and decided in character; never shrinking from assuming the responsibility of an action which his judgment approved, he was just the man to acquire influence among the rough, but shrewd borderers with whom he was now thrown into contact. He soon took the lead among his fellow-citizens, and was looked up to upon all occasions. In 1809 he was appointed to command a regiment of militia, and in 1811 elevated to the rank of a Brigadier-General. When the war of 1812 broke out, he found himself at the head of a brigade, and with the charge of defending two hundred miles of exposed

frontier. But this novel and responsible position found him full of resources to meet the exigency. On the 4th of October, 1812, at the head of four hundred men, he repulsed the British, eight hundred strong, in an attack on Ogdensburg. His term of service having expired shortly after, he returned home and resumed the plough.

The administration of Mr. Madison, appreciating his services and ability, now endeavored to secure his aid permanently during the war; and accordingly offered him a Colonel's commission in the regular army. This, however, he declined, not from unwillingness to serve, but from a resolution not to take a lower rank than he already held. He felt that he was fitted for great emergencies, and was content patiently to wait until he should be better appreciated. If that never should occur, he was satisfied to remain in his peaceful avocation as a farmer. But never was there a truer saying than that talent always finds its level, or never was it more forcibly exemplified than in the cases of Jackson and Brown. Both were refused the commissions they sought, in the beginning of the conflict; yet both subsequently forced them, as it were, from the country, by their genius for war. Both were emphatically heroes of the people. Both started to life, robust and armed, military commanders full born. Both only needed a wider sphere of action to have become among the most celebrated professors of the military art. With the field that opened itself before the Marshals of Napoleon, Jackson would have rivalled Ney, and Brown surpassed Macdonald.

The residence of Brown was in the neighborhood of Sackett's Harbor, at that time the chief depot for stores on the lake. Here was collected the plunder of York; here were building the vessels destined to annoy the enemy; and here were stowed the munitions of war that had been transported, at great expense, from the Atlantic to the shores of Lake Ontario. Though it was scarcely thought probable that the British would venture to attack this place, the value of the prize rendered it possible that the attempt might be made; and Colonel Backus, who had been left in command of the post, was instructed, in case of any such expedition, to summon General Brown to his assistance. It was not long before the contingency, thus provided for, arrived. To retaliate for the capture of York, Prevost conceived the design of attacking Sackett's Harbor. This idea was adopted during a visit to Kingston, where he heard that General Dearborn had withdrawn most of the garrison to assist in the expedition against Fort George. Accordingly, on the 27th of May, 1813, Prevost began his movement at the head of nearly a thousand men; his troops embarking in small boats, and under convoy of the fleet commanded by Sir

James Yeo. It was his intention to reach Sackett's Harbor in the night, and at daybreak to assault and carry the place by surprise. The winds proved adverse, however, and it was not until ten o'clock on the evening of the 28th that he reached his destination. At daybreak of the 29th he made his attack. Meantime, his fleet had been seen on the lake, and notice promptly carried to the harbor. The guns of the fort gave the alarm to the surrounding country. The people rose. By noon of the 28th, six hundred militia had rallied to the defence of the place; and at their head came Brown, summoned in this emergency, like Cincinnatus, from his plough. An express had found him at his farm, eight miles from the harbor, and instantly mounting, he had hurried to the scene of action, rousing the militia as he came. His every movement marked the man born to command. The crisis found him, cool, ready, inexhaustible. It was one of those emergencies in which a bold and intrepid genius like his, finds its true element, while minds of less power sink under the responsibility.

During the whole of the 28th the Americans were preparing for the attack. Brown, being thoroughly acquainted with the neighborhood, was at no loss to know the point where the enemy would probably land. His dispositions were made accordingly. He placed the militia and volunteers in the first line, and assigned to them the task of meeting the enemy on his disembarkation. Midway between the shore and village, and on ground rendered difficult of approach by an abattis, he arranged the second line, which was composed of regular troops, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Backus. A few artillerists were charged with the custody of the forts, where, in case of a defeat, Brown had prepared to make a last desperate stand. The location of the front line was partially altered, almost at the moment of attack, in consequence of the enemy changing the point of his disembarkation, when he saw the stubborn preparations of the Americans. The troops, however, had full time to take their new position before the enemy could land. Brown himself superintended their line of battle. "Hide yourselves," he said, "as much as possible, and do not fire until you can see the buttons of the enemy. If you are forced to retire, by superior numbers, throw yourselves into the wood, rally, and assail the foe in flank. If you cannot then stop him, retire on the left and rear of Colonel Backus, and wait for further orders. Only be cool and resolute and the day is our own."

He had scarcely delivered these words when the British were seen close at hand, their numerous boats apparently crowded with soldiers. The day was partially clear, with a slight mist hanging around; and the glitter of the enemy's arms, perhaps, magnified his

numbers. None of the militia or volunteers had been in battle before; and awe of the British regulars' skill haunted the popular mind; hence, when the front line of the Americans beheld the imposing array of the enemy, it lost its self-possession, and began to fire too soon, and in a desultory manner. At such a crisis it is astonishing how few can infect the whole mass. One or two at first discharged their pieces, and this spread alarm in others, so that, in less than a minute, the whole line had delivered its fire. As might have been expected, the men overshot their assailants, and scarcely one of the enemy was seen to fall. The inefficiency of their fire increased the perturbation of the volunteers; each looked for countenance in his neighbor and found none; a panic was the consequence; and the whole body, breaking ground, took to flight ignominiously. In vain their officers strove to rally them. Once thoroughly frightened, nothing could allay their terror. Forgetful of Brown's orders to collect again in the wood, forgetful of the direction afterwards to gather in the rear of Colonel Backus, forgetful of everything but their own alarm, they hurried frantically onward, some even throwing away their guns, a mortifying and cowardly spectacle. Two companies, however, resisted this general consternation. They were headed by Captains M'Nett and Collins, and gallantly rallied to the fight.

With inexplicable chagrin, Brown saw the flight of the militia and volunteers; but his second line still stood firm, and to this he now devoted all his attention. By the disgraceful retreat of the front line, the position of the regulars, however, was rendered untenable. But this did not disconcert Brown. Falling back, step by step, disputing every inch of ground, he took shelter in some log huts which had been prepared for the winter accommodation of the soldiers, and here prepared to resist the now overpowering numbers of the enemy. This new post he soon rendered impregnable. In vain the British, flushed with their first victory, advanced with loud cheers to the assault. A sharp and well aimed volley checked their steps. Brown did not give them time to recover, before he threw in another volley. At this moment, however, flames were seen rising from the place where the stores were collected; for the officer left in their charge, seeing the flight of the front line, had deemed the day lost, and hastened to execute his orders. Soon dark volumes of pitchy smoke began to roll upwards to the sky, relieved here and there by forky tongues of flame, leaping about in the wildest confusion. Animated by this sight, the British raised a second shout, and rushed forward, under cover of a heavy fire. But the American regulars,

with the heroic Backus at their head, stood immoveable. For a few minutes only the result was doubtful. The vollies of the enemy rattled without intermission, and the scanty front of the Americans was enveloped in sheets of fire. Soon the British began to waver. At this moment Backus, while cheering on his men, received a mortal shot, and fell in the arms of victory. Brown, meantime, had hastened to the rear, and succeeded in rallying three or four hundred of the militia, with whom he advanced to cut off the enemy's rear. But the British, alarmed at this demonstration, now began to retire on all sides. Indeed, to have remained longer, a mark for the deadly fire from the block-house and battery, would have been madness, even if their retreat had not been threatened. Accordingly, Prevost drew off his men, and forming them on the east of the hill proceeded immediately after to re-embark. As they hurried to their boats, mortified and enraged at this unexpected result, their sight was cheered by a spectacle, which, in part afforded a grim satisfaction for their disgrace. It was the burning barracks and store-houses. These buildings were now a sheet of flame, and being filled with highly combustible materials, the roar of the conflagration was heard far and near. By that stern music the enemy re-embarked.

The intelligence of this victory was hailed with rapturous applause throughout the Union, and by universal consent Brown rose at once to a first place in the public opinion. The government showed its grateful appreciation of his conduct by creating him a Brigadier. Both friend and foe acknowledged, as if by secret instinct, that a military leader of ability had arisen at last in this country. An opinion which heretofore had been breathed only in whispers, was now boldly proclaimed: it was said that the incompetency of the old Generals had been endured long enough, and that it was full time that abler commanders, fresh from the people, should have their places. From this period, indeed, we may date an improvement in the character of the leaders, and a more daring spirit of enterprise in the management of the war. The days of the Hulls, Wilkinsons, and Dearborns, were nearly over; that of the Browns, Scotts, Jessups, and Jacksons, was approaching. The spirit of the people which had begun to despond, from this hour rallied; enthusiasm took the place of want of confidence; and headed by leaders whom it could love, the army went gallantly from victory to victory. Chippewa and Lundy's Lane followed upon Sackett's Harbor, and the brilliant spectacle closed at New Orleans in a blaze of glory!

The letter in which Brown modestly announced his victory, is

worthy of being preserved: it is terse, unaffected, and eminently characteristic of the man. There is nothing of exaggeration, nothing of bombast about it. In reading it, we perceive that victory has not destroyed the even balance of his mind.

"MAY 29TH, 1813.

We were attacked at the dawn of this day by a British regular force of at least nine hundred men, most probably twelve hundred. They made their landing at Horse Island. The enemy's fleet consisted of two ships and four schooners, and thirty large open boats. We are completely victorious. The enemy lost a considerable number of killed and wounded on the field, among the number several officers of distinction. After having re-embarked, they sent me a flag, desiring to have their killed and wounded attended to. I have made them satisfied on that subject. Americans will be distinguished for humanity and bravery. Our loss is not numerous, but serious from the great worth of those who have fallen. Colonel Mills was shot dead at the commencement of the action; and Colonel Backus, of the first regiment of light dragoons, nobly fell at the head of his regiment as victory was declaring for us. I will not presume to praise this regiment; their gallant conduct on this day merits much more than praise. The new ship, and Commodore Chauncey's prize, the Duke of Gloucester, are safe in Sackett's Harbor. Sir George Prevost landed and commanded in person. Sir James Yeo commanded the enemy's fleet.

In haste, yours, &c.,

JACOB BROWN."

On receiving a commission in the regular army, Brown at once abandoned his farm, and devoted himself to the service of his country. He accompanied Wilkinson, in the ensuing autumn, in his expedition down the St. Lawrence. Being the officer of the day during the passage of the British fort at Prescott, the direction of that difficult and somewhat perilous enterprise devolved on himself, a task which he performed with signal skill and resolution. At French Creek he repulsed, with his brigade, an imposing force of the enemy. He moved continually in advance of the main army and was already several miles ahead of Wilkinson, pressing on to Montreal, when he received, with undisguised chagrin, the order of that officer to fall back, since the expedition was to be abandoned. The army now retired to winter quarters. Wilkinson, on the plea of sickness, left the camp, and the other seniors of Brown being also absent, he now found himself at the head of the army. Early in the year 1814, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

The new campaign accordingly opened under the happiest auspices. The elevation of Brown to the chief command at once inspired confidence. His gallantry at Sackett's Harbor, and his courage under Wilkinson, were the theme of every tongue. His officers were in the highest spirits, and the men relied on victory. Meantime, he left no preparatory measures untried which could assist in securing success, particularly devoting himself to the thorough discipline of his troops. In this task he found a valuable assistant in Scott, then just elevated to the rank of a Brigadier. That officer established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, where, adopting the

BUFFALO.

system of Napoleon's army, the officers were first rigorously drilled, without regard to rank, by the commanding General; and then these officers in turn, instructed the rank and file under their immediate eye. It was in fact renewing the scenes of Valley Forge, when Baron Steuben first made soldiers of the raw levies of Washington, and with the same effect. The one trained the men, who, a few months later, drove the British grenadiers at Monmouth; the other instructed the future conquerors of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

Having become satisfied with the proficiency of his troops, Brown resolved to cross the Niagara, and begin the aggressive. Accordingly, on the 3d of July, 1813, the brigade of Scott was sent over to the British shore, below Fort Erie, and was followed, on the same

day by that of Ripley, which landed below. Fort Erie, being thus invested, surrendered without firing a shot. Leaving a small garrison in the captured fort, Brown now pushed forward in the direction of Chippewa, where the main body of the British was known to be encamped. The enemy's force was commanded by Major General Riall, and was estimated at three thousand. The brigade of Scott moved in advance of the rest of the American army, with orders to drive in any outlying parties of the British it should meet. The day was that glorious one in the history of our country, the fourth of July. As the troops marched, the national air greeted their ears at frequently recurring intervals, amid prouder bursts of music; while the soft summer breeze that floated by, dallied with the flag of America, making the stars dance and quiver in the morning sunbeams. Every man felt inspirited by the scene, by the music, and by the associations; and with quickened steps marched on. It was not long before a detachment of the British army, consisting of the one-hundredth regiment, came in sight. This body was commanded by the Marquis of Tweedale. A sharp action immediately ensued, which continued for some hours, being maintained as a running fight, the Americans advancing, and the English falling back. At last, after a retreat of sixteen miles, the enemy reached the Chippewa river, across which he hastily retired. Dusk was now gathering around the landscape. On the opposite shore, however, could be discerned through the gloom the dark masses of Riall's army, protected by heavy batteries, in the midst of which the one-hundredth regiment had taken refuge. To have maintained the pursuit at that hour, and under the circumstances, would have been madness. Accordingly, halting his troops, Scott resolved to await the arrival of the main body, and his men, in consequence, pitched their camp about two miles from that of the enemy. So close were the two armies, and so calm and still was the night, as the hours wore on, the troops in either army could distinguish the various noises of the enemy; and many a brave soldier, as he bivouacked on the bare ground, heard these sounds in dreams, where mingling with thoughts of home, they produced a strange medley of sad and sweet images.

The morning dawned close and sultry. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and scarcely a breath of wind stirred, ominous signs these of a hot and dusty day for the battle that impended. The British lay behind the Chippewa, commanding a bridge that led across the stream and debouched into a comparatively open plain. This plain, at its opposite extremity, was bounded by another small stream,

called Street's Creek, behind which the American army had taken up its position the night before. On its two other sides this plain was skirted by the Niagara River, and by a belt of heavy woodland. Nature appeared, indeed, to have constructed the piece of ground expressly for a field of battle, and both commanders, sensible of this, seemed to have made up their minds here to try their fortunes. Brown was already preparing to leave his position, cross into the plan, and attack the enemy in his lines at Chippewa, when the videttes announced that Riall was beginning to appear in force on the plain himself, as if eager to seek the proffered contest. This news was soon followed by the sound of firing, showing that the advanced posts of the two armies had begun to skirmish. The wood which we have mentioned, and which was on the American left, now began to swarm with the militia and Indians of the enemy, which, gaining ground as the day advanced, by noon were able materially to annoy the American pickets. Brown, on this, despatched General Porter with the volunteers and militia, by a circuitous route, to get in the rear of the Indians, and cut them off from the main body. At the same time he ordered his advance to fall back, in hopes thus to draw them on. In about half an hour, however, Porter came suddenly upon the light parties of the enemy in the wood. A heavy fire succeeded from each of the opposing detachments, and was maintained for some time, when the British irregulars gave way, and began to retire on Chippewa. The retreat, however, had not progressed far, when it was checked by the arrival of the main body of the enemy on the field. The British irregulars now rallied, and with exulting cheers, deeming the day their own, bore down on the American line. For a moment the latter withstood the shock, but soon intimidated by the imposing front of the enemy's regulars, which now extended far and near, they broke and fled. Every effort of General Porter to check their dismay, was in vain.

Brown himself had been in the wood with Porter, when the noise of firing in the direction of Chippewa attracted his attention, and immediately he knew by the clouds of dust rising in the distance, that the enemy was advancing. It was now four o'clock. The sun, declining in the western firmament, threw a yellow haze across the plain ; and a myriad of particles, seemingly of fine gold dust, formed a canopy over the British army. Occasionally, a light breeze, drifting aside this veil, disclosed the flashing arms, the blackened banners, and the confident step of Riall's veterans: for the regulars of that General were no common troops, but men disciplined on many a

hard fought field, and proud of their frequent victories. Now and then a puff of white smoke, looking in the distance as if from a solitary gun, would shoot out from this gilded curtain, and immediately afterwards, a faint report came struggling up to the ear. Perhaps never did any General gaze on a more splendid spectacle. But not a moment was to be lost, and so, putting spurs to his horse, Brown galloped, with his suite, in the direction of the bridge, which, crossing Street's Creek, in front of the American camp, was the only outlet for our army into the plain beyond. Just before he reached that spot, he met General Scott, who, in ignorance of the advance of the British, was moving his brigade in that direction, in relief dress, merely for the purpose of a drill. Brown drew in his rein, and pointing with his sword across to the plain, said to his subordinate: "The enemy is coming up—you will have a fight—move on, and cross the bridge." Having pronounced these words, he passed hastily to the rear, to put Ripley's brigade in motion, and to re-assemble the light troops behind Street's Creek.

In an instant every man in the brigade of Scott was aware of the order, and with an alacrity that showed they had not forgotten the triumph of the day before, they moved towards the bridge. It was not until he reached this spot that Scott could obtain a sight of the foe. He then saw the British veterans, however, displayed on the plain, their masses of infantry intermixed with dragoons and artillery, extending far away to right and left, without a perceptible gap in the whole of that long front. A battery of nine pieces, within point blank, opened its fire on the bridge as soon as the Americans appeared. Scott did not hesitate a moment, however, but immediately crossed, and in perfect order, though not without loss. As soon as the first and second battalions, led by Majors Leavenworth and McNeilly, had reached the plain, they promptly formed a line in front, which brought them opposite, respectively, to the left and centre of the enemy. When the third battalion, which was commanded by Major Jessup, had traversed the bridge, Scott moved it off obliquely to the left, in order to prevent the British from outflanking him in that direction. This left the spaces between the battalions of considerable size; but no other resource remained. The artillery under Captain Towson, was stationed to the right, resting on the Chippewa road. No sooner had it got into position, than the guns were promptly unlimbered, and soon opened with terrible effect on the columns of the enemy. Meantime, the two armies continued to advance on each other, the troops halting to fire, and then pushing on, until the space between became packed with

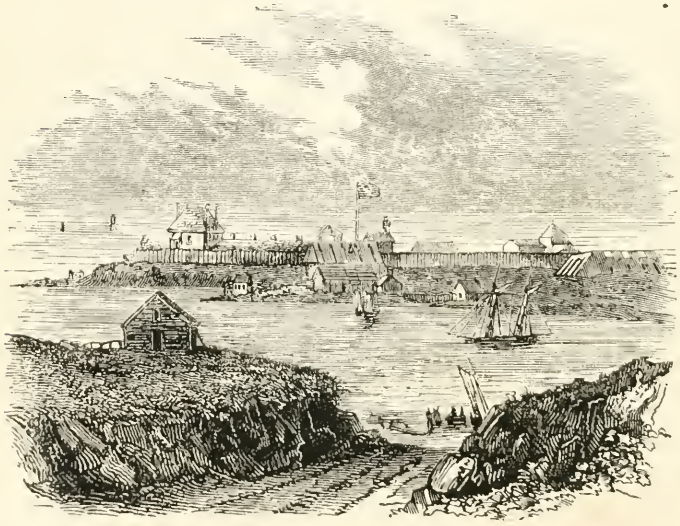
smoke. The English officers had been told that Scott had nothing but militia with him; but when they saw the coolness with which his troops came into action, one of them exclaimed: "If these are militia, God keep the regulars from us!"

The right of the British had been pushed so far, in the hope of outflanking the Americans, that it had actually entered the forest, and thither Major Jessup following it, according to his orders not to be outflanked, it became finally separated from the main body. This gave the British a new right flank on the plain, threatening to effect the very purpose that Jessup had been sent to defeat. Scott, perceiving this, hastened to throw forward the left flank of O'Neil's battalion, which brought it obliquely to the enemy's front, and, in turn, outflanked him a little. All this time the two armies had continued to approach each other, keeping up a constant and heavy fire. Scott, just before, noticing that Towson overshot the enemy, galloped down the line to the battery, and seeing its gallant commander so enveloped in smoke, that neither he nor his men could see the British any longer, had pointed them out. Instantly changing the direction of his pieces, Towson prepared to load them for a final discharge, while Scott returned back to the battalions on the right, where he executed the movement by which he outflanked the foe. At this crisis, the enemy was not more than eighty paces distant. It was the moment for decisive action. To have waited an instant, would have given Riall the opportunity, perhaps, to extend his flank, and recover the advantage he had just lost. But this instant Scott did not allow him. Turning to M'Neil's battalion, he pointed with his sword towards the enemy, and in a voice that rose, loud and distinct over all the uproar of the strife, shouted: "Men of the eleventh! the enemy say we are good at a long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron. I call on you to give the lie to that slander. Charge!" At the word, the bayonets of that veteran battalion were levelled, and they rushed upon the foe, a bristling wall of steel. Instantaneously, too, Leavenworth's battalion, which held an oblique position on the enemy's right, sprang also to the charge, and thus crushed, as it were, between two moving phalanxes, the British, with a wild cry of horror broke and fled. The final impulse to their panic, if any had been wanting, was given by the fire of Towson's pieces, which, at this critical moment, sent their tempest of grape through and through the enemy's ranks. Almost simultaneously too, Major Jessup, in the wood, had advanced his men to a new and more secure position, where their fire proved so hot and quick, that the foe there were forced to retire also.

While the brigade of Scott had been achieving this victory, that of Ripley had not been inactive. Brown had no sooner left Scott than he placed himself at the head of these battalions, and advanced with them on the left, behind the woods, hoping to gain the rear of the enemy's right flank. But by the almost instantaneous success of Scott, the foe was in full retreat before this could be effected. The whole of the American army, now uniting, however, advanced with loud cheers, the bands playing in triumph. It is said to have been a magnificent spectacle. The sun hung on the very verge of the horizon, and the dust that floated over the plain was more golden than ever, while here and there were particles of smoke that lit by a stray beam, gleamed out like frosted silver on the scene. As the victors pressed on across the plain, they found it everywhere strewed with the dead and dying, proving how destructive had been their fire. As soon as the British gained the sloping ground descending towards Chippewa, they broke and ran to their trenches. The pursuit was not stopped until the enemy had thrown himself across the Chippewa, and found a secure covert within his entrenchments. By this time Brown had arrived in person, and ordered the ordnance to be brought up, intending to force the works, but their strength, and the lateness of the hour, induced him to abandon the attempt. The sun had now gone down. One by one the stars appeared in the sky, but notwithstanding this, the darkness increased; for the clouds of dust settling but slowly, still hung over the plain, and added to the gloom of the hour. All things seemed gradually to assume a look and voice of foreboding. The wind was heard wailing in the recesses of the neighboring forest; the Niagara surged mournfully along; and from the plain rose up a low, confused, but melancholy murmur, for there, nearly a thousand men lay, moaning in suffering, or looking up with dead, pale faces, to the stars! As the night deepened, however, that ominous mingling of sounds grew fainter and fainter, as soul after soul went up to its Maker. Humane steps at last were heard on that plain, and the wounded were borne off and succored. Finally a death-like silence fell on all the landscape. The two armies, in their respective camps, slept in deep slumber after the fatigues of the day, and no sound broke the profound stillness, except the occasional cry of a sentry, or the hoarse murmur of the Niagara.

The second day after this battle, the Americans crossed the Chippewa, the British burning their barracks, abandoning their position, and retiring to forts Niagara and George. Brown followed in pursuit. The expectation of receiving some heavy guns from

Sackett's Harbor, delayed his movements for the next fortnight; but, on the 25th of July, having received an express from General Gaines, advising him of the blockade of that port, by a superior force, he was compelled to abandon his designs against the forts at the mouth of the Niagara, and seek success in some other enterprise. His active mind was not long in fixing on its prey. He determined to disencumber the army of baggage, and march directly on Burlington Heights. But in order to conceal this intention from the enemy, as well as to obtain a supply of provisions from Schlosser, he fell back on Chippewa. Meantime, however, Lieutenant-General Drummond, mortified at the repulse of the British by an inferior force, had hurried up from York, bringing with him all the troops he could collect at that and other posts on the peninsula. Assuming command of the army in person, he advanced boldly against the Americans. This was just at the period when they were falling back on Chippewa. Brown, being advised of the movement of Drummond, halted. That same evening he received a communication from the American shore, apprizing him that the enemy had landed a



FORT NIAGARA.

thousand men at Lewistown, nine miles below the Chippewa, for some object not understood. Alarmed for the stores at Schlosser, Brown determined, by threatening the forts at the mouth of the

Niagara, to recall the British. Accordingly, he ordered Scott, with all the troops he could collect on the moment, to advance. In twenty minutes, Scott was in motion. He carried with him his own brigade, Towson's artillery, and the dragoons and mounted men, in all about thirteen hundred combatants.

The battle that ensued, is known by the names of Queenstown, Lundy's Lane, and Niagara, indiscriminately. It was in fact, two separate conflicts. In the first, the enemy was driven from his position, and then, taking up a new one, the struggle began again, and was continued until midnight. In the earlier conflict, Scott's brigade fought nearly alone, and was terribly cut up. In fact, this General, when he went into action, supposed that he was about to meet the same force he had already met at Chippewa, and no more, whereas it had been strongly reinforced by Drummond. Scott stood his ground, however, until Brown could bring up the brigade of Ripley, when his shattered troops were drawn off, though, later in the night, they came again into action. The enemy was finally beaten. Before the victory, however, was complete, Brown had received two wounds, and was so reduced by loss of blood, that he had to be supported on his horse from the field. Scott having been also wounded, the command devolved on General Ripley. This General had been ordered by Brown to begin the action again early in the morning, but failed to do so, in consequence of which the English remained masters of the field, and a retreat to Fort Erie became necessary. It was his conduct in this emergency which induced Brown to pronounce Ripley an officer, not wanting indeed in physical bravery, but sadly deficient in moral courage, or the nerve to assume responsibility in critical circumstances.

Not possessing confidence in Ripley, one of the first acts of Brown was to send for General Gaines, who, as senior officer, on his arrival, would supersede Ripley in the command of Fort Erie. Here Gaines won unfading laurels by his gallant repulse of the enemy from before its walls. But having received a wound from a shell, the fort again fell in the charge of Ripley, and the anxiety of Brown became so great, that early in September, as soon as his wounds were sufficiently healed, he repaired in person to Fort Erie, and assumed the direction of its defence. He found the place in a critical emergency. The besieging force was more than double that of the garrison, and was continually increasing. Although reinforcements had been ordered up from Lake Champlain, they were yet far distant, and some time must necessarily elapse before they could appear. Meantime, the fort might be stormed successfully by overwhelming

numbers. In this perilous condition of affairs, the bold and decided genius of Brown was the salvation of the garrison. After waiting from the 2d until the 17th of September, daily suffering more and more from the fire of the enemy, the American General, noticing that a new battery was about to be erected, resolved on a sortie. The works of the besiegers consisted of two lines of investment, supported by block-houses, in the front of which, at suitable points, batteries were erected. The camp of the enemy was nearly two miles in the rear of their works. Brown noticed that a brigade of twelve or fifteen hundred men usually occupied these works, and was relieved, in turn, by two other brigades of equal strength. Brown's plan was to issue forth suddenly with as powerful a force as he could muster, storm the batteries, spike the cannon, and, if possible, cut to pieces the brigade on duty, before assistance could be summoned from the camp. The scheme was hazardous perhaps, but with such a General to lead the troops, at least promised success.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 17th, the garrison was ordered to parade at noon, in readiness for the sortie. The volunteers, led by General Porter, the riflemen of Colonel Gibson, and Major Brooks, with the first and twenty-third infantry, accompanied by a few dragoons, acting as infantry, were instructed to move from the extreme left on the right of the enemy, by a road which had been secretly opened through the woods for the purpose. The command of General Miller was ordered to station itself in the ravine between the enemy's batteries and Fort Erie, by passing in detachments through the skirts of the wood. The twenty-first infantry, under General Ripley, was directed to post itself, as a reserve, between the new bastions of Fort Erie. All these troops, by these arrangements, would be kept under cover, and out of view of the enemy, until the moment for decisive action. Then, all at once, they would burst on the foe.

When the signal was given, the troops rushed forward from their respective stations with the greatest impetuosity. The left column, led by General Porter, began the action. These brave men had stolen forward through the wood on the enemy's right, until they arrived, unperceived, close to his entrenchments: then, at the word of their commander, they raised a shout, and advanced at quick step upon the foe. Hearing the report of the musketry, Brown, who had remained in the ravine, knew that the action was begun on the left, and accordingly ordered Miller to advance and pierce the enemy's entrenchments between the two batteries in front. This division also sprang to the assault with cheers. The astonished

enemy, at first, lost his self-possession, but soon recovering himself, rallied to the defence of his battery. A deadly fire accordingly greeted the Americans. But unintimidated, the gallant assailants rushed forward, cleared the ramparts, drove the enemy from his works, and planted their flag on the embrasure of the captured fortification. In less than thirty minutes after firing the first gun, the Americans were masters of the field, two of the enemy's batteries, his line of entrenchments, and his two block-houses being in possession of the storming parties. The victors then hastened to spike the cannon. The magazine of the batteries was blown up. The enemy still, however, maintained a desultory, though stubborn resistance, as he retreated; and the reserve, which had been ordered up, was brought into action, while a portion of the remaining troops proceeded with the work of demolition. The object of the sortie having been accomplished, the Americans were now drawn off, and retired to the fort. The victory had been signal and complete. In a single hour the labor of fifty days on the part of the besiegers had been utterly destroyed. About four hundred British had been taken prisoners, and as many more wounded or killed. The moral effect of the sortie was even greater. The enemy recognized in this bold and brilliant stroke, the hand that had dealt him such terrible blows at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and from that hour, abandoning all hopes of reducing the place, lent his thoughts only to the best means of effecting a safe retreat. A few days after, he raised the siege, and retired behind the Chippewa.

These series of successes on the part of Brown, beginning with Sackett's Harbor, and ending with Fort Erie, surrounded his name with an eclat similar to that which, about the same time, was won by Decatur on another element. Indeed, the career of this General is a forcible illustration of what genius alone can do. During the two preceding years of the war, our arms on land had met with an almost constant succession of disasters, though, at that time, they were not opposed by any of the veteran English troops, such as in 1814, appeared in the field. But when the peace in Europe had disengaged the conquerors of the peninsula, our troops, instead of being utterly annihilated before these renowned soldiers, suddenly began to achieve victories, and that too, against superior numbers. The nation could scarcely believe the first reports of the victory of Chippewa. It had been supposed that if Brown could manage to engage a smaller force than his own, his ability and courage would, perhaps, obtain a triumph; but this astonishing success transcended every hope. The result was chiefly owing to the genius of the General.

His sagacity in adapting his means to his end, was well known to the troops, and inspired them with a confidence that whatsoever he undertook he could carry through; besides, by a thorough discipline of his men, he rendered them the equals of Wellington's veterans. With such soldiers, and such a leader, victory was certain.

The war terminated, at least in the north, with the campaign of 1814. After the peace, Brown was continued in the army, and assigned the command of the northern military division. His life, however, was paid a forfeit to his services, for he had contracted a disease at Fort Erie, which was an almost constant source of suffering to him, and which, in the end, produced his death. But he lived first to reach the elevated post of senior Major-General, and Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. This happened in 1821. On the 24th of February, 1828, he died in Washington City, where he had resided since he rose to the chief command.

ELEAZER W. RIPLEY.

THE real hero of Lundy's Lane was General Winfield Scott. But that officer having been wounded, was forced to retire from the field, and General Brown, the Commander-in-chief, being also disabled, the direction of affairs devolved upon General Ripley. This gentleman was a leader of spirit and discipline, but not equal in ability to either of his superiors. He wanted their resolution, though not their courage, and, perhaps, shrank from assuming responsibility in critical and uncommon emergencies. Among the earlier Generals of the war, he would have shone

superior. But it required pre-eminent qualifications to win distinction by the side of Brown and Scott.

Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, in the year 1782. On his maternal side, he was descended from the celebrated Captain Miles Standish, the hero of the early Plymouth settlers. Young Ripley received an excellent education, graduating at Dartmouth College, in his eighteenth year, with the highest honors. He subsequently studied law, and settled at Winslow, in Massachusetts. In 1807, we find him a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. He was already prominent as a man of influence, and gave his voice, as early as 1808, in favor of a war with both England and France, provided those two powers did not cease their aggressions on this country. In 1811, he was elected to succeed the late Hon. Joseph Story, as speaker of the House of Representatives in Massachusetts. In 1812, he came out boldly for a war with Great Britain, and this too, in opposition to the general sentiment in his adopted state. His patriotism was rewarded by the commission of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of the United States. He was appointed to the command of a sub-district, extending from Saco to the eastern frontier, and to his other duties was soon added the superintendence of the recruiting service. In a short time he had obtained sufficient recruits to form a regiment, which was called the twenty-first, and placed under his command.

Ripley was one of the first officers to introduce that exact and rigid discipline into our armies, which subsequently rendered the American soldiers a match for the veterans of Wellington. The winter of 1812, Ripley spent at Burlington, Vermont, engaged in perfecting his regiment, which now became a model for all others. In March, 1813, he repaired to Sackett's Harbor, where the army was collecting for the attack on York. Ripley shared in that enterprise, and received a wound from the explosion. He was present also at the capture of Fort George. In July, he returned to Sackett's Harbor, where he was occupied until October, in perfecting the discipline of the large body of recruits collecting at that depot. He took part in the descent of the St. Lawrence, in November of that year, and afterwards, retiring to Sackett's Harbor, remained in winter quarters there until the spring of 1814. On the 15th of April of that year, Colonel Ripley was created a Brigadier-General, and joined the army of Brown, about to begin the glorious campaign of that season, on the Niagara. He was present with his command, at the battle of Chippewa, on the 5th of July. Subsequently, on the 24th of the same month, he played a prominent part in the battle of

Lundy's Lane, certainly the most hotly contested, if not the most splendid action of the war.

On the afternoon of that day, Brown received a note from a trustworthy source, informing him that the British had thrown a thousand men across from Queenstown to Lewistown, nine miles below Chippewa. The American General, conjecturing that the enemy's object was to capture our stores at Schlosser, and intercept supplies coming down from Buffalo, immediately determined to recall him from this design, by threatening his forts at the mouth of the Niagara. Accordingly, Scott's brigade was detached with this purpose. Scott had proceeded about two miles in the direction of the forts, when, from a hill, he discerned some British officers near a mansion about a mile distant. Advancing, he learned that the enemy was in some force on the other side of a wood ahead. The command of this spirited young officer consisted of thirteen hundred men; but, as he believed that half of Riall's brigade had been thrown across the Niagara, he did not hesitate to push on. "We whipped them at Chippewa," he said to his soldiers, "and we can do it again, my lads!" Having hurried off a messenger to Brown, announcing the vicinity of the foe, he prepared to pass the woods, in front of Forsyth's house, the mansion where the officers had been seen just before. What was his astonishment, however, to perceive directly in his front, drawn up in Lundy's Lane, a force, which his practised eye knew to be superior to that he had encountered at Chippewa. As he wheeled in their front, the clatter of musketry, and the roar of artillery, simultaneously crashed upon his ears, and, for a moment, his men recoiled before the fire with which they were thus unexpectedly greeted.

The crisis was one to try the courage of the boldest. The enemy were evidently in very strong force, and admirably posted. Scott, in reality, was in a trap. To have retreated, under the circumstances, would have been the course of an ordinary leader; but this gallant young commander was too spirited for this, and besides, he knew that to fall back, would create a panic in the reserve, then coming up, and which had never yet flushed itself in battle. His determination was instantaneous and heroic. "We will all die here," he said, "but never yield an inch." And, ordering the troops to deploy into line, at a distance of but one hundred and fifty paces from the foe, the sanguinary struggle began. The sun was only half an hour high, and already the western sky was tipped with purple tints. Soon the thick smoke that rolled upwards from the field, darkened the prospect. Near by was that eternal cataract, which,

pouring the waters of four lakes down its gigantic abyss, keeps up, night and day, the same unceasing roar: and continually, between the sharp explosions of the platoon firing, that deep bass rose like a grand symphony.

Lundy's Lane is a ridge, nearly at right angles with the Niagara river. Here, the enemy was posted, his left being in a road parallel to the stream, and hence at right angles to the lane. A space of two hundred yards covered with brushwood, extended between the two positions of the British army. Scott, with prompt genius, availing himself of this separation, ordered Major Jessup, under cover of the approaching twilight, to steal along these bushes, and turn the enemy's left. The order was quickly executed. So unexpectedly did Jessup burst on that portion of the British line, that it gave way on the instant before him, and General Riall, with other officers, was taken prisoner. To have kept the position, however, would have been impossible. Hence, with loud cheers, Jessup's command charged back, cutting off a portion of the enemy's left wing, and renewed its position in the line under Scott's immediate command.

The British now made an attempt to turn our right, but this was promptly met by Scott, who detached Major M'Neill, with his battalion, to drive back the enemy. A furious conflict ensued. The shame of being baffled by an inferior force, seemed to transport the British to madness, and they fought, at this point, with even more than the desperate valor they had shown at Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, and San Sebastian. But the Americans, stimulated by the glory of repulsing such veterans, met them with a blaze of musketry that almost blinded the sight. Then was seen what men will do and suffer when inflamed by the rage of battle. The soldiers, on either side, appeared to think no more of the deadly balls flying about than Italians do of the missiles at a carnival. The soldier fell in his ranks; the officer died at his post. The detachments were reduced fearfully in numbers, yet still each line was alternately a blaze of fire, and both seemed resolved not to give way. Finally, the British, completely exhausted, fell back. Our flanks were safe.

The strife had raged for two hours. The sun had long since set; even the twilight had departed; and the moon, at first shining calmly over the scene, was now obscured by smoke. The struggle was continued solely by the flashes of the guns. The left of the enemy had been turned and cut off; his right had been hurled back from its assault on our flank. But his centre still stood firm. It was securely posted on the right, at the head of Lundy's Lane, and was supported by nine pieces of artillery, admirably secured. Between

this portion of the enemy's army, and the front of our own, the contest waxed more desperate at every moment. It was at this point of the battle, when the darkness completely hid the enemy from sight, that Captain Brooke, taking a lantern wrapped in cloth, stole onward until he had discovered the exact ground occupied by the foe, and then, climbing a gnarled tree, deliberately fastened the light in the line of fire. After this deed of chivalric courage, he returned safely to his company. The struggle now grew more deadly. It was supported, on our side, by the battalions of Brady and Leavenworth, sustained by Towson's artillery. The enemy replied with equal obstinacy, long sheets of flame running across the height, like lightning shooting in the edges of a cloud. Yet the Americans were not to be driven from their position. Wide gaps were discerned in their line, but not a man of that heroic brigade flinched. All through that terrible night, for the battle raged until twelve o'clock, the men stood to their posts, determined to die there if necessary, but never to fly. Messenger after messenger had been sent off by Scott, to hasten the approach of Brown; and, at last, the ammunition began to give out. Then it was that an incident occurred so characteristic of the indomitable spirit of the American soldier, that it alone throws more light on the victory that followed, than would pages of scientific description. As the cry for ammunition passed along the line, a soldier fell shot through the heart. Clapping his hand to his side, he cried, "cartridges in my box!" Scott, who was but a few paces distant, ran to the man, but he was already dead. His last breath had been exhausted in telling his fellow soldiers that they would find cartridges on his corpse.

When Brown finally reached the scene of combat, to which he had hurried as soon as he could concentrate his forces, he found the brigade of Scott nearly cut to pieces. He resolved instantly to withdraw it to the rear, where it might recruit its exhausted ranks, while he brought up Ripley's fresh troops to maintain the contest. Being now in force to make a serious attempt on the foe, Brown determined to carry the battery at the head of the lane, that being the key of the British position. Accordingly, Colonel Miller was directed to storm this height in front; while to Ripley was entrusted the task of driving the infantry that supported it. When the American commander, riding up to Miller, asked him if he could take the battery, the heroic answer was, "I will try!" Piloted by Scott through the darkness to the foot of the ascent, Miller rushed up the height, and seized the guns almost instantaneously. As Scott returned from performing his duty as guide, he saw that Ripley and

the British infantry had come into action, at only twenty paces distant; and, for a moment, he paused to witness the terrible strife. The enemy's line far outflanked the Americans, but nevertheless, the latter stood stubbornly to their ground. Ripley never fired until just after his adversary, choosing to wait for the flash of the British muskets in order to take aim: thus, the vollies from either side followed, like alternate claps of thunder. The night was intensely dark. The blue smoke lay thickly packed between the hostile lines, and, at every discharge, was lit up by a sulphurous glare, like the ghastly flame burned by magicians at their incantations.

The enemy, having been reinforced in the meantime, now made a desperate attempt to regain the height. But, after a fierce struggle he was repulsed. Again he returned to the charge, and again was driven back. Scott's brigade, which had now been re-formed, participated in this rebuff. A third trial was made, but with like ill success. The American army, prior to these struggles, had taken up a new position, being drawn up with its back to the river, and at right angles to the lane. During the successive combats that took place for the possession of this ground, Scott had twice formed portions of his brigade into column, advanced, charged the enemy's line also advancing, penetrated it, and driven it in disorder back. Wherever he called on his men to go, they followed, inspired by his heroism. Twice he had horses shot under him. He was wounded in the side; but still kept the field. At last a musket ball disabled his left shoulder, and he sunk fainting to the ground.

It was eleven o'clock when Scott was carried off the field, and shortly after, Brown being also severely wounded and compelled to retire, the chief command devolved on Ripley. But the action was nearly over. Once more the British attempted to drive the Americans from their position, but were gallantly repulsed; and then, with the approach of midnight, the struggle ceased. Rarely had a battle been so fiercely contested. The Americans lost eight hundred and sixty; the British rather more: each side about a third of its numerical force. Finding that the enemy no longer molested him, Ripley determined to return to camp in order to recruit his men: accordingly he fell back towards Chippewa, but without bringing off the captured artillery, in consequence of its being dismantled. When he reached head-quarters, Brown sent for him, and ordered that the troops should be put into the best possible condition; that adequate refreshment should be supplied them; that the pickets and camp-guards should be called in to increase the force as much as

possible; and that, with the dawn, Ripley, returning to the battle-field, should meet and beat the enemy, if he again appeared.

Ripley, in consequence, advanced to Lundy's Lane in the morning, but finding the enemy had been reinforced in the night, deemed it most prudent to retreat. Brown was, at first, indignant at this conduct, asserting that his orders to Ripley left no discretion in that officer. The latter, however, alleged that the instructions of the General were "to be governed entirely by circumstances." It is hardly probable, from the dogged resolution of Brown, that the Commander-in-chief, if well, would have made a retrograde movement; but, on the contrary, it is nearly certain that he would have joined battle, and fought until he conquered, or was cut to pieces. In Brown's composition there was something of the iron will of Luther, who said that he would go to Worms, if every tile on the house-tops was a devil. Ripley had less stubborn tenacity. He belonged to the prudential school of Harrison, not to the fiery one of Scott and Brown. He was a second-rate General on such a field as Lundy's Lane; but, in retarding an enemy during a retreat, had no superior: as the army discovered, subsequently, when compelled to fall back on Fort Erie.

This retreat began on the 26th of July. Breaking down the bridges as he retired, and throwing other impediments in the British advance, Ripley conducted the troops to Fort Erie, which he began immediately to strengthen. The retrograde movement had, meantime, received Brown's sanction, though he still preferred that to another officer than Ripley should be confided the defence of the army, and accordingly sent for General Gaines, who arriving at the Fort on the 4th of August, superseded Ripley. The latter, however, had skilfully employed the interval. Never did soldiers work more assiduously than the Americans on their entrenchments. The six days that elapsed between the arrival of our army and the appearance of the enemy sufficed to render the place impervious to assault: and to the energy of Ripley the salvation of this remnant of Brown's heroic division is altogether to be attributed. The enemy, finding that he could not carry the fort by storm, began a regular investment, which continued until the latter end of September. During this period an unsuccessful attempt to assault the place took place, on the morning of the 15th of August. A triumphant sortie, made by Brown, who had recovered sufficiently to assume command, virtually closed the siege on the 17th of September.

In the sortie under Brown, Ripley led one of the detachments, and received a severe wound, from which his life was despaired of for

nearly three months. A year elapsed before he was fit for military service, and by that time peace prevented his return to the field. He was, however, rewarded with the brevet of a Major-General. Nor was this all, for by a vote of Congress, on the 3d of November, 1814, he was presented with a gold medal for his gallantry at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie.

Ripley, in 1815, removed to Baton Rouge, near New Orleans, where he had an estate. He was subsequently elected to Congress. He died in 1834.

JAMES MILLER.

JAMES MILLER, a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, was one of the most spirited, daring, and competent officers in the war of 1812. He is particularly celebrated for his conduct in the battle of Lundy's Lane, where, at the head of his veteran regiment, he stormed and carried the height occupied by the enemy's artillery.

Miller was born at Petersburg, in the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, on the 25th of April, 1776. As a lad, he was principally celebrated for his love of idleness. One of his first teach-

ers had been a sergeant in the War of Independence, and took pleasure in drilling the boys during the interval of their studies. It is probable that the taste of Miller for military affairs was fostered by this process. In character, he was bold, self-willed, and at one period triumphantly headed what is called a "barring out," among the boys, compelling the teacher to grant the required holiday, together with an immunity to the young rebels. As he grew older, however, a nobler ambition began to actuate him. At the age of eighteen, stimulated by a desire to prosecute his education, he left his paternal home to attend the Academy at Amherst, with the slender outfit of a bundle of clothes, and the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents in his pocket. He remained at the Academy until his credit, as well as funds, were exhausted, when he resorted to teaching; and thus alternating between pupil and instructor, he finally completed his education. In this conduct, we recognize the same energy, self-reliance, and perseverance which afterwards rendered him distinguished as a military leader.

At the age of twenty-seven, after nine years thus spent, he was admitted to practice law, and settled at Greenfield, in his native state. When, however, in 1809, Congress resolved to increase the army, Miller received the commission of a Major, having first held the post of Captain of Artillery in the New Hampshire militia. He immediately joined his regiment at Boston, and continued employed in garrison duty until 1811, when he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and ordered to march to Pittsburgh. From this place he was detached to join General Harrison. In descending the river with his troops, he exposed his person to such a degree, that he caught a violent fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. The want of proper attention prolonged his illness. From the 4th of May to the 18th of November, he slept but two nights under a roof. In consequence, he was not present at the battle of Tippecanoe. The ensuing winter he spent at Vincennes, in the family of Harrison, employed in recruiting his health.

In May, 1812, he received orders to join General Hull. He overtook that officer at Urbana, and accompanied him to Detroit. The supplies from Ohio having been cut off by the British and savages, Miller was detached, with six hundred regular troops, to open the communication. He started on this expedition on the evening of the 8th of August, 1812, and on the following day came up with the enemy, at Brownstown. The force of the latter consisted of three hundred British, and four hundred and fifty Indians, who were posted on strong ground, defended by artificial means. Miller prompt-

ly assaulted the works, and, after a short conflict, defeated the enemy. Tecumseh, and a few other savages, who had leaped over the breast-work, confident of victory, were gallantly repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The fugitives were pursued to their boats, about half a mile distant. The next day, Miller returned to Detroit. Had all the operations of the campaign been prosecuted with the same spirit, how different would have been the result!

In company with Colonel Cass, Miller was the first American officer to carry our flag into Canada. In the affair of Canard, he fought with intrepidity, but being unsupported by the General, lost the fruits of the victory. But it was in the succeeding year, on the Michigan frontier, that he covered himself with laurels. He was at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, on all which occasions he displayed the utmost gallantry. At the battle of Lundy's Lane, when it became necessary to carry a height which commanded the

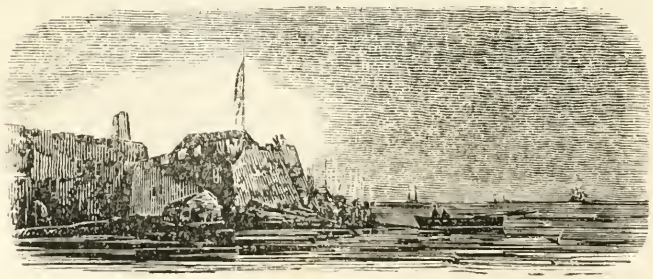
SCOTT PILOTING MILLER TO LUNDY'S LANE.

field, and on which the British artillery was posted, General Brown rode up to Colonel Miller, and said: "Sir, can you take that battery?" "I will try!" was the laconic reply. The night was so dark that Scott, who was familiarly acquainted with the ground, had to

pilot the regiment to the required position. In a few minutes, Miller reached the foot of the ascent. With a wild huzza, the troops rushed up the hill, charging to the cannon's mouth. The battery was carried in an instant. The victory was won.

Miller was promoted to the rank of a Brigadier-General for his conduct at Chippewa. In the sortie at Fort Erie, he commanded one of the detachments, and carried, in thirty minutes, the two principal batteries of the British. For his brilliant conduct on these occasions, he was presented, by a vote of Congress, with a gold medal, the motto being the two memorable words he used at Lundy's Lane. When the war ceased, he left the army, and retired to his estate at Peterborough, in his native state, where he continued to reside for several years. Here he devoted his time to social intercourse, and to the pursuit of agriculture. In the domestic circle, his cheerfulness and kindness were pre-eminent, and the more striking, though not the more singular, in consequence of his impetuosity in the field. It is said few persons could be long in his society without being both happier and wiser.

General Miller was subsequently made Collector of the Port of Salem, Massachusetts, where he has since continued to reside. An attack of paralysis has deprived him nearly altogether of the power of speech, but his other faculties continue unimpaired.



NATHAN TOWSON.

THIS distinguished officer, now Paymaster-General of the army with the rank of Brigadier, was considered, in the war of 1812, the ablest artillery officer in the country. It is doubtful indeed, whether he had his superior in the world. He distinguished himself on various occasions, the three most prominent of which were Black Rock, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane.

Towson was born at a small village called Towsonton, about seven miles from Baltimore, on the 22d of January, 1784. He received the rudiments of his education at a

country school, and is said to have shown considerable fondness for learning. At the age of sixteen he left the paternal mansion, and removed to Kentucky, for the purpose of cultivating a farm there belonging to his father; but finding the property in dispute, he soon left that state and removed to Natches, in the then Mississippi territory, where he resided for three years. During the time he dwelt at this place, Louisiana was purchased by the United States. Suspicions of some difficulty in annexing it being entertained, Governor Clairborne, of Mississippi, raised a band of volunteers and marched to New Orleans. Of this force Towson was one, making his first essay in arms.

In 1805 Towson returned to Maryland, and from this period until the war of 1812, was chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits. He retained, however, a fondness for military affairs, and served as Adjutant in the seventh Maryland militia. A portion of his leisure hours he devoted to the cultivation of poetry. From these comparatively quiet pursuits he was called away on the 15th of March, 1812, and received the appointment of Captain of artillery in the army of the United States, a post which his reputation for military talents, rather than any predominating influence, had obtained for him. He soon recruited his company, and, in August, joined his superior officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, at Philadelphia. Immediately after, Scott was ordered to General Dearborn's head-quarters, on the northern frontier, whither he repaired with Towson's and Barker's companies.

Towson now signalized himself by performing his first exploit. Being at Black Rock, protecting the fitting out of the vessels for the lake service, Lieutenant Elliott projected the capture of two of the enemy's ships lying under the guns of Fort Erie, and the lot fell on Towson to command one of the two boats destined for the expedition. He accordingly boarded and carried the Caledonia in the most gallant manner. Indeed the whole brunt of the fight fell on him, for having been the first to attack, the approach of Elliott was unperceived, and the latter took his vessel almost by surprise. The Caledonia subsequently grounded, but was saved by the intrepidity of Towson, and afterwards became one of Perry's immortal fleet. For his conduct on this occasion he received the brevet of Major.

At the battle of Queenstown, Towson remained with his artillery on the American shore; for there were no boats in which he could cross. He kept up, however, a spirited cannonade on the enemy's position. In the spring of 1813, he was attached to General Winder's brigade, and participated with it in the attack on Fort George. At

the encounter at Stoney Creek he was the senior officer of artillery. Here he lost his guns, and was himself made prisoner; but he succeeded in effecting his escape, and even regained two of his pieces. While the army subsequently lay at Fort George, there were almost daily skirmishes between the Americans and British; and in one of these affairs Towson received a wound in his hand. He was left at Fort George, when Boyd moved down the St. Lawrence. Afterwards his company was marched to Sackett's Harbor, where it continued until April, 1814.

In the battle of Chippewa Towson played a distinguished part: indeed, after Brown and Scott, he was the hero of the day. His company was the only artillery one on our side, engaged in the action. The enemy had an equal number of guns, but while Towson's were only six pounders, those of the British were twenty-four pounders. At the beginning of the action the pieces of the foe were well served, and their fire was very destructive; but so close and well aimed were the discharges of Towson, that, before the battle was half over, the British guns were silent, their ammunition wagon blown up, and most of the artillery horses killed. It was with great difficulty that the guns were saved in the retreat, and then only by the interposition of the dragoons, who harnessed their animals to the pieces and galloped off with them at the last extremity. Towson, during this battle, was laboring under an inflammation of the eyes, and, for a time, could not distinguish the exact position of the enemy through the smoke. When Scott was about to make the brilliant movement, by which he crushed the enemy's battalions between his own, he perceived that Towson was firing in the wrong direction, and hastening to his side, he reined in his steed and pointed out where the British were. Towson instantly changed the direction of his pieces, and, loading with cannister, opened an oblique fire, which enfiladed the enemy from right to left. The effect was murderous. The masses of the foe were prostrated, as when a hail-storm beats down the corn. This fearful fire, seconded, as it was, by Scott's movement, won the day. The British fell back, and victory was ours. For his conduct on this glorious field, Towson received the brevet of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

At Lundy's Lane, Towson again earned laurels. The charge of Miller, which carried the key to the enemy's position, was made at the suggestion of Towson. During the battle, his immediate command suffered severely. Both his Lieutenants were wounded, and of thirty-six men who served at his guns, twenty-seven were killed or injured. At last, on the arrival of the reinforcements, he was

partially relieved from his perilous position. But the victory was owing to the invincible courage with which Towson, Jessup, and others of that stamp, disputed the ground for the first two hours. The official report of this battle says: "Towson's company attached to the first brigade, was the first and last engaged; and, during the whole conflict, maintained that high character which they had previously shown, by their skill and valor."

Towson was at Fort Erie on the night of the memorable assault, August the 15th, 1814. He commanded at the left flank, which proved to be the post of danger and honor. The night had been rainy, and was still pitch dark, but the sentinels kept good watch, and detecting the steps of the approaching column, gave notice to Towson, who at once opened a rolling fire on the assailants. For some minutes, it is said, his bastion was a sheet of flame. So incessant, indeed, were the discharges that the soldiers called his battery, Towson's light house; a name which stuck to it to the close of the war. General Ripley, in speaking of this part of the action, says: "I cannot refrain from adverting to the manner in which Captain Towson's artillery was served; I have never seen it equalled. This officer has so often distinguished himself, that to say simply he is in action, is a volume of eulogium: the army, only to be informed he is there, by a spontaneous assent are at once satisfied that he has performed well his part."

At the close of the war Towson was assigned the command of the troops at Boston. He was subsequently at Newport, R. I. In 1819, he left the line of the army, and was appointed Paymaster-General, which office he has since continued to fill. In 1834, under the act recommended by President Jackson, Towson became entitled to an additional brevet; and accordingly took rank as a Brigadier from the 15th of August, 1824, the tenth anniversary of the battle of Fort Erie.

Towson, from his elevation to the Paymaster-Generalship has resided principally at Washington. He continued to fulfil the duties of his responsible station, until January, 1848, when he was ordered to Mexico, to preside at the court of enquiry held on the Commander-in-chief.

We may close this sketch with the opinion passed on him by Wilkinson, certainly not a lenient judge: "At Chippewa, as at Minden, the fate of the day was settled by the artillery; and the American Towson may deservedly be ranked with the British Phillips, Drummond and Foy."

THOMAS S. JESSUP.

HE name of Jessup has long been associated, in the popular mind, with all that is brilliant and daring. He was one of that glorious band of young men who distinguished themselves in the campaign of 1814, and who may be considered the founders of that high military spirit which now distinguishes the republic. It was Scott, Towson, Jessup, Worth, and others of like heroic mould, who first taught the now admitted fact, that an American soldier must never contemplate the probability of defeat.

Jessup was born in Virginia, about the year 1788. While he was still very young, his family emigrated to Ohio. The earlier years of this distinguished officer were accordingly passed on the frontier, where the physical qualities generally expand more than the intellectual ones. Jessup, however, early showed considerable ability. He was especially distinguished by a taste for military pursuits. In May, 1808, he entered the army as a Second-Lieutenant of infantry, Scott entering on the same day as a Captain of artillery. When the war of 1812 began, his rise was rapid and brilliant.

At the battle of Chippewa, Jessup, now a Major, commanded the battalion on the left flank of Scott's brigade. He had been ordered

to prevent the enemy outflanking him, and in his effort to effect his purpose, found himself pressed both in front and on the flank, while his men were falling fast around him. The emergency was critical. An ordinary officer would have lost the day. But Jessup, ordering his battalion, with a firm voice, to "support arms, and advance," the men, animated by his lofty courage, obeyed, and swept the field. The manner in which, amid a desperate fire, his battalion executed this movement, has always received warm praise, and the credit of the success, in this part of the field, is attributed entirely to his coolness, promptitude and courage. For his conduct at Chippewa, he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the battle of Lundy's Lane, also, he reaped laurels. In this action, he commanded the twenty-fifth regiment. Perceiving that the British commander had thoughtlessly left a road behind him unguarded, Jessup rallied his brave troops around him, and precipitated himself into the enemy's rear. For a few moments the British stood their ground, but the slaughter among them was dreadful; and at the fourth fire of our infantry, they fled down the road. General Riall, with many officers of rank, fell into the hands of Jessup by this daring movement. The British Commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General Drummond, would also have been captured, but Jessup hearing that the first brigade was cut to pieces, and finding himself with but two hundred men, surrounded by the enemy, thought it advisable to retreat, and save his command. At a later period of the combat, after the height in the lane had been carried by Miller, Jessup, with the twenty-fifth, assisted that officer to repel three several assaults on the position. For his demeanor in this battle, Jessup was brevetted a Colonel.

After the peace, Jessup was retained in the army. In 1818, he was appointed Quartermaster-General, with the rank of a Brigadier. In 1828, he received the brevet of a Brigadier in due course. When Scott was recalled from Florida, Jessup was appointed to the vacant command. He continued in charge of the Seminole war for many years, and it was during the period of his command that Osceola was captured. After the battle of Okee-Chobee, Jessup was recalled, and the conduct of the war confided to Taylor.

Jessup accompanied Scott to Mexico, where, however, he did not remain long. The duties of his office, though important, did not call him into active service, and, consequently, he had no means of signalizing himself.

EDMUND P. GAINES.

EDMUND Pendleton Gaines, a brevet Major-General in the army of the United States, was the hero of Fort Erie. He was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, on the 20th of March, 1777. Shortly after he had attained his thirteenth year, his father removed to Tennessee, and settled in Sullivan county, in the immediate vicinity of which the Cherokee Indians committed frequent depredations. The necessity of self-defence against these foes, turned the thoughts of young Gaines to military affairs. He studied every

book relating to the art that he could obtain. He became celebrated as one of the best shots on the border. At the early age of eighteen, he was elected Lieutenant of a rifle company, raised against the Cherokees.

In January, 1799, he received his first commission, which was that of an Ensign in the army of the United States. In the following year, he was advanced to the rank of Second-Lieutenant, in the fourth infantry. In 1801, young Gaines was selected by his Colonel to make a topographical survey, from Nashville to Natchez, in order to locate a military road, under the direction of the United States. In this duty, and in the survey of certain Indian boundaries near the Choctaw nation, he was engaged until 1804. These trusts, thus confided to him, show the high opinion already formed of his scientific acquirements. He was now appointed military collector of customs for the district of Mobile, and was stationed at Fort Stoddart, thirty-six miles north of the town of Mobile. In 1806 he was promoted to a captaincy. He was the officer who, at this period, arrested Burr, under the President's proclamation. Subsequently, he entertained the idea of abandoning the pursuit of arms and embracing that of the law; and even went so far as to ask leave of absence, and begin the practice of the profession in Washington and Baldwin counties, Mississippi. But the war with England soon after breaking out, he resumed his sword, and has not since abandoned it.

Gaines was attached to the army of Harrison during the campaign of 1813, but illness prevented his sharing in the victory of the Thames. He had now been raised to the rank of Colonel, and in the action at Chrystler's Fields, on the 11th of November of that year, commanded the twenty-fifth regiment. His duty, on this day, was to cover the embarkation of our troops, after the enemy had been checked; and this service he performed in the most admirable manner. Cool in danger, yet sufficiently impetuous; fertile in resources, though never visionary; Gaines soon established a very high reputation, and was rewarded with the rank of Brigadier-General. When, after the battle of Lundy's Lane, the British concentrated all their available forces on the Niagara, and compelled the Americans, so lately victorious, to retreat to Fort Erie, it was to Gaines that Brown turned his eyes in the illness of himself and Scott, to defend that place. Accordingly, Gaines being summoned to the fort, superseded Ripley in the command, though without making any change in his predecessor's arrangements. Shortly after his arrival, in the night between the 14th and 15th of August, 1814,

the memorable assault on Fort Erie was made. The victory that crowned our arms on that occasion, has made the name of Gaines immortal. Had not the enemy been repulsed, the remnant of Brown's heroic brigade would have been annihilated, the moral effect of the late victories lost, and the war protracted probably for years.

Fort Erie had been reached by the retiring army on the 27th of July, and, from that day, to the third of August, when the enemy arrived before the place, the soldiers labored incessantly to strengthen the works. The forces of the British were about four thousand two hundred, while those of the Americans, at no time during the siege, amounted to two thousand five hundred. Had the enemy arrived two days before, with such overpowering numbers, the Americans must have become his prey; but the latter had worked with an assiduity almost unparalleled in history, and the British, perceiving nothing was to be done by a coup de main, sat down to invest the place. The main camp of the foe was placed about two miles from the fort. In front of this camp a line of circumvallation extended partially around the works; it consisted of two lines of intrenchments, supported by block-houses. In front of these trenches, batteries were erected at favorable points. One battery, in particular, enfiladed the works. The guns of the enemy were never silent, from the moment they were mounted, but continued to pour a destructive and unceasing fire on the fort.

It was on the 4th of August, the day after the investment, that Gaines took the command. The following day the cannonade and bombardment begun. These were vigorously maintained, varied by occasional sharp conflicts between the infantry and rifle corps of the two armies, up to the morning of the grand assault. The loss in these skirmishes amounted, in the aggregate, to more than the loss on the 15th; but the lives were not sacrificed in vain, since, in these preliminary contests, the garrison gained confidence for the final and decisive struggle. On one occasion, a shell from the British penetrated a magazine, which was, fortunately, nearly empty, and hence, though it blew up with a terrible explosion, none of the works were injured, nor was a single member of the garrison killed. Both armies, however, were appalled for a moment. The firing on each side ceased. All eyes, on the part of the enemy, were turned towards the magazine, where a dark column of smoke, brooding ominously over the ruins, magnified the disaster, and caused a shout of exultation after the first moments of silence. The hurrah had scarcely ceased, before the Americans returned it, and instantly

opened their batteries afresh. The British replied, and soon this interlude was forgotten in the renewed roar of battle.

Gaines, however, after this, expected an assault, for he knew the explosion would lead the enemy to suppose he was short of ammunition. Accordingly, he held himself ready for an attack at any moment. At last, about two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the steady tramp of an enemy was heard upon the left, long before the darkness allowed his forces to be seen. Gaines was on horseback at the time, and promptly galloped to the point of attack. Just as he reached the angle of the fort, the musketry and artillery opened on the foe, and by the lurid light thus flung across the night, he beheld a column, fifteen hundred strong, close upon the works. Onward it came, reckless of the tremendous fire, until within ten feet of the American infantry. Fortunately an abattis, formed of loose brush, intervened, and checked the British regulars, but rapidly turning aside, they plunged into the lake, waist deep, in order to turn the abattis, and with mutual shouts of encouragement, struggled thus towards the works. Gaines, fearing this point would be carried, ordered up a detachment of riflemen and infantry, but Major Wood, who commanded here, assured him that the position could be held without assistance. His words were soon made good. Before the deadly fire of Towson's artillery and Wood's musketry, the English recoiled, and though they rallied and advanced again immediately, they were once more repulsed. After this, no further assault on the left was attempted.

Simultaneously, however, a much heavier body of the enemy was precipitated against the right of the fort, and here, in consequence of the immensely preponderating numbers, the contest was more severe. The British advanced in two columns. The one on the extreme right, was speedily repulsed. But that in the centre, led by Colonel Drummond, one of the bravest, yet most brutal men of the royal army, was not to be checked, either by the sight of the walls crowded with soldiers, the vollies of musketry pouring from them, or the torrents of grape that swept by. His soldiers charged over the open ground, down into the ditch, and up its sides, where planting their ladders against the parapet, they ascended in despite of the Americans. But now the defenders, rallying themselves with desperate resolution, for if they failed here, the day was lost, grappled with the foe, and after a fierce struggle, hurled him back with dreadful carnage. The assault was repeated with indomitable spirit, but again repulsed. A third time the enemy planted his

ladders, and a third time was nearly precipitated into the ditch. But now covered by the darkness, which was rendered more dense in consequence of the thick masses of smoke that lay packed at the foot of the works, the column turned a little to the right, and with a sudden rush, re-ascended the ladders, and falling, with pike and bayonet on the astounded artillerists, carried the bastion, after a brief, but deadly resistance. Colonel Drummond was at the head of the storming party, cheering on his men. Captain Williams, in command at this point, fell, mortally wounded. Lieutenant McDonough continued to fight until severely hurt, and then demanded quarter. It was refused by Colonel Drummond, who rushed at him, shouting: "Give the d——d Yankees no quarter!" Seizing a gun-rammer, McDonough desperately defended himself, scattering the enemy right and left, until Drummond, with a pistol, shot him dead. The British now streamed over the bastion, and attempted to rush on the fort, Colonel Drummond, waving his sword in the van, and repeating his brutal shout, "No quarter to the d——d Yankees!" The words, however, this time had scarcely left his mouth, before he leaped into the air, and tumbled headlong, shot through the heart by a private of one of the regiments of regulars.

Meantime the enemy having been repulsed on the left, Gaines had ordered up reinforcements from that quarter. In the interval, however, the British were held in check, and kept from advancing beyond the bastion, by the rapid and well-aimed discharges of Captain Fanning's field-pieces, which mowed down the foe wherever he left covert. Once or twice the Americans attempted to regain the bastion; but the effort was fruitless: they rolled back from its impervious sides like a baffled tide receding from the rocks. The night still continued intensely dark. But suddenly the whole firmament was lit up as at noon-day. The earth quaked. All thought the fort blowing up. When the smoke cleared off, the English in the bastion, from which the explosion appeared, were seen rushing wildly towards the ditch. At the same instant the cause of the disaster was made apparent. A quantity of cartridges had been deposited in the end of a stone building adjoining the bastion, and these igniting, had blown up. The vivid blaze of light was over in an instant, and comparative gloom fell around. But, through the darkness, the cries of the British, who, in their panic, believed the Americans were going to destroy themselves and the fort, rose wild and high over the receding echoes of the explosion.

Captain Biddle hastened to improve this moment of consternation, by enfilading the exterior plain and salient glacis with his field-piece.

Captain Fanning also followed the enemy with rapid and deadly discharges from his artillery. The effect of these united fires, conjoined with their late affright, was such that the British could not recover themselves, but breaking in every direction, fled swiftly from the ramparts. When the ensuing morning dawned upon the sanguinary scene, two hundred and twenty-one of the enemy were found lifeless on the field, besides one hundred and seventy-four who had been too severely wounded to be carried off. In addition to this, there were one hundred and sixty-eight prisoners. The American loss was seventeen killed, fifty-six wounded, and eleven missing. Thus ended the assault on Fort Erie. When it is recollected that on the preservation of that work hung the whole *morale* of the army, and that a distinguished officer of brigade under General Brown had declared it impossible to resist successfully, we can form some idea, though but a faint one, of the immense importance of the triumph.

On the 28th of August, Gaines received a wound from the bursting of a shell, which incapacitated him for a while from service; and accordingly the command devolved again on Ripley. For his gallantry in the assault Gaines was soon after brevetted a Major-General. Congress voted him also a gold medal. The states of Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama each presented him with a sword. On the reduction of the army, after the peace, he was retained in his old rank.

He served for some time in the south, on the Florida frontier. Subsequently he was detached to the western department, and was in command of it when Black Hawk's war broke out. His movements were spirited and energetic, but he was soon superseded. He was next appointed to his old station in the south, and was there when Dade's massacre occurred. He immediately proceeded to chastise the Seminoles. In this campaign he was twice attacked by the enemy, whom, on both occasions, he repulsed. On the 11th of March, 1836, he was superseded by Scott.

For several succeeding years he was kept in comparative inactivity. In 1846, however, he was at New Orleans when intelligence arrived of Taylor's peril on the Rio Grande, before the battle of Palo Alto. Gaines immediately issued a requisition for a large force of volunteers. For this act, deemed unnecessary at the time, he was recalled and censured by a court-martial.

He still survives, the third officer in rank, in the line of the army.

PETER B. PORTER.

PETER B. PORTER, a Major-General in the war of 1812, contributed largely to the success of the campaign on the Niagara.—Rallying the volunteers in the summer of 1813, he continued at the head of that corps of the army throughout the ensuing year; and at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie fought with the personal intrepidity of a hero. For his services at this eventful period of our history, Congress, by a resolution of November the 3d, 1814, presented him with a gold medal.

Porter was born at Salisbury, Connecticut, on the 14th of August, 1773. After completing his preliminary studies, he entered Yale College, where he subsequently graduated with high honor. Having afterwards studied the law, he settled to practise in his native place.

Here he rose rapidly to influence. He was elected to Congress, and in that body chosen chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations. In 1811, he was appointed a commissioner in relation to inland navigation; and he had thus the honor of being one of the first to lay the corner stone in the prosperity of New York. The war of 1812, however, called him to sterner duties. Having removed to Black Rock, he was there when the descent was made on that place in 1813, and, placing himself at the head of the hastily collected volunteers, succeeded in repelling the attack. From that hour he was an active participater in the war on the northern frontier.

Porter having been made a Brigadier-General, was present with his command at the battle of Chippewa. His task was to march through the woods, and endeavor to turn the right of the enemy; but though foiled in executing this duty, he gallantly met and repulsed the British. General Brown, in his official despatch, says: "The conduct of General Porter has been conspicuously gallant: every assistance in his power to afford, with the description of force under his command, has been rendered." In the battle of Lundy's Lane, also, Porter signalized himself; and by his personal heroism, excited that of his corps. General Brown officially speaks of him as follows: "It is with great pleasure I saw the good order and intrepidity of General Porter's volunteers from the moment of their arrival; but, during the last charge of the enemy, those qualities were conspicuous. Stimulated by their gallant leader, they precipitated themselves upon the enemy's line, and made all the prisoners which were taken at this point of the action."

In the series of skirmishes at Fort Erie, ending with the repulse of the British assault on the 15th of August, 1814, Porter played a very prominent part. During the terrible morning of the 15th, he commanded the centre, and, with his riflemen and volunteers, contributed materially to the victory on that occasion. For his conduct during this campaign, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

At the close of the war, Porter returned to political life, and in 1815, was elected to Congress. During the ensuing year, the office of Secretary of State was tendered to him, but he declined it. He was one of the commissioners appointed, in 1817, to run the boundary line between the United States and Canada. He was Secretary of War for awhile under the Presidency of John Quincy Adams. In 1829 he retired to private life.

Porter died at Niagara, on the 20th of March, 1844.

ALEXANDER MACOMB.

IN the struggle for Independence the west was a wilderness, and consequently could furnish no heroes for the war. But since that period, it has supplied, perhaps, more soldiers and Generals than any other section. Alexander Macomb was the first military commander born in the west who rose to distinction. His birth occurred at Detroit, in the present state of Michigan, on the 3d of April, 1782. While still a child, however, the family removed to New York, and young Macomb was placed at a celbrated school in Newark, N. J., to be educated. Here he remained several years.

In 1798, the difficulties with France became so serious as to threaten hostilities, and preparations were made actively throughout the Union for a war with that republic. Among others, young Macomb tendered his sword to his country, and was enrolled in a company called the "New York Rangers," whose services had been offered and accepted by the President. The ambition of the young volunteer soon aspired to a commission in the regular army, and, in 1799, he succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a Cornet. The difficulties between the United States and France being amicably adjusted, most of those who had enlisted for the war, retired to more peaceful avocations. Macomb, however, had a strong military bent, and was eager to continue in the service. Accordingly, on the subsequent formation of a corps of engineers, he was appointed to a lieutenancy in it, and stationed, for a time, at West Point. In 1805, he rose to the rank of Captain, and in 1808, to that of Major. During all this time he remained in the engineers. When, however, the war of 1812 broke out, he asked to be transferred to the artillery, because there would be little opportunity of distinguishing himself in his old corps. He had, during his comparatively long service earned a reputation for substantial merit, and, in consequence his request was granted. He was appointed a Colonel, and given the command of the third regiment. This regiment had yet to be raised, but the ranks were not long in filling up; for in November, 1812, Macomb was able to join the army on the northern frontier, with his new command. Here he distinguished himself at Niagara and Fort George. In January, 1814, he was raised to the rank of Brigadier. The charge of the country bordering on Lake Champlain, was now entrusted to him, and it was here that he won the battle of Plattsburgh, one of the most gallant victories of the war.

The summer of 1814 was a gloomy one for the United States. The war in Europe had just been brought to a close by the abdication of Napoleon, and the British veterans, thus disengaged, were sent, at once, across the Atlantic. During the month of July, transports continually arrived in the St. Lawrence, crowded with the troops of Wellington. By the first of August, fifteen thousand men had been added to the British disposable force in the Canadas. Nor were these reinforcements composed of ordinary soldiers. On the contrary, they were culled from the flower of the English army—from the conquerors of Badajoz, San Sebastian, and Bayonne. The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane assisted, in a measure, to remove the public despondency, by proving that, against equal numbers, our regular troops, when ably commanded, had little to

fear. But the peril consisted in the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Not a week passed in the month of August, which did not bring more transports from Europe, with fresh additions of veteran soldiers to increase the already overflowing army in the Canadas. After numerous additions had been made to the force on the Niagara, there remained fourteen thousand men on the lower St. Lawrence; and these, organized under Sir George Prescott, were destined, it was secretly whispered, to move down Lake Champlain, seize the line of the Hudson, and cutting off New England from the rest of the confederation, finish by capturing the city of New York.

When this bold design became first known to the Americans, they had no army on Champlain competent for resistance, for General Izard had just marched towards Niagara with all his disposable strength, in order to relieve Fort Erie. Macomb, who now found himself the senior officer, had no organized battalions, if we except four companies of the sixth regiment. The remainder of his force, which amounted only to about fifteen hundred effective men, was composed of convalescents and recruits of the new regiments. His works were weak; the stores were in confusion; the ordnance out of order; and, in short, everything in the worst possible condition to face an active, enterprising and veteran foe. Every day intelligence was brought in that the enemy had approached nearer. His proclamations soon revealed that his design was to attack Plattsburgh. At this the inhabitants fled in alarm. Macomb was quickly left with no assistance beyond his regulars, except what was derived from a few men and boys, who, ashamed to desert their homes like others, formed themselves into a company, received rifles, and went zealously to work.

But the emergency found the American General with a mind equal to its demands. A different spirit pervaded him from that which had led to disgrace under Hull and Wilkinson. In 1813, perhaps, the Americans would have abandoned Plattsburgh without a blow; but a new race of men had risen to be leaders, and the people, who always catch more or less of the feelings of their Generals, were now as confident as they would then have been desponding. Macomb did all he could to increase that confidence. He reminded his men of what their fellow-soldiers had achieved at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane; and assured them, that if possessed of a like resolution, they could as nobly sustain the honor of their flag. He divided his little force into detachments, and assigned them stations near the several forts, declaring, in his general orders, that each detachment was the garrison of its own work, and must rely

entirely on itself. He lost no time in rallying the country people to his assistance. He urged General Mooers, of the militia, to make a levy en masse. When the troops began to come in, he sent them forward to break up the roads and destroy the bridges. In a word, the same system which had been tried with such success to defeat Burgoyne, was now vigorously applied to check the advance of Prevost. Yet, for awhile, every effort to arrest the progress of the British proved abortive. The detachments sent out to meet the van of the enemy, fell back in confusion. With the proud step of assured conquerors, the English advanced against Plattsburgh, and on the 6th of September, made their appearance before that place, driving in impetuously, the parties of militia that attempted to skirmish on their front. Even a body of riflemen that met the enemy debouching from a wood, failed to arrest him. A battery of field pieces, that next opened on him, had no better success. Undaunted, those scarred and sun-burnt veterans, the heroes of a hundred conflicts on the hills of Spain, pressed shouting on, never deploying in their whole march, but advancing vauntingly in columns.

The village of Plattsburgh is situated on the north-west side of a stream called the Saranac, which, at no great distance, empties into Lake Champlain. The American works were placed on the other side of the river, opposite the town. Consequently, when the enemy had driven in the skirmishing parties of our little army, no resource remained but to abandon the village and retreat to the shelter of the works. In order to cover this movement, the field-pieces were hurried across the bridge, and hastily thrown into battery, when a furious and incessant fire was opened on the advancing masses of the British. The troops, as they retired, moreover, kept up a running discharge of volleys on the foe. By this means every corps succeeded in effecting its escape. The enemy maintained the pursuit, however, with the utmost gallantry, and, on reaching the bridge, threw parties of sharp-shooters into the neighboring houses, from the windows and balconies of which a continual fire was kept up on the Americans. Several desperate but unavailing attempts were made by the enemy to drive the guards from the bridge. The Americans, annoyed by the sharp-shooters, now opened with hot shot on the houses where these men had stationed themselves. Soon the fiery missives took effect. Speedily several dwellings were in a blaze. Driven from their foothold here, the British fell back. Thus the afternoon wore away. As the dusk began to fall, the Americans retiring wholly across the bridge, tore up its planks, and formed breast-works with them. Night settled down, but the battle raged.

The roar of the artillery, the rattle of musketry, the whistling of the balls, and the occasional cheers of the combatants, rose up in awful discord, while the lurid appearance of the hot shot, and the conflagration that lit up the sky when some fresh house took fire, added to the horrors of the scene. At last, the British drew off, and abandoned all attempts to force a passage. Not only at the main bridge, but at one higher up, defended by militia, the foe had been repulsed, with heavy loss.

When morning dawned, it was discovered that the enemy were throwing up intrenchments, and the spies soon brought in intelligence of the approach of his battering train. There was no fear, consequently, of an assault that day. Macomb employed the respite in sending off new couriers to raise the neighboring country-people. To his troops he spoke in grateful terms for the bravery they had shown, with the exception of some of the militia, on the preceding day, and on these latter, he said he was assured he should, on the next occasion, have nothing but praises to bestow. The volunteers from New York and Vermont, as well as the regular drafts of militia, came pouring into the camp. Macomb immediately disposed them along the shores of the Saranac. Continual skirmishes occurred for the next four days, and more than once the British resumed their attempts to cross the bridges. As he had expected, Macomb now found the militia behaving with the utmost spirit. Every day increased their confidence in themselves, while it diminished their dread of the enemy. The American General, as soon as his reinforcements would permit, despatched a strong body in the rear of the British army, with orders to harass it day and night. Meantime, the regulars were kept assiduously at work on the intrenchments. The final trial of strength Macomb knew could not be very distant, for the enemy's fleet was hourly advancing, and every moment a naval engagement might be expected, which would, necessarily, lead to an attack on land.

The expected battle occurred on the 11th. Early on the morning of that day, the British squadron appeared in sight, and about nine o'clock, anchored within three hundred yards of the American fleet under McDonough, and commenced a brisk cannonade. Simultaneously, the batteries of the enemy opened against Macomb's defences. The anxious eyes of his army were now called away from the naval contest, to watch the demonstrations of their more immediate enemy on land. Three several times the British attempted to carry the American works. On the first occasion the assault was made at the village bridge, where it was promptly

repulsed by the regulars. Amid a tempest of balls and bombs, the soldiers of the enemy were seen rushing to the attack, bearing innumerable scaling ladders, and cheering as they came on. But, unappalled by the spectacle, the regulars stood firm, and delivered such well-aimed volleys, that the storming party fell back. A second attempt, made at the upper bridge, was also repulsed. The enemy now turned his attention towards a ford, about three miles from the works, hoping to find it unguarded, but here the militia lined the wooded shore of the stream, and under cover of the trees, poured in a destructive fire. Nevertheless, one company of the English army, stung with shame at being thus held in check by this irregular force, after the most desperate efforts, succeeded in crossing the stream. But the rest of their companions failing to follow, they were killed or taken prisoners, to a man.

Throughout the whole day, the British maintained their cannonade on the American works. From nine o'clock until sunset, a continual roar of artillery, intermingled with the sharper reports of musketry, stunned the ears, and shook the solid ramparts. Round shot bounded around the works, rockets hissed through the sky, and bombs tore up the ground where the Americans stood; while, for a part of the day, the sounds of the naval conflict boomed louder and louder across the water. At one point of the battle, it was thought that McDonough had surrendered. But when the smoke blew away, the American stars and stripes were still seen floating. At last the British struck. At this sight, a wild huzza rose up spontaneously, from the troops on shore. At dusk the enemy ceased his cannonade, destroyed his batteries, and secretly made preparations for removing his baggage, a course rendered absolutely necessary by the unexpected destruction of his fleet. In the dead of the night, abandoning his sick and wounded, he began a precipitate retreat. The spoils of the Americans were immense. The English had retired eight miles before their flight was discovered. The pursuit was then immediately begun, but a heavy storm prevented any fruits, except a few prisoners, who were cut off from the rear guard.

For his conduct in this defence, Macomb was brevetted a Major-General. On the conclusion of peace, he remained in the army, and was appointed to the command of the north-western frontier. In 1821, he removed to Washington, as chief of the corps of engineers. On the death of General Brown, Macomb became commander-in-chief of the army. His decease occurred at the capitol, June 25th, 1841.

SAMUEL SMITH.

SAMUEL SMITH, a Major-General in the Maryland militia, claims a place in this gallery of portraits. It was his destiny to serve his country through two wars, and in each eminently to distinguish himself. In the Revolution, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the continental establishment, and made the gallant defence of Fort Mifflin, one of the most brilliant affairs of the war. In the contest of 1812, he commanded the American army at the battle of Baltimore, and proved that, though advanced in

years, he had lost none of the vigor and fire of his youth. He ran a civil career also of great splendor. There are few men who have shone with more equal lustre, in all capacities, than General Samuel Smith, or who survived so long to behold the increasing greatness of the little republic for which they bled in youth.

Smith was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of July, 1752. His father, shortly after the birth of the son, removed to Carlisle, in the same state, and finally, in 1760, settled in Baltimore. Here the elder Smith became a successful merchant. The son, having finished his education, at the age of fourteen was placed in his father's counting-room. He continued serving an apprenticeship here until his nineteenth year, when he was sent to Europe as supercargo in one of his father's vessels. He spent some time in travelling abroad, and on his return home, at the age of manhood, was taken into partnership by his parent. But his bold and energetic mind was better adapted for the camp than the counting-house, and accordingly, when the War of Independence broke out, he solicitedand obtained a captaincy in the regiment of Colonel Smallwood. In that gallant band he was one of the most courageous. He rose rapidly to the rank of Major, and subsequently to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the latter capacity he won unfading laurels by his defence of Fort Mifflin, in 1777, holding the post for a space of seven weeks, against the combined land and naval forces of the enemy. His behavior on this occasion was so spirited, that Congress, by a resolution of the 4th of November, 1777, voted him a sword as some token of their approbation. Smith took part in the battle of Brandywine; endured the privations of Valley Forge; and was subsequently present at Monmouth, the most fiercely contested combat in the north. On the conclusion of peace he retired to his adopted state.

But he was not destined to remain in the private sphere to which he had so unpretendingly retired. An insurrection had broken out in the western part of Pennsylvania, in consequence of the excise laws passed by the federal government; and Washington, convinced that mercy consisted in sharp and speedy remedies, called out an imposing force in order to quell the rebellion. Among other states Maryland was called on for her quota of troops. At the head of these, Smith was placed, with the rank of Brigadier-General in the militia. The insurrection having been peaceably quelled, he once more retired to private life. His fellow citizens, however, did not suffer him to remain unemployed. He had distinguished himself as an ardent advocate of the federal constitution, and indeed had no small share in procuring its adoption by Maryland: consequently he

was now honored, by the city of Baltimore, with the post of representative in Congress, an office he continued to hold for many years. He was subsequently chosen United States Senator, and continued to be re-elected, for successive terms, during twenty-three years. In his legislative capacity he distinguished himself as eminently as formerly in military affairs. He was a close and logical debater: indefatigable in his duties; and a resolute, persevering and energetic advocate of whatever he undertook. His name is found connected with most of the great political measures of his day.

When the threatened descent of the British on Baltimore took place, in September, 1814, he assumed command of the defence, by right of his rank as Major-General of the militia. His dispositions were admirable, both in his preparatory measures, and on the two days of the conflict. In anticipation of the landing of the enemy, Smith detached General Stricker, on the 11th of September, towards North Point. The troops halted near the head of Bear Creek, seven miles from Baltimore, where they awaited during the night of the 11th, further intelligence from the foe. On the following morning, the videttes brought in news that the British were landing, under cover of their gun-boats, near North Point. The Americans immediately took up a position at the union of two roads leading from the city to the Point; while an advance party, under Major Heath, was pushed forward to check the progress of the enemy's van. A skirmish in which General Ross, the British commander fell, was the result of this movement. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy's advancing columns came in sight of the main body of our army, and, after a preliminary discharge of rockets, the action grew general and fierce along the whole line. For nearly an hour and a half General Stricker successfully maintained his ground; but finally was forced to give way, and fell back to a new position. Half a mile in the rear of the spot where he now disposed his forces, was the line of intrenchments which had been drawn around the city: and the enemy, seeing this, considered it advisable to draw off his soldiers for the night. General Stricker was here reinforced by General Winder. Meantime other troops manned the intrenchments, all resolute for the final struggle, which was expected on the morrow.

Throughout the night, accordingly, there was but little sleep in the American camp, for many of those brave defenders had families in the city, and anxiety for their fate kept all watchful with suspense. The dawn at last came, and was ushered in by the sound of guns in the direction of Fort McHenry, where the British fleet had opened a

bombardment. The land forces of the enemy were now in full view on the Philadelphia road, about a mile and a half in front of General Stricker's position; and directly his masses were seen moving off to the right, as if with the design of making a circuit and assaulting the city on the York or Hartford roads. Smith promptly manœuvred his forces to counteract this movement of the foe. Finding himself foiled, the British General concentrated his regiments in front, and advanced to within a mile of the intrenchments, as if with the intention of assaulting the works before night. This new disposition of the enemy led to a corresponding change in Smith's arrangements. He recalled Stricker and Winder, and placing them on the right of the British, held them ready to precipitate them on the flank or rear of the foe, should an assault be made. Night fell, however, without any further demonstrations on the part of the enemy; and comparative silence gathered around the space between the two armies; though still, in the direction of Fort McHenry, the battle raged without intermission, bombs crossing and re-crossing, like wild portents, through the night.

The attack on this fort had begun, as we have stated, at sunrise, on the 13th. The bomb-vessels of the British having advanced to within two miles of the place, anchored, on finding that their shells reached, and, for more than twenty-four hours, maintained an incessant fire. The garrison of Fort McHenry numbered about a thousand men, who were in the highest spirits, and prepared promptly to repel the attack of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, it was found that the range of their guns was too short to injure the foe, and of course the firing on their part was soon abandoned. All through that morning the Americans, compelled to inactivity, bore, without shrinking, one of the most tremendous bombardments that ever took place on this continent. An incessant shower of shells rained down on the fort, exploding often in the midst of the enclosures; yet the men, though unprovided with bomb-proofs, remained courageously at their posts. Sometimes, as the hissing missile came whirling to the earth, it would be discovered that the fuse was not yet burned down; and then, one of the boldest of the garrison would hastily extinguish it. At other times, as the shell buried itself in the ground, roaring ominously, the by-standers had no means of escape except to fling themselves flat on their faces, and suffer the explosion to expend itself around them. At still other times, the bomb would burst in the air, just before reaching its destination, scattering its iron fragments among the soldiers of the fort, maiming and killing in every direction.

One of these missiles, about two o'clock, P. M., on the 13th, struck the carriage of a twenty-four pounder in the fort, dismounting the gun, killing a lieutenant, and wounding several men. The apparent confusion that reigned for awhile, induced the enemy to suppose that he had caused some fatal damage, when, in fact, the bustle was created by the endeavor to remount the gun. Deceived by this idea, the British grew more bold, advancing three of their bomb-vessels closer to the works. No sight could have been more welcome to the Americans. Waiting until the ships had come within range, the garrison opened a well-aimed and rapid fire, which was the more severe in consequence of the inaction to which it had been compelled throughout the day. It was not long before the enemy was glad to retire to his old anchorage-ground. When the three vessels were thus seen in retreat, a cheer rose simultaneously from the main fort and from the two batteries beside it, which rose over all the noise of the bombardment, and dying off across the waters of the bay, was repeated again and again, until the heavens themselves seemed to tremble at the shout.

Evening drew on. The silence from the shore showed that the land forces were quietly lying on their arms; yet the fury of the assault on Fort McHenry was not intermitted, but rather increased. As quiet gathered around nature, the hissing of the shells became louder, and the pathways, through which the eye had followed them with difficulty all day, now grew luminous, like the track of shooting stars. Soon the black arch of heaven was seamed, to and fro, by the trail of innumerable shells; for, as the night advanced, the firing on the part of the enemy was redoubled. By the ghastly light flung across the landscape, two or three rocket-vessels and barges were discerned starting for the city, apparently loaded with scaling-ladders and men; but the cannonade opened on them by the forts in the Patapsco, soon drove back the adventurous boats. Midnight came, yet brought no cessation to the strife. As the night wore, many a heart beat with terrible anxiety, lest, on the dawn of day, the flag of America should be seen supplanted on the ramparts by that of Great Britain. Among others, there was one, a prisoner in the enemy's hands, who watched, through ten long hours of that terrible darkness, and who, when his eyes were greeted, at sunrise, by the sight of his country's ensign still waving over the fort, burst forth into exulting lyric, which will continue to be sung with enthusiasm to the latest posterity.

At seven o'clock, on the morning of the 14th, the bombardment ceased. During the night, Admiral Cochrane had communicated

with Colonel Brook, on whom the command of the land forces had devolved; and the result was, that the further prosecution of the enterprise was adjudged impracticable. Accordingly, the enemy immediately began a retreat. The bombardment, however, was still continued, in order to distract the attention of the Americans.

The rain, which fell throughout most of the night, and rendered the darkness intense, assisted further to cover the retrogade movement; and when it was discerned in the morning by our forces, the enemy had gained too great a distance to be pursued with any hopes of success, especially by troops exhausted by three days' marching and fighting. That evening the embarkation of the British began, from North Point, and was completed the next day, shortly after the hour of noon. The news of the final retirement of the enemy, was received with rapture in Baltimore, and heard throughout the country with the liveliest expressions of sympathetic joy. All now united to compliment the prudence, skill and energy of General Smith, while they did not forget also to remember the courage displayed by his numerous subordinates.

General Smith survived this battle for nearly twenty-five years. On one other occasion, it was reserved for him to play a prominent part. It was during the bank riots in Baltimore, in 1836. When the spirit of license and outrage had attained to such a height that neither life nor property were any longer safe; when the public authorities were set at defiance, and the houses of the civic functionaries wantonly sacked, General Smith, as a last resort, though in his eighty-fourth year, placed himself at the head of such well-disposed citizens as were courageous enough to sustain him, and issuing into the streets, carrying the flag of the United States, called on all friends of the laws to rally around him. The example of his grey hairs, the recollection of his many services, and the sight of the banner for which he had fought so frequently, thrilled the crowd with enthusiasm, aroused the dormant citizens to a sense of their duty, and struck dismay into the rioters. The law triumphed. There is no spectacle more grand than that of this aged veteran thus fearlessly risking his life against a lawless mob, to preserve those liberties, to gain which he had faced the armies of Great Britain, sixty years before!

In October, 1836, in consequence of this act, General Smith was elected mayor of Baltimore, almost unanimously. He held the office until near the period of his decease. On the 22d of April, 1839, this aged soldier died; one of the last, as well as best, of the men of the Revolution!

Andrew Jackson

JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF EMUCKFAU

ANDREW JACKSON.

THERE never, perhaps, was a warrior of greater resolution than Jackson. He was a man, as Emmett said, to burn every blade of grass before an enemy; or, as the Prince of Orange even more heroically expressed it, to die in the last ditch sooner than submit. He never trifled in great emergencies, never shrank from assuming the responsibility required by circumstances, but while others wasted precious moments in hesitation, acted, and with a terrible energy and promptitude, which appalled opposition. His determined will has passed into a proverb. Whatever he conceived to be right, that he fearlessly did, and would have attempted it, even if superhuman powers opposed him. He had the nerve of Cromwell, without his craft; the headlong impetuosity of Murat, without his weakness; the

desperate resolution and confidence in himself, which carried Napoleon from victory to victory. Frequently, his wilfulness degenerated into obstinacy, while his impulsive character sometimes hurried him into excess. But, nevertheless, if honesty, patriotism, and unflinching adherence to conviction, constitute the hero, then was Jackson one in the highest and fullest sense of that term.

It was his terrible firmness of purpose, more than his skill in tactics, which made him so uniformly successful in war. He possessed a tenacity that nothing could overcome. He would have stood up in single combat, and suffered himself to be hacked, piecemeal, but never surrendered. In an unsuccessful campaign, he would have struggled long after hope had left every other bosom, and then ravaged the line of his retreat with fire and sword, to harass his pursuers. It is now known that, if he had been defeated at New Orleans, he would have burned the city. His conduct in the Seminole campaign of 1818, when he crossed the Spanish frontier, and hung two Englishmen who had fomented the disturbances, is another illustration of this point in his character. One less familiar, but equally striking, is his refusal to disband the volunteers under his command in 1812, when they were at a distance from home, and many of them sick, marching them back at the expense of the United States, and in direct opposition to orders from Washington. His political career furnishes numerous instances of this indomitable will. In short, he was inflexible in his own opinion, whether in military or civil life. Those who thought with him in politics, considered him on this account, a hero; those who differed with him, and party violence never raged greater than in his day, regarded him as preversely obstinate. To posterity must be left the task of deciding between the two. But all men agree that this firmness was invaluable in war, and that America has seen few Generals who can compete with the hero of New Orleans.

Andrew Jackson was born at the Waxhaw settlement, South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767. His parents had emigrated from Ireland only two years before. The father died soon after the birth of the son. His mother, though in narrow pecuniary circumstances, aspired to educate her orphan boy to be a minister of the gospel; and, with this purpose in view, placed him at an academy, where he continued until the approach of the British army into the vicinity, induced him to assume arms. This was in 1781, when Jackson was only fourteen. He was soon taken prisoner, as well as an older brother, and both were cruelly maltreated by their captors, the brother especially so, for he died of his injuries shortly after being

exchanged. The life of Andrew was only saved by receiving on his hand the blow intended for his head. The mother soon followed her son to the grave, and Andrew became sole heir of the small family estate. He now abandoned all thoughts of the ministry, and began to study law at Salisbury, North Carolina. In 1786, he was admitted to the bar. Two years after, actuated by that ambition which even then carried so many ardent spirits westward, he removed to Nashville, at that time a new settlement on the frontier of North Carolina.

In 1790, what is now the state of Tennessee was organized into a territory, and Jackson received the appointment of United States Attorney. From this period he played a prominent part in the politics of the district. When the territory was erected into a state, in 1796, he was a leading member in the convention to frame a constitution. His professional career was attended with much success. He was even more distinguished, however, in the continual skirmishes with the savages, that took place on that exposed frontier; and the Indians, in compliment to his courage and skill, called him "the Sharp Knife," and the "Pointed Arrow." On the adoption of the state constitution, he was chosen a representative to Congress, and in the succeeding year, a United States Senator. He disliked the intrigues of politics, however, and, after one session, resigned his seat. He was now appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, but this honorable office also, he soon threw up. Retiring to a farm which he had purchased on the Cumberland river, in the vicinity of Nashville, he continued to reside there, declining all civil employments until the war of 1812 broke out.

This contest found Jackson a Major-General of the militia. His ambition was decidedly military, and though he had refused all ordinary offices, he now sought the commission of a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States. His competitor, Winchester, triumphed over him; but Jackson was not left without employment, being sent with nearly three thousand volunteers to Natchez, to guard that frontier against an apprehended visit of the Indians. The threatened tempest, however, blew over, and Jackson was ordered by the Secretary of War to disband his troops on the spot. This he refused to do, alleging, that as they were far from home, without funds, and many of them sick, such a proceeding would be unjust. He consequently kept them together, and led them back to Tennessee, where he disbanded them. The government accepted the explanation. In the autumn of 1813, he again took the field, at the head of one of the two divisions of Tennessee

militia, called out to chastise the Creeks, in Georgia, and avenge the massacre at Fort Mimms.

Accordingly, on the 2d of November, Jackson detached Brigadier-General Coffee on an expedition against Tallushatchee, which was completely successful, and a few days after, followed it up in person, by the great battle of Talledega, in which over three hundred of the Creeks fell. From this period, until the middle of January, 1814, he remained comparatively idle, in consequence of the term of most of his troops having expired, though, meantime, the campaign was prosecuted with considerable success, by Generals Cocke, Clairborne, Floyd, and others, at the head of different detachments. At last, on the 14th of January, Jackson was joined at Fort Strother by eight hundred fresh volunteers from Tennessee. His force was, by this, raised to nine hundred and thirty, exclusive of Indians. He immediately began offensive operations. On the 20th, while advancing into the heart of the enemy's country, he was joined by two hundred friendly Indians. On the 22d, he was attacked in his temporary camp at Tallapoosa, by a superior force of savages, who were, however, beaten off after a desperate struggle. The scarcity of supplies, and the number of his wounded, induced Jackson, on the following morning, to commence a retrograde movement towards Fort Strother. On the second day of his retreat he was attacked by the savages at Enotachopco creek, and, at first, owing to the flight of a portion of his troops, the Indians gained some advantage, but the regulars manfully standing their ground, the enemy was finally repulsed, with a loss of over two hundred of his warriors. The Americans were now permitted to prosecute their way without further molestation.

On the 24th of March, Jackson having been reinforced, once more marched into the heart of the Creek country. On the 27th, he had reached Horse-Shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa, three miles beyond the spot where the fight of the 22d of January had occurred. Here, as the name implies, the river makes a curvature, and in the bend thus formed, the Indians had collected for a last desperate stand, fortifying the neck of land which led into their retreat, by a breastwork nearly eight feet in height, pierced with double rows of port-holes, and so constructed that no enemy could approach without being subjected to a double and cross fire. Jackson's first care was to line the opposite side of the river, so as to prevent the escape of the savages. He then advanced boldly to the attack of the intrenchments in front. The friendly Indians stationed on the banks, becoming warned of the battle, crossed over to the peninsula, and drove the Creeks

into their fortifications. But failing to dislodge them from their works, Jackson, after ordering General Coffee's detachment to guard the banks, in place of the Indians, advanced to the storm. The troops, who had waited impatiently for this movement, received the command with loud shouts of joy. The struggle, for a few minutes, was awful. The hostile savages fought with the rage of wounded tigers, firing rapidly, and with deadly aim, through the port-holes; while the Americans, advancing to the breastwork, struggled, muzzle to muzzle, in many cases the balls of the Indians being welded on the bayonets of the assailants. At last the intrenchments were carried. And now the rout and slaughter became fearful. Scarcely twenty of the foe escaped unhurt. Three hundred were taken prisoners. Five hundred and fifty-seven dead bodies were found, among them that of Manahoee, the great prophet of the Creeks. The loss on Jackson's side, was forty-nine killed, and one hundred and fifty-four wounded. From that hour, the proud heart of the Creeks was broken. They never again lifted the hatchet against the United States, but on the 1st of August, sent their principal chiefs to Fort Jackson to sue for peace.

This treaty had scarcely been completed, however, before the attention of Jackson was required to avert a greater danger. He had, after adjusting the Creek difficulties, fixed his head quarters at Mobile, and here, on the 27th of August, he received intelligence that three British vessels had arrived at Pensacola two days before, and after disembarking a large quantity of provisions and munitions of war, had placed a garrison of between two and three hundred troops in the fort. The express which brought this startling information, also announced that thirteen sail of the line, with ten thousand troops, and the requisite number of transports, were daily expected. On the receipt of this news, Jackson despatched a courier to the Governor of Tennessee, requesting that the whole quota of the militia of that state should be at once brought into the field. On the 15th of September, the British squadron from Pensacola, augmented by another ship, made an attack on Fort Bowyer, at the foot of Mobile bay, thirty miles below the town of the same name, where Jackson was established; but they were repulsed with a slaughter almost unprecedented in the annals of war, one of the ships losing one hundred and forty-nine men, out of a crew of one hundred and seventy. Having received an accession of force from Tennessee, amounting to nearly two thousand, Jackson marched to chastise the Spanish Governor of Pensacola, for allowing the British to fit out hostile expeditions in that port. He stormed one of the batteries of the town on the 7th of November, on which the Governor surren-

dered the city and fort unconditionally. On this, the British squadron, consisting of seven armed vessels, sailed from the harbor. Having completed his object, Jackson now hurried to New Orleans, that place being threatened by a formidable expedition which had just sailed from Jamaica, with the motto of "beauty and booty," to stimulate the soldiers: an expedition, forming one of a series begun with the express intent, as Admiral Cochrane had officially declared, "to lay waste all towns and districts of the United States found accessible to the attack of British armaments."

Jackson reached New Orleans on the 2d of December, and immediately began to place it in a condition of defence. It is well known that innumerable channels intersect the delta of the Mississippi, below the town. Few of these were properly fortified; and, in consequence, the alarm was general. Discontent, too, was abroad. The city corps had refused to turn out. Spies daily left the city to bear information to the enemy, yet the legislature hesitated to suspend the habeas corpus act. In this crisis, General Jackson acted with an energy, which, however despotic it seemed to its victims, probably saved the town. He proclaimed martial law, and laid an embargo on all vessels in the harbor, thus cutting off treasonable communication with the enemy. He called out the militia, en masse. He impressed the negroes to assist in the defence. A characteristic anecdote will show the vigor and promptitude with which he acted. He had taken the cotton of a merchant to use upon the lines, when the owner, indignant at this appropriation of his property, called at head-quarters to remonstrate. Jackson heard the complaint in silence. "All wrong, very wrong, as you say," he remarked in his impetuous manner, when the man had closed: "tell that sentry to walk in." The merchant, fancying he was about to have restitution, hurried to obey, and the sentry appeared. "Give that man your musket," said Jackson, addressing the soldier, and pointing to the merchant: then, turning to the astonished trader, he said sternly, "now sir, I will make affairs right—march down to the lines and defend your property." Arbitrary as such conduct appeared to the listener, it was, perhaps, necessary to the salvation of the city. It was a crisis when not only men's property, but their lives belonged no longer to themselves, but to the state.

The British appeared off the mouth of the Mississippi on the 5th of December, only three days after the arrival of Jackson at New Orleans. One of those circumstances, which appear fortuitous, but which are, perhaps, ordained by a protecting Providence, had delayed the sailing of the expedition from Jamaica for ten days, and thus, by affording time for Jackson's arrival, saved the city. The occurrence,

not generally known, was this. The fleet of Cochrane, with the troops of Packenham were at Jamaica, ready for the expedition, except that they were ordered to wait the arrival of a squadron from England under Captain Floyd. This squadron had reached the port of Fayal, as early as the 26th of September, but finding an American privateer, the General Armstrong, in the harbor, had determined to capture her. Two several attacks, however, were made on the Armstrong without success: the first by three boats, the last by sixteen. In these struggles the British lost two hundred of their best men. Finding that a third attack, still more imposing, was to be made, Captain Reid of the Armstrong scuttled and abandoned her, taking refuge on shore under the Portuguese authorities. This assault was made in defiance of the sanctity of a neutral port; and when the commandant at Fayal remonstrated against the attack, he was told that if he attempted to protect the Armstrong, the British would fire on the town. No more spirited defence, than that of this little privateer, is recorded in the whole annals of naval history. But its greatest merit, though one little suspected at the time, was that, by causing a delay of ten days on the part of Captain Floyd, it protracted for just that period, his arrival at Jamaica, and the sailing of the fleet. If the squadron had not been detained at Fayal by the Armstrong, it is almost certain that the British would have arrived off the Mississippi on the 25th of November. At that period Jackson had not reached New Orleans, and, as no adequate measures were being taken for its defence, the place must have fallen before he made his appearance on the 2d of December.

The British had taken the precaution to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the coast, and discovering that the routes through Lakes Ponchartrain and Borgue were the most assailable means of access to the city, they resolved to lose no time in needless delays, but push on at once to the object of their desires. An unexpected difficulty, however, soon presented itself in a flotilla of American gun-boats, which had been sent to defend these passes. A sharp action ensued, in which the enemy, after a heavy loss, came off victorious. No obstacle now existing to their landing, the troops were disembarked on Pea Island, where some Spanish fishermen speedily betrayed that the pass of Bienvenu was as yet unguarded, and that a vigorous movement of five or six hours made from this point, would carry the assailants to the heart of New Orleans. Availing themselves of this information, a strong force was immediately transported across the river, and before noon on the 22d took up a position on Vivery's canal.

It was at this spot, scarcely nine miles distant from the city, that a part of Jackson's staff accidentally discovered the enemy. The news spread consternation through the town. But, meantime, the American commander had been reinforced by four thousand Tennessee militia, and by the Baratarians, a body of half piratical men, inhabiting some islands on the coast, to whom an amnesty had been granted on the condition that they joined in the defence of New Orleans. Accordingly, leaving a force to guard the avenues to the city in his rear, Jackson marched out to assail the British with all his available troops, amounting to fifteen hundred men. His intention was to make a night attack on the front and flanks of the enemy; but the plan failing in several important particulars, he ordered a retreat, and fell back, after a doubtful engagement, to a narrow plain on the road to New Orleans, flanked on the right by the Mississippi, and on the left by an impregnable cypress swamp. The alacrity, however, with which he offered in this early stage to meet the foe, inspired his army with resolution and checked the ardor of the enemy!

It had been the intention of General Jackson to march out into the open field, and renew the engagement in the morning, but subsequent reflection on the inferiority of his force induced him to resolve on a strictly defensive system. Accordingly, he began fortifying his position with incredible alacrity. A ditch dug for agricultural purposes, ran along his front from the river to the swamp; it was only left for him, therefore, to throw up an intrenchment and erect flanking batteries. Bales of cotton were successfully employed for this purpose. Bastions were hastily constructed and mounted with heavy cannon, to enfilade the whole front. To render the position still more secure a battery of twenty guns, flanking the length of the parapet, was erected on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, and committed to the charge of Commodore Patterson of the navy, and a body of militia.

The English force was under the command of Sir Edward Packenham, a brave and veteran soldier. This General at first determined to make regular approaches to the works; but having failed in the attempt, in consequence of the superior weight of the American artillery, he resolved, with the impetuous hardihood he had acquired in the Peninsular war, to carry the intrenchments by assault, and thus put an end at once to the affair. With troops fresh from the Spanish campaigns, he did not doubt of complete success against the raw levies of which his spies informed him the force of General Jackson was entirely composed. He neglected, however,

no advantage which strategy could give him; for he employed his men in secretly widening the canal behind his army, by which boats might be brought up to the Mississippi, and troops ferried across to carry the battery we have spoken of, on the right bank of the river, so as to prevent the assailing columns from being raked by its fire, as they moved to attack the parapet.

These preparations having all been completed by the night of the 7th of January, Packenham determined on an assault before day-break of the ensuing day. Colonel Thornton, with about fourteen hundred men, was to cross over by night to the western bank of the Mississippi, and, storming the battery there, proceed up the river until he came opposite to New Orleans. Meantime, the main attack on the intrenchments on the eastern bank was confided to two columns; the first led by General Gibbs, the second by General Keane. The reserve was commanded by General Lambert. Having made these dispositions, the soldiers were allowed some rest; but many an eye refused to sleep; and the sentry, as he walked his rounds, dreamed of past victories, or anticipated the morrow's glory. In the American camp all was still. The night was unusually cold, and sounds were distinguishable for a long distance; but nothing was heard from the British position, except an occasional murmur rising and falling on the night wind.

Various delays occurred on the part of the enemy, to prevent Colonel Thornton from reaching his destination in time; and the night passed without Packenham receiving the expected news of his success. At length, that General became impatient, and, towards five o'clock, ordered the assault. Gibbs's column advanced first to the attack. But the wintry dawn had now begun to break, and the Americans, amid a storm of bombs and Congreve rockets, suddenly beheld the dark masses of the enemy, at the distance of nine hundred yards, moving rapidly across the plain. Instantly a tremendous fire was opened on them from the batteries. But the veterans of the 4th and 21st regiments, undaunted by the danger, pressed steadily forward. When they came within reach of the musketry of the militia, the crash of fire-arms joined its sharp explosions to the deep roar of the artillery, and burst after burst rolled off across the plain, resembling incessant and tremendous peals of thunder. Yet that splendid British infantry never flinched. The fire from the ramparts, like a stream of burning lava, now filled the intervening space; but still undaunted, these veterans pushed on, closing up their front as one after another fell, and only pausing when they reached the slippery edge of the glacis.

Here it was found that the scaling-ladders and fascines had been forgotten, and a halt occurred, until they could be sent for and brought up. All this time, the deadly rifles of the Americans were aimed at the British ranks, which soon, riddled through and through, fell back in disorder from the foot of the parapet. Seeing the confusion, Packenham himself galloped up. Dashing immediately to the head of the 44th regiment, he rallied the men, and led them to the foot of the glacis, his head uncovered, himself cheering them on. While in this very act, a ball struck him, and he fell mortally wounded. Appalled by this sight, his troops once more recoiled; but their officers, reminding them of past glories, again brought them up to the attack; and, with desperate but unavailing courage, they strove to force their way over the ditch and up the fatal intrenchments. Quick and close, however, the rifles of the Americans met them at every turn. Again they recoiled. General Gibbs, who had succeeded Packenham, was struck down. But the reserve was now in full advance; and, notwithstanding the tempest of grape and shell which swept the plain, it continued to press on, led by the gallant Keane. Soon he, too, fell. But the regiment he led was a thousand strong, and composed wholly of Sutherland Highlanders. It had faced death in many a battle-field before. Burning to avenge the fall of three commanders in succession, it rushed on with inextinguishable fury, forcing the leading files before it, until the slope of the glacis was gained; and here, though destitute of fascines or ladders, the men still pressed on, mounting on each others shoulders to gain a foothold in the works, where they fought with the ferocity of frantic lions, mad with rage and despair. Few of them, however, reached this point; for the rifles of the defenders cut them off almost to a man, before they crossed the ditch, and those who clambered up the intrenchments, were bayoneted as they appeared. In the midst of this terrific carnage, an officer on a white horse was seen dashing to the glacis. He fell, pierced by a ball, just as he reached the edge; but the noble animal, plunging headlong forward, over the wounded and the dead, crossed the ditch, leaped the intrenchments with one wild bound, and stood trembling in every limb, in the very heart of the American forces. The gallant animal was taken care of, and subsequently became a favorite with the soldiers.

Thrice the enemy advanced to the assault; thrice he was hurled back in wild disorder. Nothing could withstand the terrific fire of the Americans. The plain was already encumbered with nearly two thousand dead and wounded, and, as fast as the heads of

columns appeared, they melted away before the grape-shot. On the left, some companies, which at first had penetrated to an unfinished intrenchment, were fast disappearing beneath the murderous cannonade. At places where the fiercest struggles had been made, the dead were piled in heaps. The fearful carnage of that day brought to many a mind the slaughter of the forlorn hope at Badajoz; and the British officer, who had succeeded to the command, almost gave way to audible lamentations, when he saw the full extent of the carnage.

The utter ruin of the enemy's army would have followed, but for the success of Colonel Thornton, on the right bank of the river. Jackson was forced, in consequence of this, to turn his attention in that direction; and preparations were accordingly made to dislodge the foe from his captured position. Before, however, any movement was made, Thornton was withdrawn from the works, the British General not considering himself able to spare sufficient troops, after his severe losses, to hold it. Jackson hastened to regain the lost battery. The enemy now fell back to his old station, where he remained until the 18th, although continually annoyed by the artillery of the Americans, on both sides of the river. But, at midnight of that day, he precipitately retreated, and, regaining his boats, embarked finally on board the shipping. The difficulties of a pursuit were so great, from the nature of the ground and other causes, that Jackson did not attempt seriously to harass the retreat. A few prisoners were taken, and several transports captured. Thus was repelled an expedition, consisting of eleven thousand land troops, and four thousand seamen and marines; and which had been so confident of success, that it was accompanied by custom-house and other civil functionaries.

For this brilliant victory, Jackson received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal. In 1818, he was entrusted with the command of the troops destined to operate against the Seminoles. His usual energy characterised him in this war. He penetrated into Florida, to the villages of the savages and fugitive slaves who had joined them, devastating their settlements, and carrying fire and sword through all their region. Discovering that the Indians had been supplied with arms and ammunition from the Spanish posts in the vicinity, he seized these places, and executed two British subjects whom he found there, engaged in this lawless traffic. The contest was closed by the conquest of Florida. The posts taken by Jackson were, however, subsequently restored to Spain; but an attempt, in Congress, to pass a vote of censure on the General, was defeated by

a large majority. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that the seizure of these posts was a violation of a neutral soil, though, perhaps, justified by the emergency of the case, if not by the secret assistance rendered to the Indians by Spain. In 1821, by the purchase of Florida, the United States rendered any such arbitrary measures, for the future, unnecessary. Jackson was now appointed Governor of the new territory. But he did not long retain this office, resigning it in the following year, and retiring to his farm.

In 1823, he was elected to the Senate of the United States; but, soon after, becoming a prominent candidate for the presidency, vacated his seat. In the electoral college, for 1824, he received ninety-nine votes; Mr. Adams, eighty-four; Mr. Crawford, forty-one; and Mr. Clay, thirty-seven. The election of a President consequently devolved on the House, when Mr. Adams was chosen. In 1828 however, being again a candidate, he received one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes, while Mr. Adams obtained but eighty-three. The history of his administration does not come within the scope of this work. In 1832, he was again elected President by a majority of one hundred and seventy electoral votes over his antagonist, Mr. Clay. In 1836, he retired to private life.

From this period to that of his death, he resided on his farm, which he called "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tennessee. He gradually became enfeebled in body, but retained his mental faculties in full force. A few years before his decease, he connected himself with the Presbyterian church; in the communion of which he continued, from that hour, a sincere and exemplary member. He died on the 8th of June, 1845.

Your obt. Servt
Z. Taylor

THE

MILITARY HEROES

OF

THE WAR WITH MEXICO:

WITH A

NARRATIVE OF THE WAR.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR

THIS WORK IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE MEXICANS WATCHING A TRAIN OF ARMY WAGONS.

PREFACE.

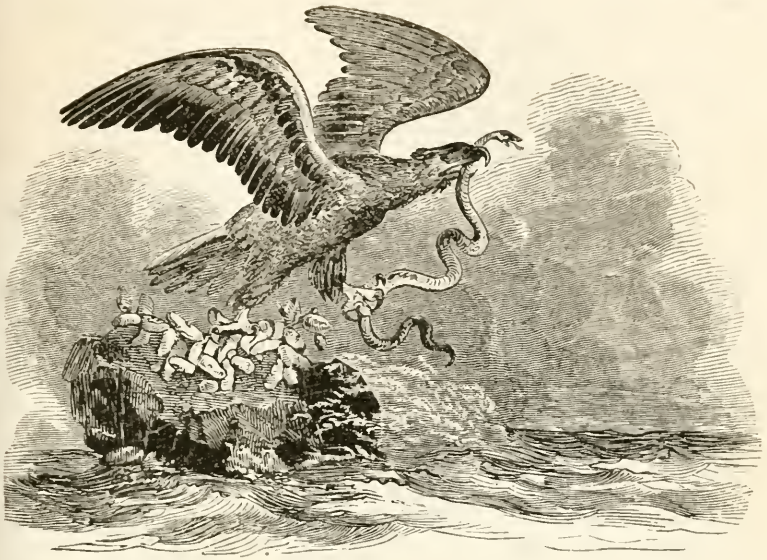
In the following pages, the author has deviated in a measure from the plan heretofore pursued. The descriptions of the battles, instead of being reserved for the appropriate biographies, are inserted in the history; while the history itself is confined almost entirely to the military transactions of the war. It must be reserved for another age to write an impartial story of this contest, and to assign to each hero his due place!

History is of necessity imitative; and hence the author has drawn largely from the journals, &c., which have been written on the spot. In no instance, however, that he is aware of, has the language of his authorities been used, or any improper liberty been taken with them.

The author has generally confined himself to a plain biography of the Heroes of the Mexican War, leaving their relative merits to be assigned by the official correspondence of the Commander-in-chief. The reasons for this are obvious. A cotemporary is peculiarly liable to be charged with prejudice: to posterity only is it reserved to speak of public characters without the imputation of unfairness. The author has not, on all occasions, forborne the expression of his own opinion: this would be alike impossible and ridiculous. But as these opinions may be changed by testimony not yet brought to light, they are given with diffidence.

It has been thought advisable to insert, in the biographies of Scott, Taylor, and Doniphan, a specimen of their despatches, and those have been selected which, in the author's opinion, relate to the most brilliant event in the life of each.

For the unusual kindness with which his first volume was received by the public, the author takes this occasion to express his gratification.



CONTENTS.

PREFACE, - - - - - - - PAGE 5.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER, - - - - - 15

BOOK I.—The Origin of the War, - - - 19

BOOK II.—Campaign on the Rio Grande, - - - 35

BOOK III.—Conquest of New Mexico and California, - 63

BOOK IV.—Advance on the Capital, - - - 79

BOOK V.—The Fall of the Capital, - - - 107

THE HEROES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, - - - - - - 137

SAMUEL RINGGOLD, - - - - - 161

CHARLES MAY, - - - - - - 165

WILLIAM O. BUTLER, - - - - - 169

WILLIAM J. WORTH, - - - - - 177

JOHN E. WOOL, - - - - - - PAGE 189
STEPHEN W. KEARNEY, - - - - - - 195
JOHN C. FREMONT, - - - - - - 199
A. W. DONIPHAN, - - - - - - 203
SAMUEL H. WALKER, - - - - - 209
WINFIELD SCOTT, - - - - - - 211
DAVID E. TWIGGS, - - - - - - 231
JOSEPH G. TOTTEN, - - - - - - 237
ROBERT PATTERSON, - - - - - - 239
PERSIFER F. SMITH, - - - - - - 241
JAMES SHIELDS, - - - - - - 245
JAMES DUNCAN, - - - - - - - 249
BENNET RILEY, - - - - - - - 253
JOHN A. QUITMAN, - - - - - - 257
JOSEPH LANE, - - - - - - - 263
GIDEON J. PILLOW, - - - - - - 267
GEORGE CADWALADER, - - - - - 269
WILLIAM S. HARNEY, - - - - - - 275
FRANKLIN PIERCE, - - - - - - 279
ROGER JONES, - - - - - - - 281

MONTEREY IN CALIFORNIA.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

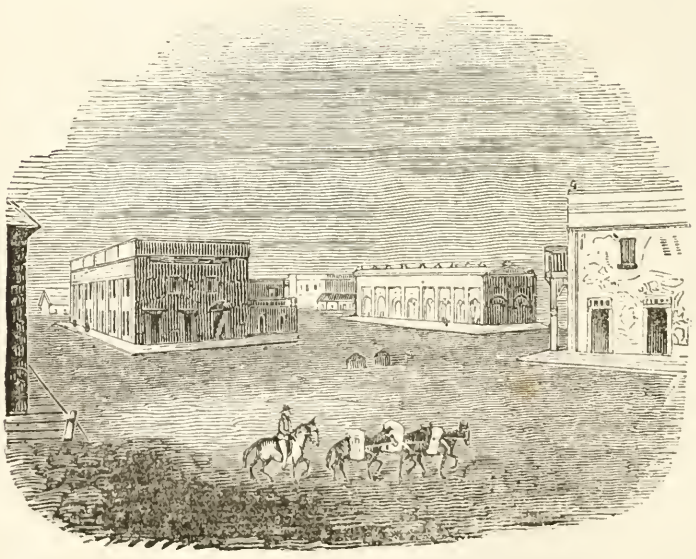
Portrait of Major-General Zachary Taylor, - - - - Frontispiece.
Battle of Resaca de la Palma, - - - - - Page 42
Storming of the Bishop's Palace, Monterey, - - - - 50
Battle of Buena Vista, - - - - - - - 59
Capitulation of Vera Cruz, - - - - - 85
Battle of Cerro Gordo, - - - - - - 89
Battle of Churubusco, - - - - - - 101
General Scott's Entry into the City of Mexico, - - - 127
Portrait of Major-General William O. Butler, - - - 169
Portrait of Major-General William J. Worth, - - - 177
Portrait of Captain Samuel H. Walker, - - - - 209
Portrait of Brigadier-General James Shields, - - - 245
Portrait of Major-General John A. Quitman, - - - 257
Portrait of Major-General George Cadwalader, - - - - 271

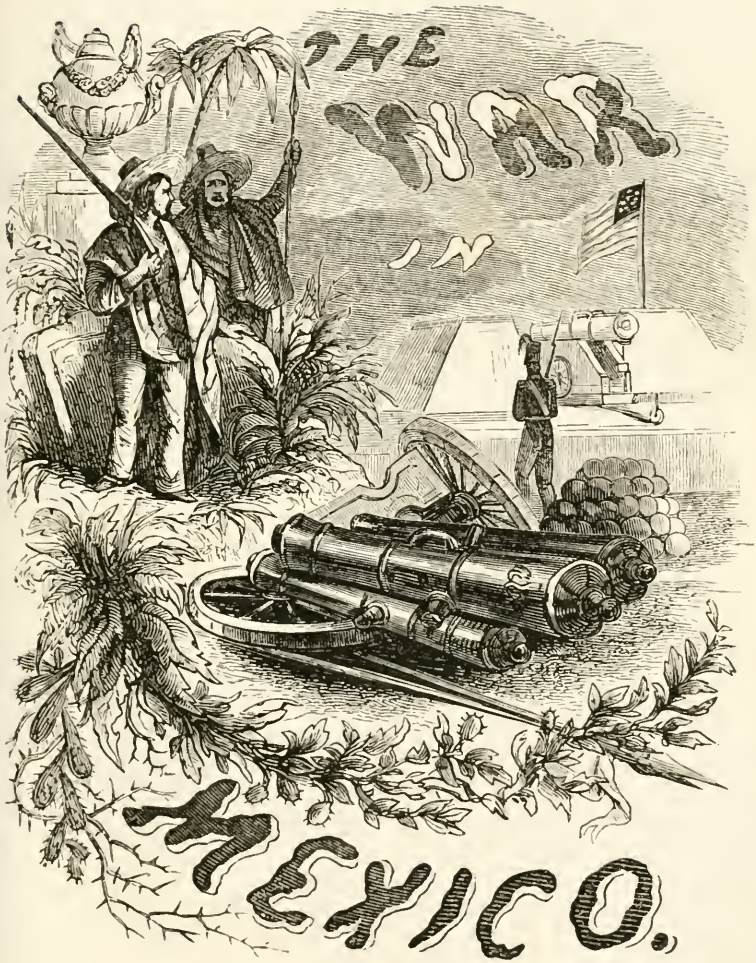
ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

Mexican Soldiers watching a train of Army Wagons, - - - - - - Page 5
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 6
Coat of Arms of Mexico, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 7
Tail Piece—General Taylor, - - - - - - - - - - - 8
Monterey in California, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
The Market Place and Public Square at Matamoras, - - - - - - 12
Ornamental Title Page—The War in Mexico, - - - - - - - - 13
The City of Mexico, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 15
Ornamental Letter—Flight of a Mexican Officer, - - - - - - - 15
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 18
Corpus Christi, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 19
Ornamental Letter—Wounded Soldier,. - - - - - - - - - 19
Portrait of Santa Anna, - - - - - - - - - - - - 25
Portrait of Parades, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 28
Matamoras, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 31
Portrait of Colonel Cross, - - - - - - - - - - - - 33
Tail Piece—Mexican Dragoon, - - - - - - - - - - - 34
Point Isabel, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 35
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 35
Colonel May at Resaca de la Palma, - - - - - - - - - 41
Fort Brown, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 43
Monterey and the Saddle Mountains, - - - - - - - - - 47
The City of Monterey, - - - - - - - - - - - - 49
Saltillo, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 53
Bragg Asking Succor, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 60
The Capture of Tuspan, - - - - - - - - - - - - 62
San Francisco, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 63
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 63
Bent's Fort, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 66
Santa Fe, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 68
Battle of Pueblo de Taos, - - - - - - - - - - - - 73
Triumphal Entry into Pueblo Los Angelos, - - - - - - - 75
Landing of the American Troops at Vera Cruz, - - - - - - - 79
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 79
Bombardment of Vera Cruz, - - - - - - - - - - - - 83
Storming of Cerro Gordo, - - - - - - - - - - - - 88
Puebla, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 90
Storming of Churubusco, - - - - - - - - - - - - 103
A Mexican Throwing the Lasso, - - - - - - - - - - - - 106
A Mexican Rancho, or Roadside Inn, at Acajete, between Puebla and Jalapa, - 107
Ornamental Letter—A Volcano, - - - - - - - - - - - - 107
Chapultepec, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 113
Battle of Molino Del Rey, - - - - - - - - - - - - 117
Storming of Chapultepec, - - - - - - - - - - - - 122

Tail Piece—Lancers, - - - - - - - - - - - Page 133
Ornamental Title Page—The Heroes of the War with Mexico, - - - - - 135
Repulse of Mexican Cavalry at the Battle of Buena Vista, - - - - - 137
Ornamental Letter—General Taylor, - - - - - - - - - - 137
The Defence of Fort Harrison, - - - - - - - - - - - 142
Taylor at the Battle of Okee Chobee, - - - - - - - - - 147
Portrait of Major McCullough, - - - - - - - - - - 153
Portrait of Major Samuel Ringgold, - - - - - - - - - - 161
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - 161
The Fall of Major Ringgold, - - - - - - - - - - - 164
Portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles May, - - - - - - - - 165
Ornamental Letter—Camp Wagon, - - - - - - - - - 165
General Butler wounded at Monterey, - - - - - - - - 169
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - 169
Battle of Buena Vista, - - - - - - - - - - - - 176
Battle of Palaklaklaha, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - 177
Bishop's Palace, Monterey, - - - - - - - - - - - 183
Tail Piece—Dragoon, - - - - - - - - - - - - 188
Portrait of Brigadier General John E. Wool, - - - - - - - 189
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 189
Cavalry Charge at the Battle of Buena Vista, - - - - - - - 194
Portrait of Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearney, - - - - - - 195
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 195
Tail Piece—Dead Soldier, - - - - - - - - - - - - 198
Portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Fremont, - - - - - - - 199
Ornamental Letter—Officer taking Observations, - - - - - - - 199
Doniphan and his Army crossing the Desert of Death, - - - - - - 203
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 203
Cavalry Charge at the Battle of Sacramento, - - - - - - - 206
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 208
The Repulse of the Mexican Lancers at Palo Alto, - - - - - - 208
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 209
Chapultepec and Molino del Rey, - - - - - - - - - - 211
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 211
Copy of a Gold Medal presented by Congress to General Scott, - - - - 217
The Grand Plaza, (or Great Square) in the City of Mexico, - - - - - 227
Portrait of Brigadier-General David E. Twiggs, - - - - - - - 231
Ornamental Letter—A Lancer, - - - - - - - - - - - 231
Fighting in the Streets of Monterey, - - - - - - - - - - 234
Vera Cruz, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 237
Ornamental Letter—A Sentry, - - - - - - - - - - - 237
Portrait of Major-General Robert Patterson, - - - - - - - - 239
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 239
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 240
The Battle of Contreras, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - 241

General Shields' Charge at Chapultepec, and Ornamental Letter, - - Page 245
The Storming of Chapultepec, - - - - - - - - - - - - 247
Tail Piece—Mexican Soldiers, - - - - - - - - - - - 248
Duncan at Molino Del Rey, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - 249
Tail Piece—Mexican Lancers, - - - - - - - - - - - 252
Riley at Contreras, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - 253
Tail Piece—A Mexican Officer, - - - - - - - - - - - 256
General Quitman's Assault on the Garita de Belen, and Ornamental Letter, - - 257
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 262
General Lane's Encounter with the Mexicans near Atlixco, - - - - - - 263
Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 263
Tail Piece—A Party of Mexican Guerillas, - - - - - - - - - 266
Portrait of Major-General Gideon J. Pillow, and Ornamental Letter, - - - 267
Tail Piece—Wounded Soldier, - - - - - - - - - - - 268
The National Bridge, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - 269
General Cadwalader's Defeat of the Mexicans at the National Bridge, - - - 271
Tail Piece, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 274
Harney at Cerro Gordo, and Ornamental Letter, - - - - - - - - 275
Harney's Pursuit of the Mexicans at Churubusco, - - - - - - - 277
Tail Piece—A Texas Ranger, - - - - - - - - - - - 278
General Pierce Entering Pueblo with Reinforcements, and Ornamental Letter. - 279
Tail Piece - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 280
Portrait of Adjutant-General Roger Jones, and Ornamental Letter. - - - 281
Tail Piece—Mexican Soldiers, - - - - - - - - - - - 282

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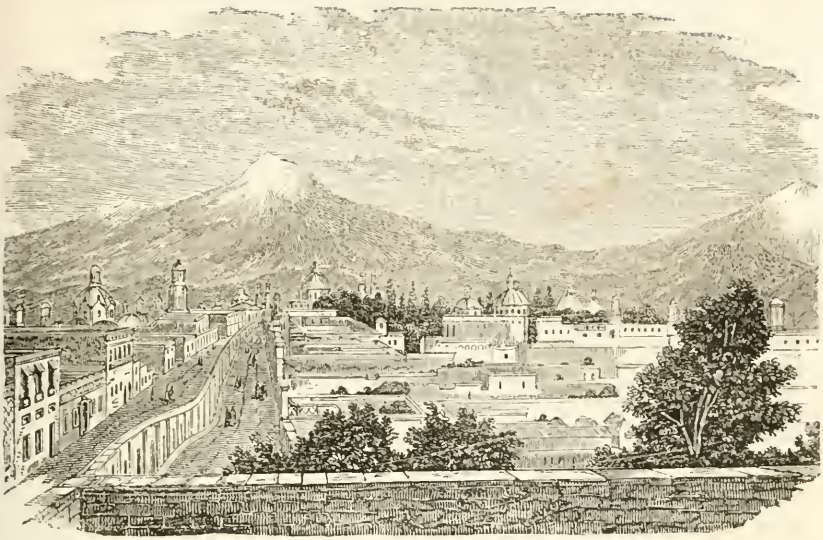
MEXICO.



THE CITY OF MEXICO.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE war of Independence gave the United States a political existence. The war of 1812 enfranchised the popular mind from a state of colonial subserviency. The war with Mexico has developed the military genius of our people, inspired confidence in our capacity to resist invasion, and elevated the republic to a position in European eyes which a century of prosperity in the arts of peace would not have obtained for it. Indeed, there are few parallels in modern history to the campaigns of Taylor and Scott! That a comparatively small body of men should penetrate into the heart of a mighty empire, and defeat, in a dozen pitched battles, an enemy always fourfold its own numbers, is one of those events which at first appear to border on the miraculous, and which recall the memory of the days when the Emirs conquered Spain,

when Gaul fell beneath the inroad of the Turks, when the Persian empire was shattered by the spear of Alexander.

Hitherto the enterprise of Cortez, by which the Aztec monarchy was overthrown, has been considered the most wonderful event recorded in authentic history. But Cortez marched on Mexico with an army clad in mail, and possessed of fire-arms; while the Indians had no weapons but arrows and obsidian hatchets. Hence the Spanish soldier, especially the mounted one, could fight with comparatively little peril, until he actually fell from exhaustion. The number of killed and wounded in the battles of Cortez was generally not over a dozen, while the slaughter on the side of the Aztecs was enormous. The victories of the conqueror were not so miraculous as at first appears. A compact body of mailed soldiers may be assailed by fifty times their number, *but not by all at once!* If the assailed present a front of five hundred men, only five hundred men can attack at the same time. Defeat these five hundred, and five hundred more may rush to the assault. But these, too, must soon fall; for if the one party is defended by armor, rendering them impervious to the shafts of the foe, the contest, it is apparent, is all on one side; and the chances are, that the assailants will be wearied out first. The battles of Cortez were of this description. When attacked by overwhelming odds, he always seized some defile where the Aztecs could only advance in front. Hence, though ten times his own number were in the field against him, he rarely was engaged at any one moment with more than an equal force. Moreover, he generally had from five to ten thousand Tlascalan allies to harass the wings of the foe.

But our battles in Mexico were different. The enemy was in a comparatively high state of civilization, possessed fire-arms like ourselves, had able and experienced Generals, was in a country full of impregnable positions, and availed himself of all the aids of military discipline and strategetic science in the formation and management of his army. The war was not a contest between European veterans and savages; it was a war between raw volunteers and a well drilled army. It was a war against the very troops which drove the Spanish infantry out of Mexico. Yet everywhere we were triumphant. Our little army assaulted the foe on the open field, stormed him in his streets, and carried intrenchments defended by artillery. In a word, search where we will in military history since the invention of fire-arms, and we find nothing to surpass the achievements of Taylor, Scott, and Doniphan.

These wonderful victories are to be attributed in part to the infe-

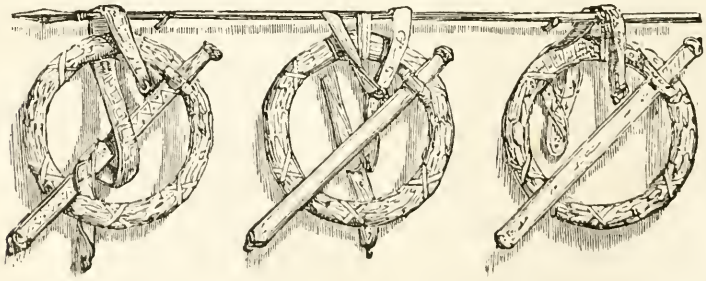
rior material of the enemy's army. The Mexican Creole is but a degenerate Spaniard, inheriting few of the virtues and magnifying the vices of his ancestry. When Napoleon first invaded Spain, the rout of her armies was almost as complete as that of the Mexicans in this war; nor was it until the British arrived under Wellington, and formed a nucleus for valor and discipline, that any successful resistance was made to the imperial eagles. The history of the pitched battles in this war has not differed materially from the history of the pitched battles of every war in which the Spanish blood has been engaged from the time of the Carthaginians down. Whether the Iberians, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula, were of mixed Arab lineage, as some writers suppose, or were descended from the Gothic nations of the north, as is conjectured with slighter probability, certain it is that their characteristics have suffered less change in the last two thousand years than those of any other surviving people, and that, to this day, they possess the same powers of dissimulation, the same love for desultory warfare, and the same obstinacy of purpose which baffled Hannibal and Scipio alike. Successive invasions of Romans, Goths, and Moors have failed to permanently alter this original stock. Indeed, partial infusions of new races, like partial infusions of blood in the veins, though they may renovate for awhile, cannot change the constitutional tendencies of a people. A hundred thousand Franks subdued ten millions of Gauls, and held them in vassalage for ten centuries; but the French populace is the same now as in the time of Cæsar. A conquered people must be exterminated, or their peculiarities, in time, will infect even their conquerors: of the truth of this remark Saxon England, Celtic Ireland, and modern Italy are forcible illustrations. Like flakes of snow falling into the ocean, the victors are soon lost in the surrounding mass.

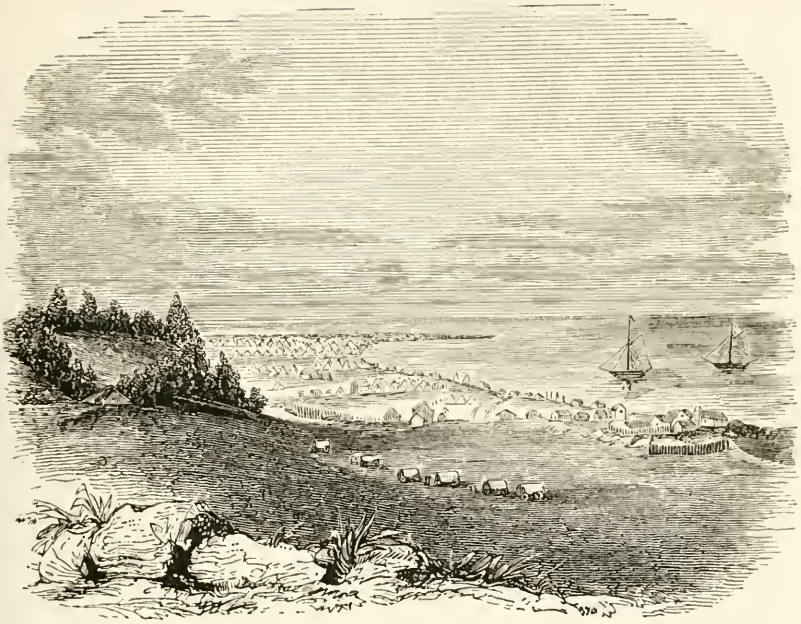
There is more in race than is generally supposed. Of the five great divisions into which the human family is separated, the inferior species have never permanently, rarely even temporarily triumphed over the superior ones. The Mongolian has never been subdued by the Malay, nor the Malay by the African; but both have been, at various periods, the slaves of the Caucasian. As there are different races of mankind, so there are different varieties of the same race. The Caucasian stock has proved itself superior to all others; but of the Caucasian the northern branches are better than the southern. In every collision between the Romaic and Teutonic stocks, the latter has proved too strong for the former. The one, supple and wily, is well represented by Saladin in the novel of Scott:

the other, triumphing by sheer strength, has its type in his antagonist, Richard!

These characteristics of race are transmissible from generation to generation, exactly as physical qualities are transmissible in animals of a lesser grade than man. The Tartar of to-day is the same individual described by Oriental writers thousands of years ago, and displays similar attributes whether roaming in the desert or seated on a conquered throne. The Greek of the nineteenth century differs less from the Greek of the time of Socrates, than does the language he now speaks from the pure Attic of Pericles. The German as described by Tacitus in the second century of the Christian era, is the exact counterpart of the German now, allowing for slight differences produced by an advanced stage of civilization. The Sclave, or Russian, has remained unaltered since the dawn of the historic period. Even in their mode of waging warfare, the peculiarities of nations rarely change. The Persian wheels his horse and flings his javelin, exactly as his Parthian ancestor when making head against the legions of Rome. The Highlanders who followed Charles Edward to Preston Pans, charged in the very manner their ancestors did eighteen hundred years before. Mountains may change, continents alter, but races of men are always the same! As far back as we can go in history we find the Celt, the Saxon, or the Arab, just as he remains to this day, and as far forward as we can conjecture we are justified in supposing that he will still continue the same.

The Mexican Creole is true to his parentage in the main. In whatever he has changed, it has been for the worse. Though the Creoles are the dominant race, their numbers, when compared with the remaining population, are inconsiderable; and in consequence, the character of the original Spaniard has suffered depreciation. It is important to bear this fact in mind, if we would arrive at a correct estimate of the Mexican war.





CORPUS CHRISTI.

BOOK I.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

THE war with Mexico naturally divides itself into two great periods, the first of these comprising the campaign of Taylor, and the second that of Scott. In order, however, that the story may be related with more perspicuity, we shall separate it into five parts. The first of these will be devoted to the origin of the war; the second to the campaign of Taylor; the third to the expeditions against Santa Fe and California; the fourth to the campaign of Scott up to the armistice; and the fifth to the declaration of peace.

Mexico lies between the fifteenth and thirty-third parallels of north latitude; and consequently, for the most part within the torrid zone. Her surface, however, is extremely irregular, so that she comprises every variety of climate and soil known to the habitable globe. On the sea-coast the land is low, marshy, and infested with fevers, of which the most dreadful is the terrible vomito, that no foreigner can hope to escape. As the traveller advances inward, the aspect of the country changes. The ground rises; the plains of sand disappear; tropical fruits begin to vanish; and fresh, inspiring breezes succeed the depressing atmosphere of the *tierra caliente*, or hot region. After reaching an elevation of about twenty-five hundred feet, the vegetation assumes a more genial character. In this *tierra templada*, or temperate region, flourish the oak, the fruit trees, and the grains of Europe. It is in this region that Xalapa is situated, at the distance of fifty-five miles from Vera Cruz, on the direct road to the capital. Here the vomito is unknown. Hither the terrific northers which harass the coasts of the gulf never come. The extremes of cold and heat are strangers to this delightful climate; a humid, but salubrious atmosphere invigorates the frame and conduces to longevity; the choicest products of the earth spring up spontaneously; and life passes in an Arcadian dream.

Ascending still higher as he journeys inward, the traveller finally reaches an extensive table-land, lying in the lap of the Cordilleras, and comprising about three-fifths of the whole surface of Mexico, as well as more than four-fifths of the entire population. This great central elevation varies in height from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea, and is formed by two branches of the Cordilleras, which, diverging from Yucatan, skirt respectively the shores of the Pacific and gulf, the one joining the Rocky Mountain chain on the borders of Oregon, and the other losing itself, about the twenty-seventh parallel of latitude, in the vast plains of Texas. Lateral valleys shoot out from this table-land, between spurs of hills, forming a series of natural defences to the great central elevation. That portion of Mexico which is most densely populated stands, therefore, like a fortress, lifted above the surrounding country, and rendered almost impregnable by its mountain fastnesses. To add to its invincibility, it is approached from the sea with difficulty, having few ports either on the Pacific or gulf coasts, and those of unsafe anchorage, where tremendous hurricanes rise at an hour's notice.

The table-land, or *tierras frias* of Mexico, is comparatively narrow from east to west, but stretches north and south a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Its usual temperature varies from 55° to 75°

Fahrenheit. Owing to its great height above the sea, the atmosphere on this plateau is extremely rarified. This, while it leads frequently to asthmatic complaints, gives a fairy appearance to the landscape which bewitches visiters from northern climes. Hills which are twenty miles off, seem less than two leagues away: and distant mountains lift their snow-capped summits apparently within a morning's ride. At night, the stars shine with a brilliancy beyond description, the great southern cross blazing like a meteor, the grandest of all!

The vegetation of this vast central plain is less luxuriant than that of the temperate, or torrid regions: but frequently, in the immense chasms that penetrate its surface, the cactus, and other tropical plants grow rankly. The European grains do not succeed as well on the plateau as in their native soil. This immense table-land is occasionally cut up into vallies, and occasionally diversified with lofty mountains; but its general character is so flat that a traveiler may journey in a carriage from the capital to Santa Fe, a distance of fourteen hundred miles, without apparently deviating from a level. The principal cities of Mexico are situated on this plain. The most remarkable tract in the whole is the valley of Tenochtitlan, in which the capital is built. It is oval in form; is about fifty-five miles long and thirty-seven wide; and is surrounded by ridges of porphyritic and basaltic rocks, Popocatepetl, with its eternal fires, towering above its south-eastern barrier, like some gigantic Pharos, to the height of nearly eighteen thousand feet. The view of the valley of Mexico, as it bursts for the first time on the spectator, is said to produce an effect beyond that of any other landscape in the world. In the days of Cortez, travellers approaching from the coast could see a score of cities embowered in vegetation glistening along the vast basin below; but now comparative desolation broods over the scene. Yet the beholder still reins in his steed with admiration, and, as the expanse of water, fields and cities stretch before him, until the view is shut in by the wall of mountains to the west, he almost fancies he has come suddenly upon some vision of enchantment, which the next breath of air will dispel!

The population of Mexico is computed, in round numbers, at seven millions. Of these, rather more than a million is supposed to be composed of the Creoles, or native-born whites; four millions of the Indians, and the remainder of the mixed bloods. These last principally reside on the low grounds; while the whites occupy the table-land. The Indians, though constituting more than half the population, and though theoretically on the same political footing as

the Creoles, have little or no influence in the government, which is practically directed by the rich men, the clergy, and the higher officers of the army. These Indians are separated into numerous tribes speaking different languages, of which no less than fourteen dictionaries and grammars have been constructed. They are divided into two great classes, those who cultivate the land and who generally reside on the plateau, and those who lead a roving life and who are found in the northern states and especially on the upper waters of the Rio Grande. As a race they are ignorant, superstitious, weak, cowardly and vindictive. Though nominally Christians, they still secretly mingle Pagan rites with those of the church. Few of them own land; most of them are little better than slaves. It is the opinion of enlightened travellers that they are not susceptible of a high state of civilization, though if the soil of Mexico was more equally distributed, and some inducement to labor offered, they might probably improve. But the race is an inferior one. Like the Mongolian, to which it approaches nearest in resemblance, it can imitate but never originate; and if elevated in the scale of civilization, would remain for thousands of years without advancing.

The other principal class, the Creoles, (for the mixed races do not call for a separate description) constitute what may properly be called the people of Mexico. The most correct estimate places their numbers at about one million three hundred thousand. They possess most of the wealth and all the power in Mexico. They are in fact a nation of conquerors living among a subjugated people; for the prejudices of caste have survived the revolution, and maintain the Creoles in the position of a dominant class. Yet, with all their advantages, the curse of heaven seems to have descended on them; and it requires no fanaticism to believe that they are now expiating the crimes of Cortez and his followers. Under their sway Mexico has retrograded and continues to retrograde. The vallies that once bloomed with verdure are now desolate wastes: towns that formerly dotted the plateau have disappeared: and, for whole days, the traveller may journey as if passing through some vast city of the dead. When we peruse the accounts of that luxuriant region as it existed in the days of the conqueror, and contrast them with the description of the country as it now is, the awful malediction pronounced on Babylon rises forcibly before us.

The unequal distribution of the soil, and the indolent character of the Creole race are the chief causes of this decline. The Indians have no motive for exertion: the whites shun labor as degrading. The Creole spends his time chiefly in lounging, gambling and

sleeping. Even among this race the distribution of property is very unequal; and this, increasing their natural unthrift, deteriorates them still more. Perhaps there is no branch of the Caucasian race so degraded, physically and morally, as the Creoles of Mexico. They are weak in body, small in stature, indolent in their habits, and wanting in energy as well as enterprise. They are cruel, treacherous and boastful. Though affecting the nice honor of an ancient Castilian, they pay little regard to their word: and dissimulation, which with us is a vice, is with them a virtue. Subtlety and deceit, though not the peculiarity of all, are national characteristics, and mark alike the captive General who takes an oath he resolves to break, and the lurking ranchero who throws his lasso from behind a bush. In Europe, a Mexican and a Russian are rated equally adepts in dissimulation and intrigue! In a word, the Creole of Mexico, partly in consequence of his enervating climate, partly in consequence of other deteriorating causes, has declined from the original Spanish stock, and is now to the old Castilian, what the Castilian was to the Saxon, or the Saxon to the Norman!

From the period of the conquest, up to the year 1810, Mexico continued a Spanish colony; but in that year a rebellion began, which, after raging until 1824, terminated in her independence. The struggle was sanguinary as well as protracted. Five hundred thousand lives, it is estimated, were lost in the contest. Massacre, conflagration, and all the worst atrocities of war, rioted in the struggle. The Mexican people have scarcely yet recovered from that anarchical period. The storm has ceased, but the waters have not subsided. The large standing army which grew up during the protracted contest has never since been wholly disbanded; and the Generals who rose to notice in the strife, continue to convulse the republic with their struggles for power. The turbulent character of the Creoles, who inherit the half Ishmaelitish blood of their Iberian ancestors, has assisted these commotions, which again have been fostered by the unequal distribution of property, rendering such large numbers susceptible to the will of extensive landed proprietors. In 1824, on the close of the revolution, a constitution was adopted similar to that of the United States, except that all other religions except the Catholic Roman Apostolic religion were prohibited, and that the Congress was authorized, in periods of national peril, to create a Dictator for a limited time. This constitution, however, was practically violated, even from the first, though it preserved a nominal existence until 1835. In that year the general Congress suppressed the state Legislatures; and changed the government from a federative

to a centralized one. The republic was now divided into departments. The President was to be chosen by an indirect vote; the two houses of Congress by a direct popular vote; and the heads or governors of each department by the supreme national authority. Revolution now followed revolution, in the midst of which Texas achieved her independence. At last, on the 22nd of August, 1846, the federal constitution of 1824 was re-established; the departments were dissolved; and the original states re-organized into separate and independent commonwealths. The turbulent and unstable character of the Creoles is exhibited by these successive revolutions, more numerous within twenty years than those of England for twenty generations!

Texas was originally a part of Louisiana, and as such belonged to the United States under the purchase from France. But in 1819, at the time of the Florida treaty, it was surrendered to Spain, and on the establishment of the independence of Mexico, became one of the states of the new republic. To a great extent Texas was settled by emigrants from the United States, being in this respect different from her sister commonwealths, whose inhabitants were of Spanish descent. It was one of the prominent articles in the constitution of Texas, which had been approved by the Mexican confederacy, that she was independent of the other states. When the federal constitution was overthrown in 1835, the new government decreed the abolition of the state sovereignty of Texas. But this outrage was resisted by the people of that commonwealth. Accustomed to the sacred regard with which the rights of the states are observed in their native confederacy, the majority of the Texan population determined to resist the decree, and maintain the inviolability of their constitution by force of arms. Large numbers of the inhabitants being connected by ties of relationship with the people of the United States, the utmost sympathy for their cause was felt in this republic, especially by the residents of the south-western states. Recruits even joined the Texans from this country, and arms were freely supplied, scarcely any pretence of secrecy being observed. After numerous skirmishes between the Texans and the armies of Mexico, a decisive battle was fought at San Jacinto, on the 21st of April, 1836, in which the former were completely victorious, and Santa Anna, the Dictator, taken prisoner. So great was the exasperation against this General, in the Texan camp, arising from his ruthlessness, that it was with difficulty General Houston, their commander, could preserve his captive's life. Policy, however, triumphed over revenge in the breast of the Texan leader. In return for his lenity,

he obtained a treaty from Santa Anna, in which the latter, as Dictator, acknowledged the independence of Texas.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

The people of Texas now made overtures to be received into the United States; but the proposal was declined by Mr. Van Buren, then President. Meantime the validity of Santa Anna's treaty was denied by the government which, since his capture, had supplanted him. The disturbed condition of affairs in the capital, however, prevented any active measures being taken to subdue the revolted state; and in the course of years the independence of Texas was acknowledged by most Christian nations. Under the administration of President Tyler, a new effort was made by the Texans to obtain admission into the Union; and finally, by feigning an intention to place themselves under the protection of England, they induced the American executive to sign a treaty of annexation in April, 1844. This treaty, however, was rejected by the Senate. But in the course of the succeeding year the sentiments toward Texas grew more favorable in the United States, and on the 1st of March, 1845, Congress passed a joint resolution for annexation, stipulating certain

prelimmary conditions, however, to which the assent of Texas was demanded. The Texans appointed a convention to consider these propositions, when, as expected, they were adopted. Thus the reunion of the territory of Texas to the United States was effected.

Never having acknowledged the independence of Texas, Mexico considered that state still an integral part of her dominions, and consequently its absorption into the United States as a robbery by the latter power. On the 6th of March, 1845, five days after the passage of the joint resolutions, the Mexican Ambassador at Washington protested against the contemplated annexation and demanded his passports. This act, generally decisive of an intention to declare war, was not immediately followed by hostilities. In fact, the Mexican rulers were divided as to what course to pursue, some being for instant war, and some wishing to avoid it from the exhausted condition of the country. The sentiment of the Mexican people, however, was nearly universal in favor of war. It is probable, nevertheless, that hostilities would have been averted, but for the existence of other circumstances which still further embarrassed the diplomatic relations of the two governments, and heightened the growing dislike which the Americans and Mexicans began mutually to entertain for each other.

The Mexican republic, from its beginning, had paid little respect to the law of nations. Whenever the government wanted money, it was accustomed to obtain it by the seizure of the goods and persons of foreigners; and as the successive revolutions which convulsed the capital kept the treasury continually dry, these outrages were of frequent occurrence. The citizens of the United States suffered most from such aggressions, principally in consequence of their large share in the commerce of Mexico. To the remonstrances of our government, Mexico at first replied with evasive answers. The outrages continuing, our tone became more decided. The Mexican rulers finally promised redress, but in the distracted state of their country were never able to keep their word, even if they desired it. A treaty of amnesty, commerce and navigation, concluded between Mexico and the United States, in 1831, led to the hope that these outrages would cease. But, after a slight interval, the aggressions on the property and persons of our citizens were resumed. Remonstrance proving ineffectual, President Jackson, in February, 1837, recommended to Congress that an act authorizing reprisals should be passed. This spirited conduct produced a fresh promise of justice from Mexico. But having again evaded her stipulations, President Van Buren, in December, 1837, called the attention of Congress to

her conduct, advising that body, in a significant passage, "to decide upon the time, the mode, and the measure of redress."

War, however, was not declared; for in the turbulent condition of Mexico, excuses were found, by Congress, for her shuffling and procrastination. Negotiations were resumed, and in April, 1839, a convention of delegates met to adjust the claims of our citizens upon the government of Mexico. This convention appointed commissioners to examine the claims and report thereon: their duties were to terminate in eighteen months. The proceedings of the board, however, were so dilatory that the specified time had elapsed before all the claims were adjudicated. The whole sum finally declared to be due to citizens of the United States, was $2,026,139 68. Further claims to the amount of $928,627 88, had been examined and considered good by the American commissioner, but were slighted by the Mexican commissioner, for alleged want of time. There were still other claims to the comparatively enormous sum of $3,336,837 05, which had been presented to the board, but which neither of the commissioners had scrutinized. The two millions were promptly acknowledged as a debt by Mexico, but time was asked for payment, which was granted by a second convention held in January, 1843. When, however, the first instalments fell due, Mexico found herself unable to meet them. Disappointed again, after ten years of delay, the claimants naturally grew exasperated, and filling the halls of Congress with their clamors, increased the popular indignation against Mexico. Proposals for a third convention, however, were discussed; and had there been no other causes for hostilities, the storm would have blown over. But the annexation of Texas had now brought to a crisis the mutual dislike of Mexico and our south-western states; and all that was wanting for an explosion, was that a spark should light on the inflammable material. This soon occurred.

The angry manner in which the Mexican minister had left the United States, induced the President to send a fleet into the gulf, as a measure of precaution to our commerce, in case of war. He also resolved to concentrate an army on the frontier of Texas. These warlike movements, however, were accompanied by others of a more peaceable character; the sword and the olive-branch being offered together. Through the American Consul at the city of Mexico, inquiry was made of the authorities there, whether a minister would be received from the United States, entrusted with powers to negotiate a settlement of all difficulties. A favorable reply was returned. It was the understanding of the Mexican government,

however, that the new minister would confine himself to the adjustment of the controversy respecting Texas, and be prepared to pay a large sum for the surrender of that territory. When, therefore, Mr. Slidell reached Vera Cruz, as Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the United States, the Mexican government was thrown into the greatest alarm and confusion. In fact the existing administration was at a crisis. Herrera, the President, was sincerely desirous of peace; but he knew the prejudices of the people; and he was opposed by Paredes, who filled the nation with clamors against Herrera, who, he said, was about to betray the country, by parting with Texas. In this emergency, Herrera begged our Ambassador to delay offering his credentials. But Mr. Slidell considered he had no choice

GENERAL PAREDES.

except to obey his instructions. Affairs, in consequence, hastened to a crisis. Herrera, finding he could not maintain himself against the torrent of popular rage, which deepened every hour, resigned, and Paredes succeeded him. The American envoy waited for two months, until the turmoil of this revolution had partially subsided,

and then offered his credentials to the new government. His request to be accredited was somewhat insolently denied. He now demanded his passports, and in April returned to the United States. The horizon was now ominous of war!

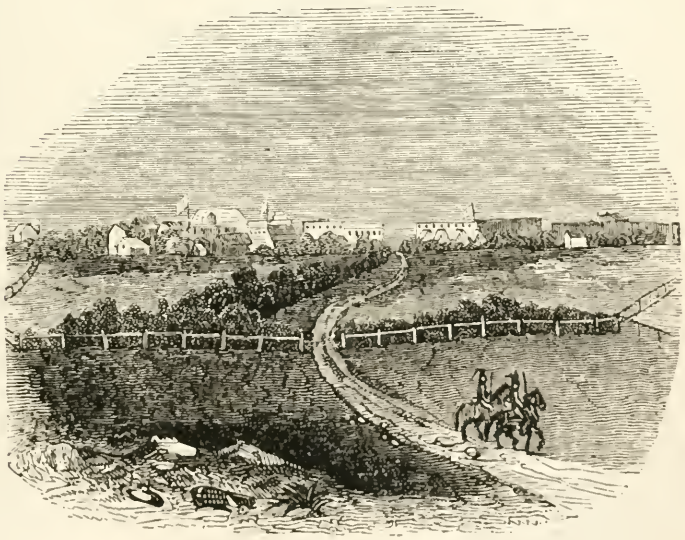
The army which, as we have said, President Polk had resolved to concentrate on the frontier of Texas, first assembled at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, under the command of Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor, an officer then comparatively unknown to the country, though appreciated in the army, where he held a high reputation for good sense, patriotism, and indomitable courage. From this post it had moved, under instructions from the Secretary of War, in July, 1845. The orders of General Taylor were to select some suitable place near the Rio Grande, where he was peaceably to remain, unless the Mexicans should cross that river in force, which act was to be deemed an invasion of the territory of the United States, and, therefore, a virtual declaration of war. General Taylor, after mature consideration, selected Corpus Christi, a little town on the Mexican gulf, near the river Neuces. The troops accordingly were embarked from New Orleans, and reached their destination about the first of August. Here they remained until March, 1846, subjected to many privations, for the country around furnished few stores, and the low sandy plain on which they were encamped, was swept by terrific hurricanes which frequently prostrated the tents. Conflicting rumors continually reached head-quarters. The Mexicans, with great address, kept their hostile intentions secret. At last intelligence was received that Paredes had overthrown Herrera; that troops were rapidly concentrating on the Rio Grande; and that General Arista, who was believed to favor peace, had been superseded by Ampudia, known to be an advocate for war. On the 11th of March, General Taylor, pursuant to orders dated in January, left Corpus Christi for the Rio Grande, with an army numbering about three thousand, effective rank and file. Prior to his departure he issued a proclamation in Spanish, addressed to the inhabitants on the Rio Grande, assuring them of the most amicable treatment, promising to respect their civil and religious rights, and informing them that whatever provisions they would bring into camp should be paid for at the highest price. This was deemed a necessary measure of precaution, since the army was now leaving that portion of Texas which was settled chiefly by Americans, and entering a district occupied entirely by a Spanish stock.

It would be foreign to our purpose to examine the vexed question, whether the Neuces or the Rio Grande was the rightful boundary

of Texas. Mexico asserted that her frontier extended to the Neuces; but the United States denied this, and claimed the Rio Grande as the boundary, with a right to the free navigation of that river. The country between the Neuces and the Rio Grande is generally fertile; but at about half the distance a desert intervenes, thirty miles wide. At first accordingly the troops were enchanted with their march. The fourth day a mirage arose in the west. Blue mountains in the distance, lakes fringed with trees, and pleasant farm-houses sleeping amid luxuriant fields recalled the memories of home, and cheated the beholder, for awhile, with the belief in their reality. Herds of antelopes sprang up from the prairie as the army passed, galloped to the edge of the horizon, and stood looking at the long columns, their large dark eyes distended with surprise. The streams crossed were edged with thick woodlands. Flowers of the most beautiful dye covered the prairies, conspicuous among them the Mexican poppy, the indigo, and the scarlet Texan plume. The sun rose and set with gorgeous splendor. Occasionally the camp was pitched on elevated knolls, surrounded with ponds, from which the water-fowl rustled upwards in thousands. After a week's journey, the army reached the desert. The soil here is a deep sand, covered with thin grass, and full of salt ponds, which tantalized the thirsty troops with their liquid beauty. A forced march of twenty miles brought the men to a camp. The next day the route was resumed. A high wind raised the dust in blinding and choking clouds. The sand was like hot ashes to the feet; the vertical sun beat down with tropical fierceness; and frequently the men, no longer able to keep their ranks, sat down parched and desponding by the road-side. At last, the joyful cry was passed from the van that a fresh-water pond was in sight. New hope inspired all: they rushed forward; and in the cooling draught tasted untold pleasure. The country now began to change its aspect. The sand disappeared and was succeeded by clay; level plains, nodding with thick woods, rose before the eye; and occasionally horsemen were seen sweeping the distant horizon, a sure proof that the army was approaching an inhabited district.

Arrived at the banks of the Rio Colorado, a body of Mexican soldiers was seen drawn up on the opposite shore, while bugles were heard sounding up and down the stream, as if a large force was concealed behind the trees. A messenger from General Mejia, the Governor of Metamoras, appeared, who gave notice that if the Americans attempted to cross, they would be fired upon. General Taylor replied that as soon as a road could be cut down the bank, which was here twenty feet high, he intended to ford the river, and

that the first person who ventured to dispute the passage should be shot down. A road was soon dug, and the artillery being unlimbered to defend the pass, the soldiers plunged boldly into the stream, General Worth, with his staff, galloping in the advance. The enemy, notwithstanding his threats, retired without firing a gun, and the passage was achieved. Every step now carried the army into a region better inhabited. The soil became richer, the landscape more picturesque, and wildernesses of acacia thickets filled the air with fragrance. The army was divided, four days after the passage of the Colorado: the empty wagons, escorted by the dragoons, turning aside to Point Isabel; while the remainder of the force continued its march towards Matamoras. General Taylor accompanied the train. At Point Isabel he found the steamboats and supplies he had expected at that post. Here also he was met by a deputation from Matamoras, protesting against his occupying the country. Leaving a small force at the Point, where they were ordered to intrench themselves, General Taylor rejoined the main army, which had awaited him at a beautiful spot, called Palo Alto, eight miles from



MATAMORAS.

Matamoras. As the eye of the Commander-in-chief wandered over this lovely plain, where clumps of acacia, ebony and mosquite re-

lieved the monotony of the rich prairie, he said. "We may yet have to fight a battle here; it is the very spot to make a stand." Memorable words, and too soon verified!

It was the twenty-eighth of March, 1846, when the steeples of Matamoras rose in sight of the little army of Taylor. The approach to the town was heralded by increasing signs of cultivation. At last, the rapid waters of the Rio Grande were seen whirling directly before, while, on the opposite shore of the narrow stream, here less than two hundred yards wide, a crowd of persons was visible, actuated by curiosity to see those strange men from another clime, the "barbarians of the north," of whom they had heard so much. A suitable place was immediately selected for the camp: after which General Worth was deputed to cross to Matamoras, and reply to the protest which General Taylor had received at Point Isabel. General Worth was not permitted to enter the town, but held a conference with General La Vega on the bank. The interview was unsatisfactory to both sides. The succeeding days were spent in mutual distrust. The Mexicans worked assiduously in strengthening the defences of the town; while the Americans were as zealously engaged in throwing up a fort. Rumors occasionally disturbed the camp respecting a contemplated attack on Point Isabel. Proclamations having been secretly distributed among the American soldiers, offering inducements to desert, several men swam the river, of whom two were shot by the sentries. Nevertheless, General Mejia, who commanded at Matamoras, did not openly assume a hostile character; but released two dragoons who had been captured a few days previously. On the 1st of April Ampudia arrived at Matamoras and took command, when the scene began to change. He immediately notified General Taylor, that unless the American army retired to the Neuces within twenty-four hours, the Mexican government would consider war declared. The reply of General Taylor was mild, but firm. He said that he had come to the Rio Grande, in a peaceable attitude, by order of the American government; that he should remain; and that the responsibility of a war, if one arose, would be on that side which fired the first gun. The calm and dignified tone of General Taylor, in this and all future communications with the enemy, was in strong contrast with the boastful and arrogant style of Ampudia.

Affairs now hastened to a crisis. Colonel Cross, who had been missed from camp on the 11th, was found on the 21st, murdered in a chapparal. A party having been sent out, on the 16th, to search for the body of the missing officer, was attacked by some roving

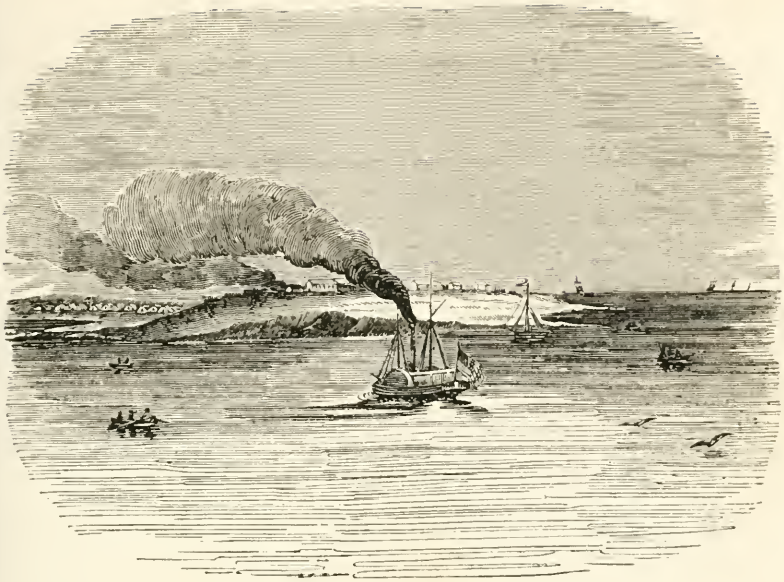
Mexicans, and Lieutenant Porter, as well as one of his men, killed. On the 22nd, Ampudia complained to General Taylor of the blockade of the Rio Grande. The American General replied, that, if Ampudia would sign an armistice until the boundary question was

COLONEL CROSS.

settled, or war declared, he would raise the blockade, but on no other terms. Ampudia declined the armistice. A spy having brought in intelligence that a large body of Mexican cavalry had crossed the Rio Grande above the camp, Captain Thornton, on the evening of the 25th, was sent out to reconnoitre: when his troop was attacked by a superior force under General Torrejon, several of his men cut off, himself wounded, and the whole party ultimately captured. The prisoners were taken to Matamoras, where, however, they were treated with courtesy. This act may be considered as the commence-

ment of hostilities; for the aggressions on the Americans, up to this point, had been conducted by unauthorised bands of Mexican marauders.

As if aware of the events which were transacting on the Rio Grande, the President of Mexico issued a proclamation, at the capital, on the 22nd of April, 1846, declaring the existence of war between the two republics. It is apparent that the Mexican government had resolved on hostilities from the first, and had only dissimulated in order to gain time.



POINT ISABEL.

BOOK II.

CAMPAIGN ON THE RIO GRANDE.

ON the evening of the 26th of April, as soon as the attack on Captain Thornton's party became known, Taylor despatched an express, with a requisition on the governors of Texas and Louisiana for five thousand volunteers. Two days after, he received intelligence of an attack on Captain Walker's camp, which lay between the fort and Point Isabel. Rumors that the Mexicans were crossing the Rio Grande in force, both above and below, alarmed him for his communications; and he resolved to leave a garrison at

Fort Brown, and march with the remainder of his army to the relief of the Point. This plan he executed on the 1st of May.

The men marched prepared for battle, and slept on their arms on the open prairie. In the morning the route was resumed, and no Mexicans appearing, the troops reached Point Isabel without molestation. The sight of the American flag still waving over Fort Polk, was greeted with loud huzzas. Fatigued by the extreme heat of the march, the men were glad to avail themselves of repose, and soon sank to slumber. But day had scarcely dawned on the 3rd, when the heavy booming of artillery from the direction of Matamoras, aroused the camp; for the Mexicans, availing themselves of the departure of Taylor, had attacked Fort Brown. The reveille beat amid the wildest anxiety and alarm. The cry to march was on all lips. The conduct of the General, in this crisis, proved the great soldier. At first he was inclined to yield to the generous impulse of his army; but reflecting that he would, in that case, have to leave his stores behind and thus frustrate the object of his expedition, he determined first to try and open a communication with the fort. For this difficult and perilous undertaking, Captain Walker, of the Texan rangers, offered himself. He left the camp immediately, and was escorted part of the distance by Captain May, who then returned to the Point. Walker was absent two nights and a day, returning on the morning of the 5th. He brought intelligence that the garrison considered itself able to hold out, and was determined at least to make the attempt. Nor did success seem improbable; for on the first day of the bombardment, the superior fire of the fort had silenced the heavy guns of the Mexicans in thirty minutes; and the enemy had since contented himself with throwing shells. The garrison feared nothing but an assault by overwhelming numbers; and in that case every man had resolved to die at his gun.

On receipt of this intelligence the concern of the General was partially dissipated; but nevertheless no time was lost in preparing to march. The report of artillery from the direction of the fort continued, and stimulated the exertions of the men. Scouts gave information of immense columns of the enemy, which had crossed the Rio Grande, and now occupied the prairie between the Point and fort. By the morning of the 7th, nearly every thing was in readiness for an advance. The General now issued the order to march. It was couched in concise and forcible language, and breathed a confidence which animated all. "It is known the enemy has recently occupied the route in force:" said this memorable document: "If still in possession, the General will give him battle. The command-

ing General has every confidence in his officers and men. If his orders and instructions are carried out he has no doubt of the result, let the enemy meet him in what numbers they may. He wishes to enjoin upon the battalions of infantry that their main dependence must be in the bayonet." The army escorted a large train, rich not only in provisions, but in munitions of war. Advancing five miles, Taylor encamped for the night. No enemy had yet been seen. But on the next day, after a march of twelve miles, the Mexicans were discovered, less than a mile distant, their dense and apparently interminable masses darkening the prairie.

General Taylor immediately prepared for action. The day had been sultry, and the men were suffering for water. Accordingly a halt was ordered, the army was formed into columns of attack, and then the soldiers, half at a time, were allowed to fill their canteens. While this was in progress the enemy continued nearly immovable, ranged along the further end of the prairie, in advance of a stunted wood, exposing a front of nearly a mile and a half. The Mexican lancers were known by the flash of their weapons; the infantry by the darker mass presented to the eye. As near as could be estimated, the force of the enemy was over six thousand. The Americans, to oppose this, had but eighteen hundred infantry, and two hundred cavalry; but they were strong in confidence, discipline, and indomitable valor. Their artillery, moreover, though not numerous, was admirable. It consisted of two eighteen pound guns drawn by oxen, and eight light pieces, belonging to Ringgold's and Duncan's flying artillery. The field of battle was covered by long, dense grass. The army having refreshed itself, the order to advance was given, when the men moved to the attack as coolly and with as much regularity as on a drill. An incident occurred, at this point, which inspired all. Suddenly Lieutenant Blake, of the topographical engineers, dashed forward until he was within a hundred and fifty yards of the Mexicans, when he took out his spy-glass and began to reconnoitre their lines, riding leisurely along their whole front. Having performed this duty to his satisfaction, he returned as coolly to the General and reported. This gallant officer, unfortunately, was killed by the accidental discharge of one of his own pistols on the ensuing day.

The line of battle had been formed in two wings; the right, commanded by Colonel Twiggs, consisted of the third, fourth and fifth infantry, with the eighteen-pound battery and Ringgold's artillery; the left, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Belknap, was formed of the eighth infantry and Duncan's artillery. The action began at

three o'clock, P. M., at a distance of seven hundred yards, by the enemy opening with his artillery. The batteries of Duncan and Ringgold were immediately advanced to the front, and a furious cannonade ensued. The Mexicans fired at the American guns, while the Americans aimed at the masses of the foe. The slaughter, consequently, was very unequal. Moreover, to avoid the fire as far as possible, the Americans had been ordered to deploy into line, all except the eighth infantry, which continued in column; and, when the battle began, the men were further directed to lie down. The wagons had been formed into a park in the rear, near which the dragoons remained. The contest was confined, for a long time, to the American batteries and those of the enemy. Between these the battle soon became terrific. Explosion followed explosion with almost incredible velocity, the plain shaking under the tremendous concussions. The masses of the enemy were visibly trembling beneath the discharges, which incessantly ploughed their ranks. The Mexican shot, in return, generally whistled over the Americans. At last the prairie took fire, and the thick columns of smoke from the burning grass, obscured for awhile the opposing forces from each other.

At this crisis, a dense body of cavalry, apparently about a thousand strong, dashed out from the enemy's left, as if to assail the American flank and reach the train in the rear. Their splendid appearance, with their long lances gleaming and flashing in the sun, awoke the admiration even of their enemies. They were promptly met and repulsed by a part of Ringgold's artillery, aided by the third and fourth infantry, the latter of whom received them in square, emptying twenty saddles with a single fire from one angle. Meanwhile Ringgold, with the remainder of his battery, was tearing the Mexican left to pieces with his rapid and well aimed discharges. While thus engaged, a cannon-shot mortally wounded him. The battle raged wilder than ever. Ringgold's battery, now led by Ridgeley, was pushed forward on the right, under cover of the smoke; and, by this movement, the enemy was compelled to change his line of battle. Duncan's battery, in like manner, made a brilliant flank movement on the Mexican right. The foe fell back in confusion before these new assaults: and the sun, as he went down, looked on the retreating masses of the enemy, repulsed by a force less than one-half their own in numbers.

Thus ended the memorable battle of Palo Alto, which gave a *prestige* to all the future operations of General Taylor. The loss on the part of the Americans had been slight, but had fallen dispro-

portionately on the officers. In all nine were killed and fifty-four wounded. Major Ringgold and Captain Page were both mortally injured. The wounds of the men were mostly from cannon-shot and therefore severe, requiring amputation of some limb. The enemy, as was subsequently discovered, lost in killed, wounded and missing six hundred. The American officers exposed themselves with the utmost intrepidity, and thus animated the troops, few of whom had ever been in battle: General Taylor himself often being where the fire was the hottest. In the official despatch, the General says:— "Our artillery, consisting of two eighteen-pounders, and two light batteries, was the arm chiefly engaged, and to the excellent manner in which it was manœuvred and served is our success mainly due." The rapidity of the fire from Duncan's battery especially astonished and confounded the enemy. The victors bivouacked on the field of battle. Notwithstanding the defeat of the enemy, the impression was general that another action would be fought on the morrow; rumors prevailed in the camp that the enemy had only fallen back to a stronger position, where he had been reinforced; and doubt and uncertainty mingled with the dreams of the exhausted soldiers. While the men slept, the General called a council of officers, to consider whether it was best to advance or retire. The decision was unanimous in favor of an advance.

Accordingly, soon after sunrise, the army was put in motion. In order that the march might not be encumbered, the wounded were sent back to the Point, while the train was parked, a temporary breastwork being thrown up, on which some twelve-pounders, which had been in the wagons, were mounted. The scouts thrown out in front reported the enemy in full retreat. As the Americans marched along the road, they passed the spot where the foe had been drawn up the preceding day, when a pitiable spectacle met the sight. The Mexican slain lay in huge heaps about the field, where the artillery had literally mowed them down, disclosing the most ghastly wounds. Occasionally a maimed soldier would be seen, who, by signs rather than words, begged for water; when, with the characteristic humanity of the American, a dozen canteens were instantly ready for his parched lips. In one part of the plain a dog was found lying by the corpse of his master; nor could any entreaties induce him to leave the dead body. The General humanely sent parties to search for the wounded, whom he ordered to be treated with the same care as his own men.

The army, in consequence of the guard left with the train, was now reduced to seventeen hundred men. When about three miles

from Fort Brown, the Mexicans were perceived drawn up directly across the road. They had placed themselves in a very strong position behind a semi-circular ravine, in front of which the chapparal bristled, like a continuous *chevaux de frieze.* The few openings through this dense undergrowth were guarded by artillery; while masses of Mexican infantry lined the ravine, and concentrated their fire on these passes. The enemy had received large reinforcements since the preceding evening, among them the celebrated Tampico regiment; and Arista, trusting to these and to his position, had publicly declared that ten thousand veterans could not drive him from his ground. But General Taylor, notwithstanding this, did not hesitate a moment in commencing the attack. He ordered the infantry to file past the train and deploy as skirmishers to the right and left of the road: on this the foe opened his fire, which raked the route of the advancing Americans with terrible effect. Ridgeley's battery was now ordered to the front. He made his first discharge at a considerable distance from the Mexicans, but at successive intervals between the fire of the latter, galloped forward and took up new positions, until at last he had approached within one hundred yards. At this murderous proximity he continued firing grape and cannister, which the enemy returned with almost equal rapidity, so that soon the plain was swept incessantly by a hurricane of death.

The infantry, meantime, were advancing towards the chapparal, and directly the sharp rattle of musketry mingled with the crashing of grape-shot. The third and fourth regiments finally reached the ravine, down which they plunged with fierce shouts, and soon their fire was seen sparkling along the chapparal. The Mexicans fought nobly. Eagerly rushing to the encounter, the struggle became hand to hand. Bayonets were crossed repeatedly. The regiments eventually became mixed in the dense chapparal; but the native valor of the men triumphed over every obstacle, and the struggle continued, each soldier fighting as if the day depended solely on himself. One of the Mexican guns on the right had been captured, but no impression had yet been made on the enemy's centre. The General knowing that victory depended on carrying the battery there, which formed the key to the Mexican position, ordered up Captain May, with his dragoons, and directed him to charge. This officer had been without any opportunity to signalize himself in the action of the day before, and had, on the present occasion, remained chafing in the rear, fearful that his services would not be required. He therefore hailed this command with glee, and went thundering down the road with his troop, eager for the shock. When the dragoons reached

Ridgeley's battery he requested them to halt, while he drew the enemy's fire. The blaze of the guns had scarcely passed, when May dashed forward, on his powerful charger, followed closely by Lieutenant Inge and his troopers. Arrived nearly at the breastwork, he turned to wave on his followers. At that moment a discharge from the upper battery hurtled through his little band, emptying twenty-five saddles. But a thunderbolt might as easily have been stopped

COLONEL MAY AT RESACA DE LA PALMA.

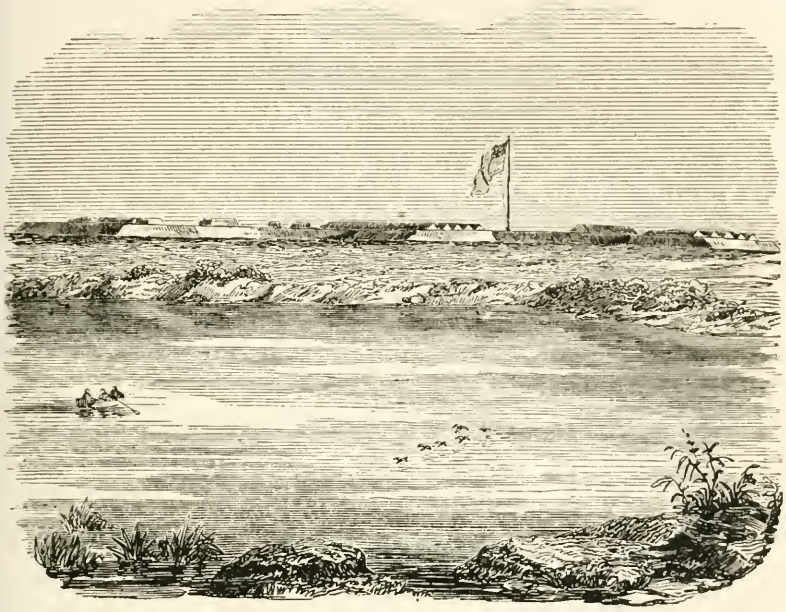
as that impetuous column. Down the ravine, through the chapparal, over the very guns of the enemy went May and his troopers, sabring the foe wherever they came: then, wheeling, they rushed back, and drove the gunners from their pieces, May himself capturing General La Vega, who commanded at this point. The eighth infantry, and a part of the fifth, now came running up, and secured what the dragoons had taken. But even after the loss of their artillery, the enemy maintained the fight, the contest continuing to rage along the ravine, until the Americans cleared it with the push of the bayonet.

At last the Mexicans were driven at nearly all points. The pursuit lay along a road, comparatively narrow, and fenced in, as it

were, between high walls of chapparal. But the Tampico regiment, victors in twenty pitched battles, still fought valiantly, the men clustering around its flag, until all were cut down. When the Mexicans saw the fall of this veteran regiment, panic seized them. Horse and foot, breaking their ranks, and crowding on each other, rushed towards the Rio Grande, in swimming which lay their only hope of escape. At the head of the pursuit rattled the flying artillery, pouring in its bloody fire. The infantry followed at a run, cheering as it advanced. About two hundred yards from the ravine the Americans reached the deserted camp of the Mexicans. Here beeves were killed, campfires were lighted, and meals were cooking, so little had the enemy expected such a result to the day's struggle. In the midst of the tents stood the gorgeous pavilion of Arista. It contained treasures of plate, hangings, and other luxuries, equal to a satrap's. The spoil of the camp was prodigious. Three standards, eight pieces of artillery, an immense quantity of ammunition, with the arms and equipments of seven thousand men and two thousand horses fell into the hands of the victors. The enemy were pursued towards the river, and many of them drowned in attempting to cross. As the victors passed the lines of the fort opposite Matamoras, three shots from eighteen-pounders went over them, and, for a moment, the cry passed through the troops that their friends had mistaken them for the foe and were firing on them; but the discharges were not repeated, and it was afterwards ascertained they came from the city. Thus ended the battle of Resaca de la Palma. The loss of the Americans was thirty-nine killed and seventy-one wounded. Lieutenant Inge of the dragoons, and Lieutenants Cochrane and Chadbourne of the infantry, were among the slain. The enemy, it is computed, suffered in killed, wounded and missing, not less than two thousand.

When the victorious army reached Fort Brown, the garrison looked as if it had been buried in the earth; for bomb-proof shelters and holes dug for covers, appeared on every side. The bombardment, which had begun on the morning of the 3rd, had continued without intermission since. On the first day one of the garrison was killed. On the 6th, Major Brown was wounded in the leg by a shell, and being placed for safety in a burrow, his wound mortified, and he died on the 9th, just before the cry of victory reached the fort. Only twelve others were wounded during the bombardment, though the Mexicans flattered themselves they had killed nearly the whole garrison. The men were nearly worn down by watching, for as an assault might be expected every night, they dared not allow

themselves repose. On the 6th large parties of the enemy were seen in the rear of the fort, which were scattered with cannister; but immediately a tremendous fire was opened from Matamoras, and



FORT BROWN.

shortly after, a parley being beaten, the Mexicans sent a summons to surrender, with a threat that if not complied with in an hour's time, the garrison should be put to the sword. A refusal was the prompt and determined answer of Captain Hawkins, who had succeeded Major Brown in the command. A shower of shot and shells now fell around the fort, in the midst of which the brave Hawkins hoisted the regimental colors on different angles of the work. The night passed in quiet, the garrison under arms. On the 7th the bombardment was resumed more furiously than ever; but still without the expected demonstration for an assault. In the night, Hawkins made a sortie with a hundred men, and levelled a traverse on the river bank, to prevent its being occupied by the enemy. Early on the succeeding morning the Mexican batteries opened afresh, with even greater vehemence than on the day before, firing from north,

south and west at once. At last, in the pauses of the reverberations, the guns at Palo Alto were heard : the battle drew nearer : and then the garrison knew that Taylor was approaching. Night, however, fell without any tidings from him. The utmost anxiety prevailed. The overwhelming forces of the Mexicans, coupled with Taylor's non-appearance, would have dispelled all hope, but that no bells, or other sounds of triumph, were heard in Matamoras. On the 9th the garrison awoke, refreshed by partial slumbers, the first they had dared to indulge in for a week. At dawn the bombardment began again. But soon the guns of Resaca de la Palma were heard, and to the joy of all, the sounds of battle approached. At last the Mexican cavalry were seen flying towards the Rio Grande, and soon after a confused mass of fugitives appeared, driven before the victorious Americans. At this welcome sight one of the officers sprang on the parapet at the foot of the great flag-staff, and beckoning for silence, called for three cheers for the stars and stripes. The shouts that followed were repeated until the welkin shook, and were heard far over the river in the great square of Matamoras.

Had General Taylor been provided with a pontoon train he could have followed up these victories by driving the enemy immediately from Matamoras; but a delay of a week occurred in consequence of the want of adequate means for crossing the Rio Grande. At last, sufficient boats were accumulated. On the 16th, however, he received a commissioner from the foe, desiring a suspension of hostilities until the question of boundary between the two countries should be decided. The General replied that the time for an armistice had passed; and on the 17th crossed, and took possession of Matamoras, which the Mexican army had evacuated the day before, carrying with them most of the public stores and munitions. The retreat of Arista was owing to the dispirited condition of his troops. Falling back in the direction of the more elevated country, the Mexican General finally took post at Monterey, a fortified town, situated in the lap of rugged hills, on the sides of that vast table-land, which rises, as we have said, like some huge castellated structure, in the centre of Mexico.

In recompense for these brilliant victories, General Taylor, in July, was made a full Major-General. He remained at Matamoras until the 5th of August, waiting for supplies, when he advanced to Camargo, resolving to make that the base of his contemplated operations against Monterey. Meantime active measures had been taken in the United States to carry on the war. On the 11th of May, as soon as intelligence of the attack on Captain Thornton's party

arrived, the President had communicated to Congress a message, stating that war existed by the act of Mexico, and asking for supplies. The whigs, who formed a minority, however, objected to affirming, as the preamble to the resolutions of supply declared, that the hostilities were begun by Mexico, yet offered to vote any amount of money or men to extricate General Taylor from his perilous position. The democratic party, however, who were in the ascendant, refused to expunge the obnoxious preamble, and the act finally passed as reported, the whigs generally voting with a protest. Ten millions of money were ordered to be raised. Fifty thousand twelve months volunteers were called out. With such alacrity did recruits, under this requisition, flood to camp, that General Taylor soon found himself embarrassed with their numbers, his plan of operations not requiring more than five or six thousand men, while the Secretary of War promised him speedily twenty thousand. Adequate supplies also were wanting. But in the midst of these perplexities, the General evinced such calmness of mind and practical good sense, that the army was rejoiced to hear that General Scott was not coming to supersede him, as had been originally intended.

During the summer Commodore Connor occupied his fleet in blockading the Mexican ports in the gulf. Meantime, the government of Paredes, which had begun in January with such popularity, was tottering to its fall in consequence of the late defeats. Arista had been summoned to the capital, with the intention of sacrificing him to the public vengeance; but even this movement did not appease the clamor, which was adroitly fomented by the partizans of Santa Anna, now an exile in Cuba. At last, the city of Vera Cruz declared in favor of Santa Anna, on the 31st of July; and this resolution was soon imitated in the capital, and other places. On the 16th of August, the exile returned to his native country, with the connivance of President Polk, who believed that by his aid, a speedy and permanent peace could be procured. The federal constitution of 1824 was now restored, and the election of a Congress ordered for December. At high noon, on the 15th of September, Santa Anna made his triumphal entry into the capital, where he was received with the peal of bells, the clang of martial music, the roar of artillery, and the acclamations of thousands. Indeed all parties appeared, for the time, to look upon him in the light of a deliverer.

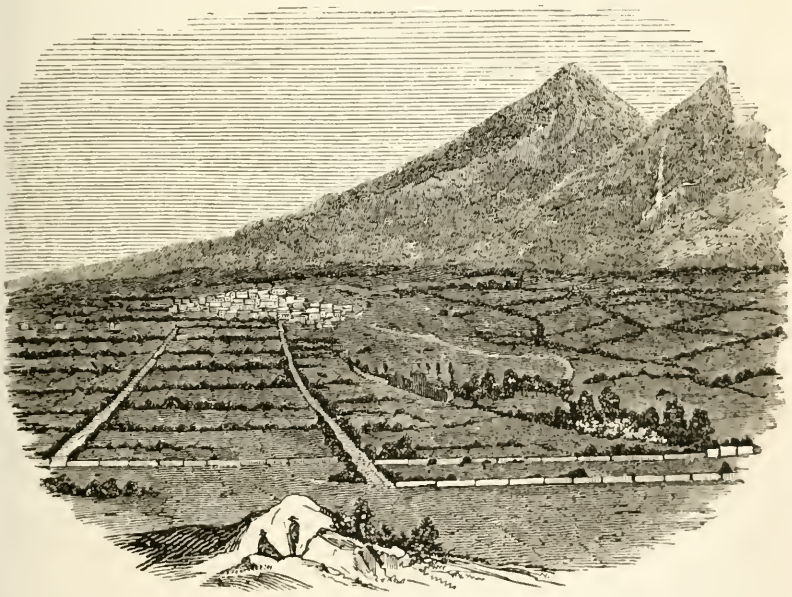
Towards the close of August the line of March was taken up for Ceralvo. Preparatory to this, however, the army had been separated into two divisions; the first being placed under command of

General Twiggs, the second under General Worth. A proclamation to conciliate the Mexican people was also issued. The route pursued by the Americans lay, for some time yet, along the Rio Grande. Lofty ranges of mountains began, however, to loom in the distance. Turning to the south-west, near Mier, the army now experienced a more rugged route; but the soil was generally rich, and the toil was sweetened by the scent of millions of fragrant flowers. The air grew more cool and bracing. In the evening, the loiterers around the camp-fires beheld piles of dark, fantastic clouds, fringed with moonlight; patches of clear, blue sky; and, frequently, at the same time, lightning in the south. Amid scenes like these they half persuaded themselves they were in a land of enchantment. When they reached Ceralvo they realized their dreams of an earthly Paradise. The air here was as balmy as in spring. Every house had its garden, fragrant with flowers; a limpid river, murmuring in cascades, and spanned by innumerable stone bridges, ran through the town; while, in the midst, rose a cathedral, whose half Saracenic architecture carried the imagination back to the romantic days of Old Spain.

The country beyond Ceralvo increased in ruggedness. The privations of the march were now redoubled, for no means existed for transporting the sick, who staggered on with their companions, or lay down despairingly to die. The inhabitants were civil, but not social; and when the officers wished to see a fandango, they were told they would have dancing enough at Monterey, ominous words which they better understood at a later day. The picturesque character of the region increased at every step. Now the army moved through an amphitheatre of mountains, enclosing beautiful valleys, surrounded by smaller hills, and these backed by towering sierras: now it passed a succession of bold, rugged cliffs, or conical peaks, the white, verdureless sides glistening in the sun, while magnificent clouds curled around their tops, or nestled in the ravines half way down. At last the blue mountains, at whose base Monterey slept, rose in the west. Pressing on, the army reached Merine, whence, at the distance of twenty-five miles, the city itself became visible, a white mass of buildings reposing in the delicious valley of San Juan; while beyond, in silent grandeur, rose the huge masses of the Sierra Madre, towering far above the lesser chain of mountains, and piercing the clouds with their lofty summits. The excitement now became intense. The troops pressed forward, in order of battle, and on the 19th of September, 1846, the city of Monterey broke suddenly upon the view at the distance of two miles. Through the blue morning haze, palace and hill, steeple and fort seemed floating in the air.

The silence and repose that hung around the landscape were so deep that it seemed a vision rather than a reality. Suddenly, as the columns emerged beyond the grove of St. Domingo, a sheet of flame shot from the dark sides of the citadel, a dull report followed, and a cannon-ball hissed by, richochetting over the head of General Taylor, and burying itself in the earth just beyond. It was the first gun of Monterey!

The American army was computed at nine thousand men; but the actual numbers at Monterey were six thousand six hundred, the remainder being distributed in garrisons at Camargo and other places. To oppose these the Mexicans had seven thousand regular troops, besides nearly three thousand irregulars. Monterey, moreover possessed natural and artificial defences, which still further increased the disparity between the contending forces. The city stands in the valley of San



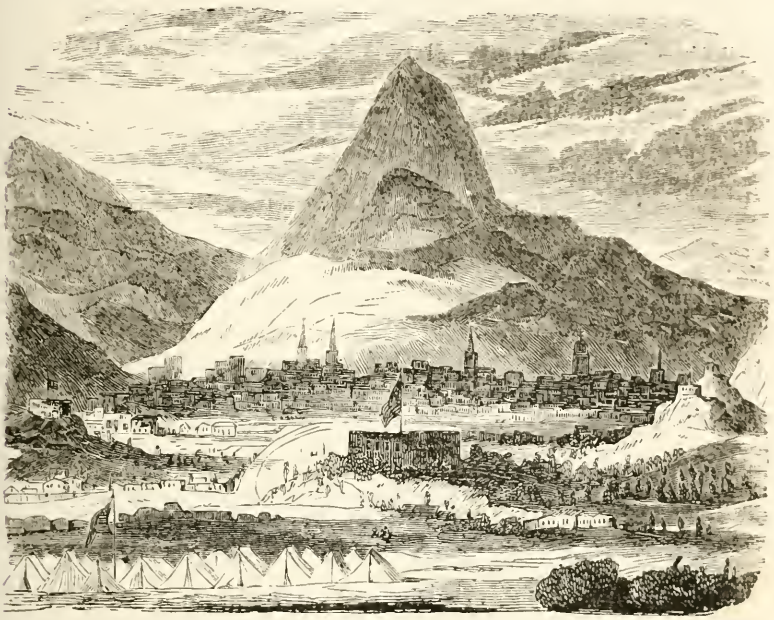
MONTEREY, AND THE SADDLE MOUNTAINS.

Juan, its rear washed by the river of that name. Two main approaches lead into it. The first is the road from Ceralvo, by which the Americans approached; and the second, the main Saltillo road, which, following the course of the St. Juan, enters the town on the west, as

the other does on the east. The Saltillo road is overhung, just outside the city, by two formidable heights strongly fortified, completely commanding this approach. The Ceralvo road, on the contrary, crosses a comparative plain. Though nature had here done less to protect the town, art had done more; for the guns of the citadel, an almost impregnable fortress, raked this route, while, further on, numerous small batteries remained to pass, before the city could be reached. Even here, however, the peril was not over; for the streets had been trenched, the house-tops loaded with missiles, and artillery placed in every possible position to annoy a foe. In short, Monterey was regarded as unconquerable. General Taylor, indeed, was not aware either of the great strength of the place, or of the numbers of its garrison until he arrived before it; a reconnoisance on the 19th, however, revealed a portion of the truth; but, nothing intimidated, he resolved to attack. Worth, with his division of regulars was ordered to move around to the right, and carry the heights commanding the Saltillo road: while Taylor reserved to himself the assault in front, at the head of the divisions of Twiggs and Butler.

On the morning of the 21st the main attack began. A strong column, with Bragg's artillery, passing the citadel hastily, advanced against the town on the extreme left. They were at first opposed by a redoubt, but throwing themselves impetuously into its rear, the men rushed into the town, and notwithstanding a tremendous cross-fire opened upon them, from batteries, from the roofs of houses, and from every street corner, succeeded in obtaining a temporary footing in the place. At last, however, the fire became so murderous that they were compelled to retire. Taylor now ordered up the fourth infantry, and the volunteer regiments from Mississippi, Tennessee, and Ohio. A portion of this force dashed forward against the redoubt, but was received with such a withering fire as to be compelled to withdraw. The remainder, making a circuit, succeeded in capturing the fort. This gallant action was performed by General Quitman, assisted by Captain Backus. Simultaneously an assault, led by General Butler, was being made against the town somewhat to the right, where a second battery had been erected. The guns of the captured fort were turned on this battery; and the volunteers advanced with heroic intrepidity. But in vain. General Butler was wounded and forced to leave the field. Colonel Garland, after leading his men almost into the heart of the city, and passing triumphantly several streets trenched and barricaded, reached a *tete du point*, where a struggle indescribably terrific, arose. The enemy frequently faltered, but were continually reinforced, until they num

bered a thousand; while the assailants were but one hundred and fifty. The slaughter, at this point, was so great that Captain Henry of the third, who went into action with five seniors, at the end of half an hour found himself in command of his regiment. At last, Taylor withdrew his troops, and night fell on the combatants.



MONTEREY AS SEEN FROM THE CAMP OF TAYLOR.

Meantime, Worth on the Saltillo road had not been idle. Early on the morning of the 21st, he had been charged by a body of lancers, who were repulsed chiefly by Duncan's battery, with a loss to the assailants of their commanding officer and a hundred men. He now prepared to storm the heights commanding the approaches in front. One of these, Federation Hill, was on the right of the river: and was defended by two batteries, both of which were gallantly carried by Captain P. F. Smith, at the head of a mixed force of regulars and volunteers. The other height was on the left of the river, where Worth lay, and was defended by a strong fortress called the Bishop's Palace, half way up the ascent, and by a battery on the extreme summit. These were assaulted and won, early on the morning of the 22nd, by Colonel Childs, at the head of six companies of regulars and two hundred Texan riflemen. Never was a

more splendid sight, than the storming of this height, as seen from Taylor's camp at the other side of the town. The morning was still and hazy. "The first intimation we had of the attack," says an eye-witness, "was the discharge of musketry near the top of the hill. Each flash looked like an electric spark. The flashes and the white smoke ascended the hill-side steadily, as if worked by machinery. The dark space between the apex of the heights and the curling smoke of the musketry became less and less, until the whole became enveloped in smoke, and we knew it was gallantly carried."

The guns of the Bishop's Palace were now turned upon the town, and Worth's victorious troops poured down to attack the city. The wisdom of the diversion on the Saltillo road was now vindicated, for Ampudia, considering the heights in that direction as the key to his position, abandoned his outer batteries in front of Taylor, and concentrated his troops in the heart of the town. The 22d passed in comparative inactivity on the part of the Commander-in-chief. But, on the 23d, Taylor resumed the attack. Quitman, with his brigade, entered the town, and finding the houses fortified, actually hewed his way through. Bragg's battery, and the third infantry joined in the strife; and the victorious Americans were soon within two squares of the Grand Plaza. On his part, Worth was not idle; but advanced, throwing shot and shells. Duncan, at the head of his renowned battery, swept the streets with incessant discharges; and the Texans, armed with pick-axes, cut their way under cover of the houses. The hissing of the shot, the crash of fallen timbers, the cries of the affrighted Mexicans, the crack of the American rifles, and the huzzas with which the victorious troops welcomed every new foothold gained, conspired to render the scene one of the most stirring in history. Consternation now began to seize the enemy. Crowds of the inhabitants, flying to the cathedral in the great square, huddled together with shrieks; while the troops, sternly collecting around the approaches to this sacred spot, prepared to make a last stand. Suddenly a bomb came whirling and hissing through the air: it hovered for an instant, over the agitated concourse; and then plunged into one of the towers of the cathedral, scattering ruin and death around. A universal cry of horror rent the air; for the other tower was full of powder, and none knew but that the next shell might fall into it, and blow up the city.

Ampudia, despairing of holding out longer, now proposed a capitulation. Accordingly a treaty was signed the next day. The terms of surrender were, that the town and citadel of Monterey should be given up to the Americans: that the Mexican forces

should, within seven days, retire beyond a line formed by the pass of Rinconado, the city of Linares, and San Fernando de Pregas; that the officers should be allowed to retain their side-arms, the soldiers their arms and accoutrements, and the artillery a field battery not to exceed six pieces. The Mexican flag, on being struck, was to be saluted by its own guns. An armistice to last eight weeks was also agreed on, determinable at the will of either party. The public property in Monterey, with the exceptions mentioned above, was to be transferred to the victors. These terms, so favorable to the Mexicans, were granted because Taylor wished to spare the effusion of unnecessary blood. The rest of the city could have been carried, perhaps, at a comparative small sacrifice of life; but not so the citadel, which was almost impregnable. Neither would it have been possible to prevent the escape of the enemy's troops, since a route lay open to them in the rear of the town. In a word, considering the inferior numbers of the American army, which forbade a complete investment of the city, the terms allowed Ampudia were not too liberal. The armistice, though disapproved by the government, was not unwise. "It paralyzed the enemy," says Taylor, in his despatches, "during a period when, from want of necessary means, we could not possibly move." Indeed, after a lapse of six weeks, the American army was not prepared to advance in force. This delay was principally the fault of the government at home, which did not furnish adequate supplies, and means of transportation: an error common to republican communities, especially at the beginning of a contest. "The task of fighting and beating the enemy," says Taylor, in the despatch already quoted, "is among the least difficult we encounter—the great question of supplies necessarily controls all the operations in a country like this." Another consideration influenced the American General, in the capitulation and armistice: it was the belief, then general, that the return of Santa Anna heralded a speedy peace.

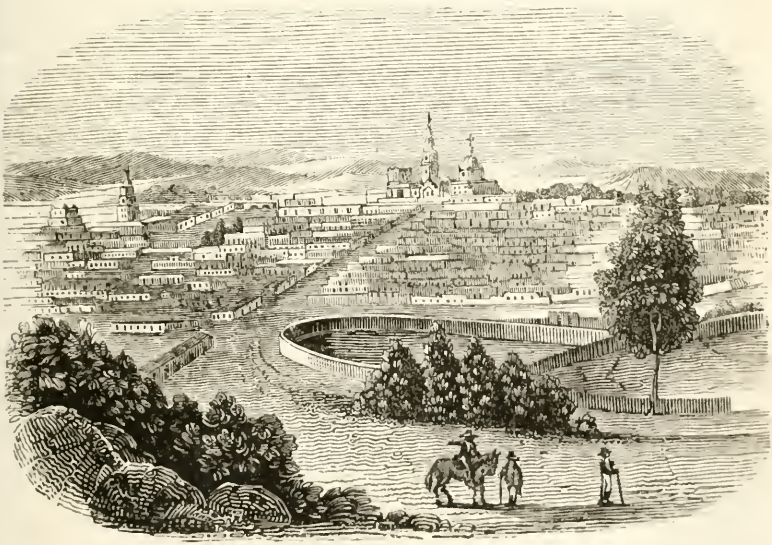
The loss of the Americans in the siege of Monterey was one hundred and twenty killed, and three hundred and sixty-eight wounded. Among the former were Captain Morris, and Major Barton, of the regulars, and Colonel Watson, of the volunteers. The loss of the Mexicans was never known, but was probably not greater. Forty-eight pieces of cannon were captured, besides immense stores of warlike munitions. When the victors entered the city, and became acquainted with the full character of the defences, they were lost in astonishment at their success: and the opinion was universal that two thousand American or British soldiers could

have held the place against thirty thousand of any other nation. Especially were the conquerors amazed that they had been able to penetrate, even for an instant, into the eastern half of the city, which was a perfect net-work of defences. Worth, on the west, had but to carry the two heights in that quarter, to find the route comparatively open before him; but Taylor, at the corner of every street, was met by a fort, or masked battery. Nothing stimulated the troops during the siege so much as the calm aspect of the Commander-in-chief, who stood apparently without the least excitement, even when bullets were pattering around like hail. The capitulation was signed on the 24th, and on the succeeding day, the victorious troops marched into the town, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle." As the flag of the United States was run up, the guns from the Bishop's Palace saluting it, roared across the plain; while the huzzas of the soldiers rolled down the line, and were echoed by the distant mountains.

The result of this victory was to force the Mexican army back to San Luis Potosi, a distance of three hundred miles, and to place the intermediate country at the mercy of the invaders. The want of supplies, however, continued to embarrass Taylor's operations. At last, on the 2d of November, the first wagons he had received since he left Corpus Christi, arrived. Six days afterwards, the General announced that Saltillo, the capital of the state of Coahulia, would be occupied by his army. The provinces of New Mexico, New Leon, Tamaulipas and Coahuila were now in possession of the Americans. By December, eighteen thousand men were under the command of Taylor, scattered along between the Rio Grande and Saltillo. It was at this period that the government at home, despairing of making an impression on the enemy by a further prosecution of the war in this direction, determined to strike at the heart of Mexico by a march on the capital, by the way of Vera Cruz. The leader selected to command this new expedition was Major-General Winfield Scott, whose appointment was signified to him on the 18th of November, 1846. This officer at once repaired to the scene of action, reaching the Rio Grande about the 1st of January, 1847. His arrival had been preceded by an order of the war department, directing Taylor to place most of his regulars at Scott's command: and accordingly, when he reached the theatre of war, he found the choicest troops of the army at his disposal. By this movement, the force of Taylor was reduced to less than ten thousand men, of whom it was not possible to concentrate more than five thousand at any one point. The character of this force was also supposed to be

inferior, for the volunteers were generally fresh levies, nor were the regulars the veterans of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey.

Even this comparatively small force would not have been left to Taylor, but that, at this crisis, he received an accession of numbers, by the return of General Wool from his expedition against Chihuahua. Acting on the principle of attacking the Mexican states in detail, the government of the United States had, in September, despatched General Wool, at the head of three thousand men, of whom five hundred were regulars, against Chihuahua, by way of Presidio Rio Grande. This force, after enduring incredible hardships, assembled at Antonio de Bexar, on the 1st of September, whence they promptly set forth, and, crossing the Rio Grande at Presidio, pushed on, with long and wearisome marches, to the village of Santa Rosa. Discovering here that there was no direct route to



SALTILLO.

their destination which was available, they turned south towards Saltillo, and finally rested at Monclova, one of the chief towns of

Coahuila. Here the Americans, received in the most friendly manner, continued for a month, when Taylor, thinking no good could result from prosecuting the original expedition, ordered Wool to abandon it and move down to Parras, in the neighborhood of Saltillo. Subsequently in December, Wool was directed to advance to the latter town. There he arrived just in time to participate in the glorious field of Buena Vista.

In obedience to orders from the war department, Taylor, as early as November, had despatched the divisions of Twiggs, Quitman and Pillow from Monterey to Victoria, for the purpose of joining at Tampico the expedition against Vera Cruz. A month later the division of Patterson moved from Matamoras in the same direction. Simultaneously Worth's division broke up from Saltillo and formed a junction with Scott at the Brazos. It was with melancholy feelings that Taylor saw himself deprived of his old companions in arms, of whom he took leave in a strain of dignified, but touching eloquence. Nor was it without forebodings that he beheld them depart. Santa Anna had been engaged at San Luis Potosi in collecting an army, which was now said to amount to twenty-two thousand men; and, on Taylor's marching to occupy Victoria, had threatened an advance, a design which was frustrated by a rapid countermarch of the American General to Monterey; but now, when he found Taylor deprived of his regulars, he resolved to issue from his fastness, and crossing the desert between San Louis Potosi and Saltillo, to fall upon Taylor somewhere near the latter town, and crushing him by the mere weight of numbers, sweep the whole country to the Rio Grande. This resolution he formed, though aware of Scott's intentions on Vera Cruz; for he rightly judged that the best diversion would be to destroy Taylor's army. These designs became known in the United States when too late to afford succor to Taylor; and the nation was filled with horror at what it considered the certain sacrifice of that brave General and his troops. But, as in similar circumstances on the Rio Grande, he had saved himself and army, so now he became victor, and against even more overwhelming odds.

Scott had suggested to Taylor that it would, perhaps, be advisable for him, considering his weakened numbers, to concentrate all his forces at Monterey. But to this the General was averse. To make a retrograde movement would, he knew, encourage the enemy. Moreover, just beyond Saltillo the mountains debouch into the plains, and at this point, if anywhere, the foe must be repelled. By retiring to Monterey, Taylor would have left the lower country open to

Santa Anna, who would have poured his victorious troops promptly into it, and besieged the American General in Monterey. He might even have swept onward and regained the whole territory to the Rio Grande. In such a case immense munitions of war would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, while our army, shut up in a narrow town, would have been useless. The bolder plan, and that most congenial to Taylor, was therefore the wisest, and the one ultimately adopted. Accordingly, in the early part of February, the American commander, becoming convinced by an attack on Colonel May's dragoons at Encarnacion, that the Mexicans were about to resume the aggressive, advanced from Saltillo to Agua Neuva, a strong position on the road to San Luis Potosi. At this place he remained until the 21st. His whole force was four thousand and seventy-three, of whom less than five hundred were regulars. Having thoroughly examined the surrounding country, he selected a mountain pass, just in front of the hacienda of Buena Vista, as the most suitable spot to meet the foe. This gorge was eleven miles nearer Saltillo than Agua Neuva. Wishing, however, to conceal his real purpose from Santa Anna, he continued at the latter place until the enemy were in sight, when he suddenly fell back to Buena Vista, whither the Mexican chief, completely entraped, hastened to follow him.

The road here becomes a narrow defile. The valley on the right is impracticable for artillery in consequence of deep and impassable gullies with which it is cut up. On the left, a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extends far back toward the mountain which bounds the valley in that direction. Hence, neither the artillery nor cavalry of the enemy could act with effect, while even his infantry would be, in part, deprived of the advantage of its numerical superiority. Taylor drew up his troops with great skill. Captain Washington's battery was posted to command the road, while the first and second Illinois regiments, with the second Kentucky and a company of Texas volunteers, occupied the crest of the ridges on the left and rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry were posted on the extreme left, near the base of the mountain. The reserve was composed of the Indiana brigade, the Mississippi riflemen, the first and second dragoons, and the light batteries of Sherman and Bragg. The little army had scarcely been thus distributed, when the advanced columns of the Mexicans appeared in sight, and when night fell, their interminable line was still visible, stretching far back to the utmost horizon. The sight would have appalled ordinary hearts; but the Americans reflected that the day was the

anniversary of the birth of Washington, and, with that thought came back the heroism of the best age of the republic.

At eleven A. M., the van of the Mexicans halted in front of the American position, and Santa Anna sent a pompous summons to Taylor to surrender at discretion. This the American General answered in the following pithy terms: "Sir, in reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request." Santa Anna, on receiving this resolute reply, deemed it best to await the arrival of his rear columns, as well as to allow a body of troops under General Minon, which he had sent by a mountain pass, to get between Buena Vista and Saltillo, and cut off the retreat of Taylor. Towards evening, however, the Mexican light troops came into collision with a portion of the American left, keeping up a sharp fire, and climbing the mountain side, evidently bent on gaining our flank. Three pieces of Washington's battery, and the second Indiana regiment being detached to strengthen this point, the enemy was checked, though desultory musketry discharges, enlivened by an occasional shell thrown from the enemy, continued until night set in. Being now convinced that no serious attack would be made until morning, Taylor retired in person to Saltillo, for he was anxious respecting the defence of that place. He took with him the Mississippi regiment, and a squadron of the second dragoons. The remainder of the army bivouacked on the field, without fires, though the night was intensely cold. While they lay on their arms and endeavored to snatch a few hours slumber, the low hum of the enemy's thousands came borne on the wind that wailed through the gorge of the mountain, as if foreboding disaster and death. Many a brave man listened to its ominous sounds, who, on the morrow, was still and cold.

The dawn of the 23d had scarcely broken when long columns of the Mexicans were seen creeping along the mountain side, on the American left, obviously with the intention of outflanking it. Instantly the ridges in that quarter began to sparkle with the fire of our riflemen, and for two hours, a desultory, but obstinate conflict was maintained, neither party perceptibly gaining ground. To cover his real intentions, Santa Anna now advanced a strong column against our centre, but this attack was soon repelled by the rapid discharges of Washington's battery. While it was going on, however, he proceeded to execute his main design, which was to pierce the American left, by pouring his columns in overwhelming and unintermit-

ted numbers upon that point. Successive waves of infantry and cavalry accordingly came beating against it. For awhile nothing could resist the tide. In vain the artillery, galloping up within musket range, swept the advancing columns; as fast as one Mexican fell, another took his place; and the living torrent rolled forward, apparently undiminished in volume. Soon the sea of assailants reached the artillery, broke around it, and threatened to engulf men and guns. A corps of infantry, ordered to the support of the artillerists, was involved in a cross fire, and driven back with immense slaughter. The wild surge now came roaring on. The second Indiana regiment mistaking a command, retreated in confusion; the artillerists were swept away, leaving one of their pieces behind; and an ocean of lancers and infantry, pouring resistlessly along the base of the mountain, bore back the American arms, and spreading over every available point of land, flowed even to our rear. The stoutest hearts quailed at the sight. Victory seemed irrevocably gone.

At this eventful crisis, Taylor arrived on the field from Saltillo: his approach having been hastened by the increasing roar of battle. His veteran eye instantly comprehended the imminency of the peril. The Mississippi regiment, which accompanied him, was ordered to the extreme left, where the fight hung quivering in the balance; and this noble band of heroes, advancing with loud shouts, for a time checked the day. The second Kentucky and a portion of Bragg's battery had already been detached by Wool to this point. Bragg, in conjunction with Sherman, firing from the plateau, was now tearing huge gaps in the flank of the advancing enemy. The conflict soon became terrible. The shrieks of those wounded by the artillery; the crashing and hissing of the grape; the sharp rattle of the musketry; the yells of the Mississippians; and the wild huzza of the charging cavalry combined to make a scene of excitement and horror indescribable. Foremost in the charge were the Mississippians, who, on this day, performed prodigies of valor. At last, surrounded by countless numbers, they were on the point of being borne down, when they were reinforced by the third Indiana regiment and a piece of artillery. The tide of battle was now checked; then fluctuated; and then began to turn. The enemy made the most desperate efforts to redeem the day. Again and again his lancers swooped on our infantry, but, met by a rolling fire, wheeled and fled, a hundred riderless horses galloping wildly away at each repulse. Again and again the infantry charging with levelled bayonets, fell back staggering from the wall of fire and steel they

met. At last, the Mexican column was severed in two, and that portion in front of our line began a retreat.

The van, however having already reached the rear of the Americans, made a bold effort yet to secure the day, by attacking the camp at Buena Vista, hoping thus to strike terror into our army and perhaps call it from its position to the defence of its stores. The main body of the Americans however kept its station; but May, with the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, supported by two pieces of artillery, hastened to defend the threatened point. The assailants were soon repulsed, and driven to seek refuge in the mountains. May now returned to the left, where the other portion of the enemy's line was still struggling to retire. But the Americans, from being the conquered, had now become the conquerors; and were making efforts, which promised to be successful, to cut off the whole column, five thousand strong. The retreating masses, hemmed in among the ravines, presented a fair mark for the artillery, which slaughtered them in heaps. When May, with his victorious troops, came rushing upon them, they abandoned all hope; and would have surrendered at discretion; but that Santa Anna, perceiving their peril, hastened to send a flag of truce to Taylor, who ordered the firing to cease. When Wool, however, who rode forward to enquire the meaning of this message, had partially traversed the distance between the American and Mexican positions, he noticed, to his surprise, that the enemy had not ceased firing, and that the column was availing itself of the parley to retire along the mountain. He saw, at once, the disingenuous trick of which the Americans had been made the victims. But it was now too late. The enemy had extricated himself: and Wool, unable to reach Santa Anna, returned to Taylor.

The grand effort of the day had thus signally failed; and now the action paused for a space. The Americans, wearied by so many hours' fighting, and expecting fresh columns of the enemy to make a new attempt on their left, were directing all their attention to that quarter, when Santa Anna, suddenly concentrating his reserves in front, hurled them on our centre, now the weakest point of our position. Amid a tremendous fire of artillery, this splendid column, five thousand strong, advanced to the attack. Well aware that on this last effort hung the fortunes of the day, and knowing that the immediate eye of their leader was upon them, the Mexicans came on with an intrepidity that even surpassed that of their bravest displays heretofore, and all had been courageous. The Americans,

wholly unprepared for this demonstration, stood aghast at the endless line of lancers and infantry. The first shock fell on the second Kentucky and first Illinois, supported by O'Brien's artillery. For awhile these few heroes bore up against the tempest, but were then driven wildly before it: the infantry flying in confusion, and the artillerists abandoning their guns, which remained in possession of the foe. Again the Americans made a stand. But nothing could prevail against the overwhelming numbers of the Mexicans: like a mighty tempest they rushed along: and the little bands of Hardin and McKee were whirled from their path as leaves in a hurricane. The day seemed irretrievably lost. All that could be done was for Washington's battery, from a neighboring plateau, to pour in a close and well directed fire on the advancing foe, and thus cover, in part, the retreat of the Americans.

In this crisis the calm heroism of Taylor saved the army. He had left the plateau, just before, but the sharp detonations of the artillery now recalled him; and he saw, with a glance, that ruin impended. The dyke was already breached, and the water rushing in! He threw himself, as it were, into the gap. Ordering up Bragg's artillery, that officer approached at full gallop, and thundering ahead into the smoke, unlimbered within a few yards of the enemy. The spectators held their breath at the fearful proximity. Opening with grape and canister, Bragg, for a moment staggered the Mexicans: but it was only for a moment: with howls of rage their thousands rushed on, and, in another minute, would have trodden the brave artillerists under foot. Alarmed for his guns, Bragg turned for succor to Taylor; but the latter had none to give. "A little more grape," was his memorable reply: "a little more grape, Captain Bragg." At the second discharge the guns opened lanes through the enemy; and at the third he turned and fled in horror. Tears ran down the cheeks of Taylor at the happy sight. The day was won. It only remained to finish the victory. The Mississippi regiment, which had hurried up at the first alarm, reached the plateau at this crisis, and throwing in a murderous volley, helped to complete the discomfiture of the foe. The wearied Americans were soon undisputed masters of the field. Night fell, a welcome blessing. The wounded were borne off to Saltillo; and the victors slept on their arms, again without fires, though the thermometer was below the freezing point.

During the day, General Minon had made his projected demonstration against Saltillo, but without success; and now, finding that his superior was defeated, he hastened to withdraw his troops.

Taylor had expected that Santa Anna would renew the battle in the morning; but, in the night, the latter withdrew to Agua Neuva. No pursuit was attempted. To have repelled the enemy was

BRAGG ASKING SUCCOR.

prodigy enough; besides, the Americans were completely exhausted. Our loss in this battle was two hundred and sixty-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded, and twenty-three missing: among the former were Colonels Clay, Yell, Hardin, McKee, and Captain Lincoln, Assistant Adjutant-General. All the troops distinguished themselves: indeed, great was the glory, and difficult to apportion. The loss of the enemy was estimated at fifteen hundred. No greater battle than Buena Vista has ever been fought on this continent. The enemy were five times the numbers of the Americans, and were chiefly regulars, while our forces were principally volunteers. Our position, though strong, was not impregnable, as was proved by

its being turned. The victory is to be attributed, in a great measure, to the artillery, which seemed to possess a ubiquitous power, and thrice saved the day.

Two days after the battle, Santa Anna abandoned Agua Nenva and began a retreat on San Luis Potosi, which city he gained with less than half the army he had set out with two months before. His repulse at Buena Vista vindicated the wisdom of Taylor's views; and saved the country from reverting to its original possessors. It preserved, too, the lives of thousands. The triumph of Santa Anna would have led to the annihilation of the whole American army. Every soldier would either have been massacred on the field, or would subsequently have fallen a prey to the rancheros, who, at the first intelligence of our disaster, would have risen like a swarm of hornets from Saltillo to the Rio Grande. The influence of this battle was felt throughout the war. In it the best troops of Mexico were destroyed, and the prestige of Santa Anna's name broken forever. The Generals who followed Taylor had to contend with troops already half beaten by the remembrance of Buena Vista; while they led soldiers, whose constant thought it was, to rival, if possible, the glories of that day.

The country between Saltillo and Matamoras continued in possession of the Americans from this period until the end of the war. On the 2nd of March, near Ceralvo, a Mexican force, about fifteen hundred strong, under General Urrea, attacked Major Giddings and two hundred Americans, convoying a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. After a desperate conflict the Americans proved victorious, with a loss of seventeen, the enemy losing forty. Taylor, on hearing of this bold incursion, hastened to pursue Urrea; but the latter succeeded in making his escape beyond the mountains. The American commander now retired to Walnut Springs, near Monterey, where he remained during the summer. From this place, on the 31st of March, he issued a proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants of Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, and Coahuila, declaring that, in future, they should be held responsible for all trains cut off. This proclamation put an end to the system of guerilla warfare in that region.

The capture of Vera Cruz, and Scott's subsequent advance on the capital, having directed the attention of the Mexicans to another quarter, the army of Taylor was left almost without occupation. He had, however, never abandoned the hope of being able to march on San Luis Potosi, and in August was completing his preparations for this event, when Scott made a second draft on him for troops.

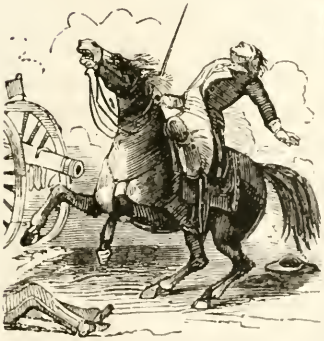
and left him powerless for any act of aggression. In the autumn he returned to the United States on leave of absence; and before his furlough expired, peace was declared.

During the autumn of 1846 and the spring of 1847, the gulf fleet captured Tampico, Alvarado and Tuspan. The first of these captures was made while Commodore Connor was in command of the fleet; the others were made by Commodore Perry.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOK III.

CONQUEST OF NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.



WAR had scarcely been declared when the government of the United States resolved on the conquest of Upper California and New Mexico, provinces on which the ambitious eyes of different administrations had been fixed, almost from the time of Jefferson. For this purpose two expeditions were organized, under the commands respectively of Generals Wool and Kearney. The first was intended to operate against Chihuahua. We have already traced its history, and the causes of its failure. The other had a more imposing errand, for its destination was threefold: its

first being to reduce Santa Fe, its next to send a column to co-operate with Wool, and its ultimate one to cross to the Pacific and achieve the conquest of California.

Upper California extends for a distance of ten degrees along the Pacific coast, with a mean breadth of six hundred and twenty miles. Its lower boundary is at the river Gilas, about the thirty-second degree of north latitude; while its upper is at the Snowy mountains that bound Oregon on the south, near the forty-second degree The breadth of Upper California at the River Gilas is about five hundred miles, but it gradually widens as it extends north, until it becomes eight hundred across at its upper extremity. Of this vast territory, occupying an area of five hundred thousand square miles, but little is known, except of that portion lying along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and which forms a strip of land from forty to eighty miles in width, and extending six hundred miles from north to south. The immense table-land, which stretches eastward from the Pacific chain to the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre, has been but little explored; yet wherever visited has been found to be a sandy desert, sprinkled with salt lakes, reminding the traveller of the vast, sterile plains of Central Asia. The population of this arid wilderness is composed of a few miserable Indians, who manage to subsist on roots, and occasionally on game. The whole of Upper California did not contain, at the beginning of the war, fifty thousand souls.

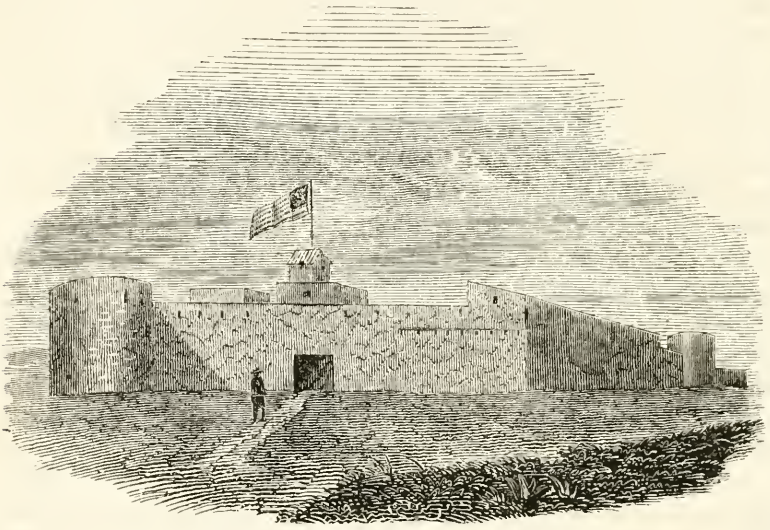
That strip of Upper California, however, which skirts the sea-coast is comparatively fertile. The mean temperature here is about fifteen degrees higher than in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. There is little rain: two years have known to elapse without a shower. Generally, however, from November to April, in what is called the rainy season, considerable quantities of water fall. In the summer, the heavy dews, which rise from the sea every night, prevent the country from becoming parched. Snow is seen but rarely. Agriculture cannot be profitably conducted without irrigation; hence the country hitherto has been principally devoted to grazing. Wheat, however, and the smaller grains, thrive well. There is only one really good harbor on the coast, the bay of San Francisco; but this is sufficiently capacious for the navies of the world. The other ports, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Pedro, are mere road-steads, where the anchorage is so insecure, that on the approach of a norther, the vessel that does not slip its cable and gain an offing in time, is sure to be wrecked. The rivers of this strip of land are generally mountain torrents, half dry in summer, which run westwardly into

the Pacific; but there are two streams of more importance, the Buenaventura and Sacramento, which run north and south, emptying into the bay of San Francisco. They drain the valley, between the mountains and Pacific, for an extent of near four hundred miles.

New Mexico is bounded on the west by Upper California, and on the east by the territories of the United States. It is but a comparatively small strip of land, chiefly confined to the higher waters of the Rio Grande, and containing only forty-four thousand square miles. The population is not quite one hundred thousand. The capital is Santa Fe. The temperature of New Mexico is very cold, in consequence of its elevation above the sea; and for the same reason the soil is not very fertile. The people live in houses of sunburnt brick. Their habits are generally primitive. A vast trade, between the United States and the richer and more southern province of Chihuahua, was formerly carried on through Santa Fe, by caravans to St. Louis, across the prairies of the great western territory.

The expedition under General Kearney assembled at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, in June, 1846; and on the 30th of that month began its march to Santa Fe, a distance of a thousand miles. The numbers of this force, called "The Army of the West," ultimately reached twenty-seven hundred; but Kearney actually began his march with sixteen hundred, the rest being left to join at Santa Fe. They were all volunteers, except two companies of dragoons, and a battalion of artillerists. The route, for the first six hundred miles, lay over vast plains, occasionally presenting a covering of short, dry grass; occasionally exposing only the arid soil; and occasionally, though at rare intervals, welcoming the weary traveller with the sight of limpid streams fringed with trees. A stray buffalo on the distant horizon, or an Indian scout on the look-out, now and then broke the monotony of the scene. On the 1st of August the expedition reached Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas. In this adventurous march the infantry had outstripped the cavalry. The former had marched with such precision as to arrive on the very day fixed by the General. The road, after leaving Fort Bent, changes its character. The country becomes mountainous; the treeless plains disappear; and forests of spruce and other evergreens throw their gloomy shadows over the way. The regions now traversed were nevertheless even more desolate than the plains below. Frequently for twenty miles there was not a spring; and in one instance, a whole day passed without meeting wood, water, or grass. Yet glimpses of magnificent scenery occasionally greeted the eye. At the pass of the Raton a landscape so sublime burst on the adven-

turers that they paused involuntarily with exclamations of delight. High above beetled perpendicular cliffs, the eagle sailing along whose summits seemed dwindled to a wren; while, in the far distance, Pike's Peak, with its white limestone ledges, glittered in the sun, like some snowy palace of fairy land.



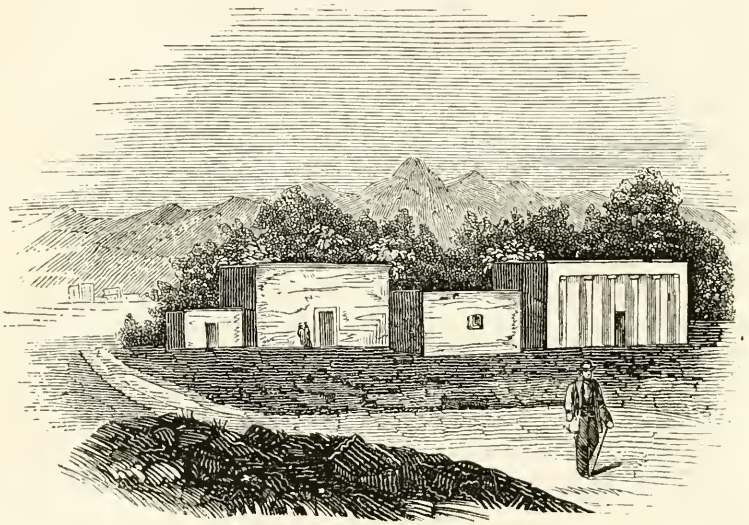
BENT'S FORT.

Kearney had received information that Armijo, the Governor of Santa Fe had prepared a force of four thousand men to repel the invasion: accordingly when, ten days after leaving Bent's Fort, he began to approach the Mexican settlements, he moved with proportionate caution. But no enemy was met. Armijo, indeed, had advanced from Santa Fe, and taken post in a strong position, an eminence commanding a defile only forty feet wide, through which the Americans would have to march. But the heart of the Mexican leader failed him as the crisis approached, and suddenly abandoning his army, he fled, with a hundred dragoons, to Chihuahua. On the 18th of August, Kearney entered Santa Fe unopposed. He marched immediately to the palace, opposite the great square, and ordering

the United States flag to be hoisted, took possession of New Mexico in the name of his government. The next day he addressed the people, declaring that he came to benefit the poor and rich alike, by establishing a free government. He then absolved the citizens from their allegiance to Mexico, declared himself their Governor, and claimed them from that time forth, as citizens of the United States. He followed this with a proclamation to the same effect, on the 22nd, which subsequently became a theme of controversy in Congress. In his summary proceeding there was, unquestionably, more of the soldier than the civilian; but, in a crisis like that in which Kearney found himself, prompt and decided conduct, even if it trespasses the bounds of law, is better than timorous measures, which only win the contempt of a foe. He should, however, have occupied the territory merely as a conquered province until a peace, a re-conquest, or final instructions from Congress. Thus, in the space of fifty days, an army, not seventeen hundred strong, marched nearly a thousand miles, for most of the time through an inhospitable desert, and conquered a province of one hundred thousand souls without firing a gun. But, wonderful as was this achievement, it was nothing compared to others we have yet to relate; and which almost surpass the boundaries of romance.

Kearney now occupied himself with organizing a civil government for New Mexico and framing for it a code of laws. He was interrupted, for awhile, by a false alarm of the approach of Armijo. During the delay he sent an expedition against the Navahoe Indians, near the Rocky Mountains, and overawed that proud tribe, the terror of the people of Santa Fe. Having at last completed his labors, and received intelligence of the approach of his expected reinforcements, he began to make preparations for the contemplated march against Upper California. He first appointed Charles Bent Governor of New Mexico. He next assigned a battalion of infantry and the battalion of artillerists to remain at Santa Fe in garrison. Colonel Doniphan, with his regiment, on the arrival of the reinforcements, was directed to proceed to Chihuahua and effect a junction with General Wool. He chose Sumner's squadron of dragoons, three hundred strong, with two howitzers, to accompany himself, leaving orders for the Mormon battalion, and Captain Hudson's company to follow. On the 25th of September, having finished his labors at Santa Fe, Kearney set forth, with his small escort, for a journey of a thousand miles, across the continent to the Pacific. We shall leave him, threading the vast wastes of his lonely and desert route, in order to follow Doniphan and his band of heroes,

on their march to Chihuahua: a march which, considering the extent of country traversed, the hostile populations subdued, and the battles won against overwhelming odds, stands without a parallel in history, excelling the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon, as much as that surpasses ordinary enterprises.



SANTA FE.

Chihuahua is a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, the capital of the state of that name, and formerly the residence of the Captain-General of the Northern Provinces, under the vice-regal government. Hither, in 1708, Lieutenant Pike had been carried a captive; here, forty years after, Colonel Doniphan was to enter as a conqueror. So scanty was the geographical information respecting Northern Mexico, that when Doniphan left Santa Fe, he was comparatively ignorant of the character of the country to be traversed, all that he knew, was that Chihuahua lay hundreds of miles to the south, and that he had been ordered to go there. That the interme diate population was hostile; that a vast and melancholy desert had o be overcome; that rivers had to be crossed, mountains scaled, and fortified passes taken; these things, though partly foretold by the

natives, and partly conjectured by himself, did not, for a moment, damp the ardor of his adventurous soul. He began his march at the head of eight hundred men, on the 17th of December, 1846. His route lay first along the Rio Grande to Fra Christobal, and thence downwards, in the direction of the Paso del Norte, within twenty-five miles of which, at Bracito, he fought his virgin battle. But, prior to this, his troops had encountered what was almost sufficient alone to immortalize them. For ninety miles they had traversed that vast desert, known in the poetical language of the country as *el jornada de los muertos*, the journey of the dead; where the bones of famished animals and murdered men whitened the long expanse, and where not a drop of water or blade of grass met the eyes of the travellers. As they hurried across the arid tract, they remembered that it was here the Texan prisoners, under Salazar, had endured the most horrible sufferings. Approaching Bracito, they were suddenly assailed by a force of the enemy, supposed to be a thousand strong. The Americans were dispersed gathering wood, when the alarm of the enemy's approach was given. Instantly forming into line, they awaited the charge. As soon as the foe was within range, they opened a terrible fire of musketry, and maintained the vollies with such spirit, that, at the third round, they were left masters of the field. Among the spoils was a piece of artillery, and more welcome than all, ample stores of bread and wine, with which Christmas was held as high festival.

On the 27th of December, Doniphan entered Paso del Norte, a town of about three thousand inhabitants. He was yet three hundred miles from Chihuahua. Here the conquerors allowed themselves a month's repose, luxuriating in the green fields, the pleasant orchards, and inviting vineyards of the vicinity. But their halt was not without its anxiety, and was occasionally marked by drudgery and toil. Doniphan wished to hear from Wool, but waited in vain; that General, as we have seen, having turned aside, and never reached Chihuahua. He also expected a reinforcement of artillery from Santa Fe, and this, on the first of February arrived, having overcome, in its turn, perils almost incredible. The combined force, now amounting to nine hundred and twenty-four men, after a breathing spell of eight days, resumed its march, and for the next three weeks stretched tirelessly on towards its destination. The route, which, for the first twenty-five miles, lay though cultivated vallies, soon entered a sterile region, but still the little band of heroes pressed forward. At last, on the 28th of February, when within fifteen miles of Chihuahua, a strong body of Mexicans was discov-

ered drawn up in an almost impregnable situation, on a ridge between the rivers Sacramento and Arroyo Seco. As the position commanded the road, and could not be turned, Doniphan had no resource but to attack. His men had crossed the Seco, and were deploying on the table-land, when a column of Mexican lancers, eight hundred strong, dashed from its cover, and galloped furiously on the American right. Instantly the artillery under Major Clark, consisting of six pieces, opened its fire, and soon the mountains echoed the explosions with stunning repetitions. Neither the first nor second discharge, however, could shake the foe, who, closing his ranks, came thundering on; yet so terrible was the slaughter at the third round, that he broke and fled in confusion to a redoubt in his rear. Here, however, he rallied. But the Americans, flushed with success, followed in pursuit, the howitzer battery unlimbering within fifty yards of the enemy. Appalled at this daring, the Mexicans, after a short struggle, abandoned their works and fled to the mountains. Two positions yet remained to be carried; one was the Cerro Sacramento, a pile of volcanic rocks, where the enemy now placed his artillery to cover the retreat. The fire of the American batteries soon silenced these guns, and then, with loud shouts, his last hold, the Rancho Sacramento was successfully stormed. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary battles of the present age. The number of the Mexicans engaged in it was not less than fifteen hundred, while their position was worth at least five thousand more. Doniphan had less than a thousand. The loss of the enemy was three hundred killed, besides ten pieces of artillery captured by Doniphan. The Americans lost but two killed, and seven wounded, a fact which seems incredible, but which is uncontradicted. On the first of March, Doniphan entered Chihuahua in triumph. Here he remained for six weeks, recruiting his tired forces, and stipulating for the safety of the United States traders, threatening to return and inflict the direst vengeance if they were molested. Never, perhaps, was a commander in a more singular situation than Doniphan now found himself. He was a thousand miles from home, in the heart of a hostile country, destitute of intelligence from Wool, whom he had been sent to recruit, and without any way of opening communication with him, except by beginning a new march of nearly equal length to that just passed, through territories filled with enemies, and presenting a thousand natural difficulties. Moreover, he had neither stores nor money. But nothing could dismay this unconquerable leader. He knew that Taylor was somewhere in the advance, hundreds of miles distant, and he resolved to push forward.

Doniphan was told of Buena Vista, but informed that the Americans had been defeated; this, however, he discredited, yet he thought it most prudent to send a party in the direction of Saltillo, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, to gain intelligence. This detachment, led by Lieutenant Collins, accomplished its design, and safely returning, brought information that Wool was at Saltillo. Doniphan promptly started to join him. He set out on the 25th of April, and marching through Cerro Gordo, Mapimi, and Parras, reached Saltillo on the 22d of May. In this last journey he passed over nearly the whole table land of Mexico, from west to east, entered and occupied numerous towns, the population of almost any one of which could have cut off his whole force; provisioned his army, provided fresh horses, and even obtained the means of victory, and all without a military chest. But the most extraordinary act of all remains to be told, as a climax to these almost romantic achievements. At Parras, thirty of his men hearing of a predatory descent some of the Camanches had just made, started in pursuit, and overtaking the savages, killed seventeen of them, and restored to freedom eighteen captives, besides rescuing their flocks. The story of this chivalrous act would not be complete were we to omit the fact that the kindness of the people of Parras, to some sick soldiers left there by General Wool, first prompted the Americans to avenge the inroad of the Indians. The narrative of such an incident as this repays a historian for having too frequently to record traits less noble.

Doniphan remained but three days at Saltillo, and on the 25th of May marched for Monterey. Here this brave corps was complimented in a public order by General Taylor, who allowed them to carry home as trophies, and in consideration of their gallantry and noble bearing, the seventeen pieces of artillery they had taken from the enemy. Pursuing his march, Doniphan reached Matamoras about the first of June, having completed the whole distance from Chihuahua, nine hundred miles, in forty-five days. At the Rio Grande his volunteers embarked for New Orleans, where they arrived on the 16th of June. Here the volunteers were received with enthusiasm. They were now mustered out of the service of the United States, and embarked in steamboats for St. Louis. The news of their approach preceded them, and when they landed on the 2d of July, the whole city came out to meet them. Flags floated at every corner, the bells rang joyously, and a public banquet was given, at which Senator Benton pronounced a glowing eulogium on their deeds. Thus, after an absence of a year, in which they explored countries almost unknown, and achieved actions worthy of the greatest heroes of antiquity, the

volunteers of Doniphan returned quietly to private life. In vain do we search history for an exhibition of superior daring and patriotism.

While Doniphan had been pursuing his march, however, events of the most sanguinary character had occurred in New Mexico. The reinforcements from Missouri had been under the command of Colonel Price, who, on Doniphan's departure from Santa Fe, became superior officer. The Americans, however, suffered so much from sickness, that before Christmas, there were but five hundred in the capital fit for duty. The Mexicans, who, though appearing to consent to a change of masters, had only been dissimulating to gain time, now thought this a favorable opportunity to recover their national independence. A conspiracy was first projected for Christmas, but was revealed, and most of the ringleaders taken into custody. On the 19th of January, however, Governor Bent, with five other persons, was murdered at Taos, a small town in the vicinity of Santa Fe. On the same day nine others were butchered at other places. The country rose in insurrection, the populace breathing vengeance against the Americans and all Mexicans who had accepted office under the new government. In this crisis, Colonel Price concentrated his forces, and marched boldly to meet the insurgents. On the 23d of January he had his first engagement with them at the village of Covoda, defeating fifteen hundred, with a force of but three hundred. His loss was but two, that of the foe thirty-six. Pursuing his advantages, he overtook the insurgents on the 29th, at La Joya, a strong mountain pass, where he again defeated them, with disproportionate slaughter. The enemy still presenting a hostile front, though retiring, Colonel Price followed them to Taos, which they abandoned on his approach, and took refuge at the Indian village of Pueblo de Taos, a short distance off.

This was a strongly fortified post. The key to it was a church, and two pyramidal structures, seven or eight stories high, each story being pierced for rifles. The whole was surrounded by a wall pierced in like manner. On the 3rd of February the siege began by a cannonade on the part of the Americans, which, however, for want of ammunition, was soon intermitted. But on the 4th, Colonel Price advanced to the attack, determined to conquer or perish. His force was four hundred and fifty; that of the enemy six hundred. After battering the walls for two hours, Price ordered an assault on the church, which was repulsed, Captain Burgwin being mortally wounded. As yet there was no practicable breach, but ladders being planted, the men dauntlessly cut small holes with their axes and threw fire into the edifice. The six-pounder was, at last, run up

within sixty yards, and a gap made. Through this a load of grape was discharged into the church. The smoke had not yet blown off, and the shrieks of the wounded were still heard, when Lieutenant Dyer, springing to the front, called on the stormers to follow him, and plunged into the abyss. The enemy now abandoned the church, pursued by the victors, who massacred all they overtook. Night fell,

BATTLE OF PUEBLO DE TOAS.

and checked the effusion of blood. In the morning the Mexicans sued for mercy: and the insurrection was at an end. The loss of the enemy at Pueblo de Taos was one hundred and fifty killed: that of the Americans seven killed, and forty-five wounded, of whom many subsequently died. This campaign lasted nineteen days; and during the whole of it the snow was two feet deep, and the mountains almost impassable; yet the men bivouacked in the open air. Colonel Price, for his skill and gallantry, was subsequently made a Brigadier.

We must now turn to California, whither we left General Kearney proceeding; but where he found, on his arrival, the province conquered to his hand. This had been effected principally by Captain

Fremont, of the topographical corps of engineers. That gentleman, already distinguished by his explorations on the great western waters, had left the United States in the autumn of 1845, to seek a new route to Oregon, more southerly, and therefore less inclement than that usually followed by emigrants. He pursued his journey without molestation, until he arrived near Monterey, in California, towards the close of January, 1847. His appearance aroused the suspicions of the Commandant, De Castro, to allay which Fremont left his men a hundred miles behind and paid a personal visit to this official. The Commandant pretended to be satisfied with his explanations, whereupon he returned to his party and advanced to within thirty miles of Monterey. Here, however, he was warned by the American Consul at that post, that De Castro was preparing an armed force to capture him. He immediately seized a strong position on the summit of the Sierra, hoisted the flag of the United States, and prepared to immolate himself with his companions. But De Castro, after reconnoitreing his position, declined to attack him, on which Fremont marched out of his camp and took the route for Oregon. The Commandant now occupied the deserted post, boasting that he had put the Americans to flight.

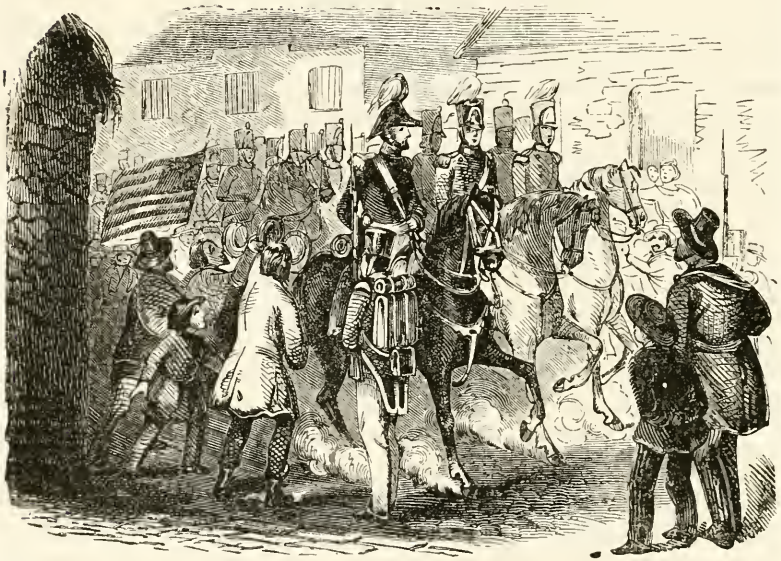
Fremont left his camp on the 10th of March, and, moving by slow marches, by the 14th of May had reached the Great Tlamath Lake. Here, to his surprise, he found himself and party surrounded with hostile Indians; while in front rose the Sierra Nevada, still covered with the snows of winter. These obstacles induced him to retrace his steps. His return was opportune, for De Castro had resolved to attack the American settlers, a fact which assisted Fremont in forming his resolution to return. He immediately resolved to protect his countrymen, and even to retaliate, by seizing the government. His whole force, when he formed this bold design, consisted of only sixty-two men. He was ignorant also that war had broken out between the United States and Mexico. On the 15th of June he surprised and took the military post of Sonoma, capturing, as part of the spoils, nine cannon and two hundred and fifty stand of arms. Hurrying to the Rio de los Americanos to obtain recruits, he heard that De Castro was about to attack Sonoma, where he had left a garrison of only fourteen men. He immediately started to its relief, with ninety mounted riflemen, and riding night and day, reached it in less than thirty-six hours. He was not a minute too soon. The vanguard of the enemy, consisting of seventy dragoons, under De la Torre, had already crossed the bay, but the riflemen charging furiously, the Mexicans were defeated, with a loss of

twenty. Meantime, two of Fremont's men, sent as an express, had been captured by De la Torre, bound to trees, and cut to pieces with knives. To avenge this barbarous act, three of De la Torre's soldiers, who had been taken prisoners, were shot. The north side of the bay of San Francisco was now free from the foe. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, 1846, Fremont, assembling the Americans at Sonoma, recommended them to declare the independence of the country. His advice was followed; and in addition, war with Mexico was proclaimed. In the meantime, Congress having ordered a regiment of mounted riflemen to be raised, the President bestowed the Lieutenant-Colonelcy on Fremont. As yet, however, the conquest of California was unknown in the United States.

During these events Commodore Sloat, in command of the Pacific squadron had seized Monterey. News of this event flew through California and soon reached Fremont. He was now eager to pursue De Castro, who had fled south beyond Monterey, with a force of five hundred soldiers; and accordingly, leaving about fifty men in garrison, he started after the fugitive with one hundred and sixty mounted riflemen. When near Monterey, however, he received instructions to join Commodore Sloat, but, on his arrival, found that officer relieved by Commodore Stockton. The latter approved Freemont's pursuit of De Castro, and placed the sloop-of-war Cyane at his service, that he might, by sailing down the coast, the more readily overtake the fugitive. Accordingly, on the 26th of July, he put to sea, with seventy marines added to his riflemen. His destination was San Diego, four hundred miles south of Monterey and one hundred below Pueblo de los Angelos, where De Castro was encamped; this port of debarkation being selected, as it placed Fremont in a position either to intercept the Mexican Governor, in case he fled towards Lower California, or to turn back on him if he remained at los Angelos, or in its vicinity. A few days after the departure of Fremont, Stockton sailed in the frigate Congress for the position of De Castro. The latter, hearing of the approach of the Americans, broke up his camp, and fled to Mexico. On the 13th of August, 1846, Stockton, having effected a junction with Fremont, entered los Angelos in triumph. Thus fell the capital of California. What romance excels the story of such a war?

Stockton now proceeded to declare California a territory of the United States, and to establish a provisional form of government, until the pleasure of Congress could be known. He proclaimed a tariff of duties, and established a tonnage tax on all foreign vessels. The people were ordered to meet on the 15th of September, and

elect officers to govern them under the new constitution. News of the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, hav-



TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO PUEBLO LOS ANGELOS.

ing arrived meantime, Stockton thought it necessary to leave California, in order to protect American vessels in the Pacific. He therefore ordered Fremont to increase his force to three hundred men, appointing that officer Governor, after which he withdrew, with the squadron, to San Francisco. A garrison of fifty men was left at los Angelos, and smaller garrisons at Santa Barbara and San Diego. But the American leaders had been in error, as events soon proved, when they supposed that California was not only overrun, but subdued. Scarcely had Fremont and Stockton left los Angelos, when the people rose in insurrection, and compelled the garrison there to evacuate the place and sail for Monterey. The news of the rising flew through the country, and was eagerly welcomed by the Mexicans, so that, in a few days, the whole province south of Monterey blazed with war.

Stockton, on learning these reverses, lost no time in retracing his steps. The frigate Savannah was despatched to los Angelos; and her crew, landing at San Pedro, marched immediately on the capital. About fifteen miles from the ship, however, they met a superior force of the foe, and were compelled to retreat, with the loss of five killed. Stockton, in person, now hastened to San Pedro in the frigate Congress, and landing, moved on los Angelos, dragging six of the ship's guns. He met the enemy at the Rancho Seputrida, when a few rounds of grape and cannister won the day, the Mexicans leaving one hundred dead on the field. The enemy was still unsubdued, however, and the war continued in a succession of skirmishes. At last, two decisive battles were fought on the 8th and 9th of January, 1847, the enemy being routed on both occasions. The loss of the Americans was twenty killed; that of the enemy eighty. Flores, the defeated General, flying from the field, met Fremont advancing to reinforce Stockton, and immediately seized the occasion to make a capitulation with the former. The Commodore afterwards ratified the compact, though he had before refused to treat with Flores, proclaiming him an outlaw, who had broken his parole, and whom on capturing he should shoot.

Meantime, General Kearney had arrived in California. We left him traversing the lonely and desolate wastes that lie between the Rio Colorado and the Pacific. He had journeyed for eleven days, when he met an express bearing intelligence to the United States of the conquest of California by Freemont and Stockton. Dismissing two hundred of his dragoons, he continued his route with the other one hundred, and two mountain howitzers. On the 20th of October he reached the Gilas. This river is bounded by a range of lofty mountains, at the foot of which Kearney travelled for nearly five hundred miles, until, on the second of November, he gained its mouth. He now followed the course of the Colorado for forty miles, when he turned off and crossed a desert, destitute of grass or water, for sixty miles. On the second of December he reached the frontier settlement of California, on the route leading to Senora. Three days after, he was met by an express, bringing intelligence from Stockton of the insurrection, and informing him of the force and position of the enemy. The following day he encountered a party of Mexicans one hundred and sixty strong, whom he defeated, though not without the loss of three of his officers. On the 11th, five days after this battle, he was joined by a reinforcement, despatched by Stockton to his aid. Subsequently, in the battles of the 8th and 9th of January, 1847, his, and Stockton's combined forces, permanently crushed the insurgents.

The arrival of General Kearney, however, soon led to discord in the American camp, for, producing his commission, he claimed to be Governor of California. But this demand Stockton and Fremont resisted, alleging that the commission would never have been granted if the President had known of the conquest. The difficulty was at last terminated by the arrival of Commodore Shubrick, who outranked Stockton, and who, favoring General Kearney, transferred the office of Governor from Fremont to him. The affair, unfortunately did not terminate here, for Fremont, for charges preferred by General Kearney, was, on his return to the United States, tried by a court-martial, and ordered to be dismissed the service. The President, however, in consideration of the circumstances, remitted the punishment. But Fremont declaring that he had done nothing to warrant the sentence of the court, refused to accept the mercy of the executive, and resigned his Lieutenant-Colonelcy.

Kearney continued in California until the 31st of May, 1847, when, leaving Colonel Mason of the first dragoons, as Governor, he returned to the United States. Mason had heen sent out to California on the 5th of November, 1846, with instructions to Stockton to relinquish to him the control of the land operations. Nor was this the only measure taken by the government of the United States to assert its right over California, and show its secret design, if possible, to retain that important province in the event of a peace. Simultaneously, with the concentration at Fort Leavenworth of the forces destined to act against New Mexico, a regiment of volunteers was raised in the city of New York, under Colonel Stevenson, and embarked for California, it being the intention of the government to have them in the Pacific in time to co-operate with Kearney on his arrival there from Santa Fe. Such men only were enlisted for this regiment as would be likely to remain in California at the close of the war.

Thus the policy of the government provided a body of robust and adventurous men, who, like the military colonists of ancient Rome, or the pirates of Scandinavia, went forth to settle on the lands they conquered. The peace accordingly found them in California, where, with those who, principally Mormons, for the three preceding years, had emigrated thither, they form the nucleus of a mighty Anglo-American population on the shores of the Pacific. Perhaps, in the revolution of human affairs, the posterity of these adventurers on a distant shore, may become the merchant princes who shall monopolize the trade of the Indies, and rival the Medici in the days of their glory.

LANDING OF TROOPS AT VERA CRUZ

BOOK IV.

ADVANCE ON THE CAPITAL.

IT had been the belief of the United States government, and the opinion was very generally shared by the people, that a few decisive defeats would induce the Mexicans to sue for peace. This impression was soon found to be erroneous. Accordingly, after the fall of Monterey, it was resolved to carry the war into the heart of Mexico, and dictate terms of pacification in the capital itself. Two routes of approach to the ancient city of the Montezumas lay open to an invader; the one through Monterey, Saltillo, and San Luis Potosi, and the

other by way of Vera Cruz and Puebla. The former had the advantage of being already in part, in our possession, but was made objectionable by its extreme length, and by the vast deserts which it would be necessary to cross. The latter was both shorter and more easily traversed, but the key to this route was Vera Cruz, and therefore the capture of that place was an indispensable preliminary. After mature consideration, the government resolved, however, to attempt the shorter route, and accordingly began to prepare, with great energy, for an expedition against Vera Cruz. To the command of this important enterprise it appointed General Scott.

This officer was at the head of the army, and distinguished not less for his military skill than for his energy and courage. When the war broke out, he had desired to take the post to which his rank entitled him, and lead the soldiers of the United States, in person, on the Rio Grande. At first the government had yielded to his wish. Accordingly, Scott had made every preparation to leave Washington, when an unfortunate difference arose between him and the executive, which led to his being ordered to remain at home. But even while his services in the field were thus dispensed with, the government availed itself of his practical knowledge and untiring zeal, in mustering into the service and despatching to the seat of war the regiments of volunteers authorized by the act of the 10th of May. His appointment to the command of the expedition against Vera Cruz, was hailed with applause by the country. The memory of his dashing achievements in the war of 1812, inspired a general confidence in the success of whatever he would now undertake. Scott himself was sanguine of achieving great deeds. His only regret was, that in order to execute his plans, it would be necessary to deprive Taylor of part of his regulars; but he threw himself on the patriotism of his friend, and with a prophetic exhiliration, wrote that he hoped they would meet somewhere in the interior of Mexico.

Scott sailed from New York on the 30th of November, 1846, and arrived at the Rio Grande on the 1st of January, 1847. He here found that the twelve thousand men whom he deemed necessary to secure his success, could not be obtained, unless he deprived Taylor of more soldiers than had been at first intended; accordingly, he ordered up Worth from Saltillo with his division of regulars, in addition to Twiggs, Patterson, Quitman and Pillow, who were already awaiting him at Victoria, or in its vicinity. Having completed all the requisite preparations, he concentrated his army at the island of Lobos, and embarked them on board one hundred transports for

Antonio Lizardo, where they arrived on the 7th of March. The General, in company with Commodore Connor, the commander of the gulf fleet, immediately made a reconnoisance of the coast, and decided to land on the beach due west of the island of Sacrificos. The debarkation was effected on the 9th, and rarely has a more splendid spectacle been witnessed; never, indeed, in this hemisphere. The day was cloudless. A fresh, yet gentle breeze roughened the Gulf, and cleared off the haze of the atmosphere. As the comparatively small fleet in which the soldiers had been crowded for the occasion, stood in towards Sacrificos, the rigging of the ships left behind, and of all the foreign vessels, was thronged with spectators. The different craft came gallantly to the anchorages assigned them. Instantly, as if by magic, the surf boats were seen to dot the water, and the troops to descend into them. In a few minutes, four thousand five hundred men were distributed in sixty-seven of these conveyances. In the interval, the steamers and gun-boats had stood close in to the shore, to cover the landing, in case the enemy, as expected, should show himself on the sand hills. As the boats severally received their complement, they ranged themselves in a line abreast, awaiting the signal to start. It was an exciting moment. Behind them was the fleet, alive with lookers on; to their right, the city of Vera Cruz, its steeples filled with eager crowds; and far, in the same direction, the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, frowning with its hundred embrasures on the scene. Suddenly a gun boomed across the expectant silence. The rowers bent to their oars. The line of boats shot forward; and after a few minutes of breathless suspense, entered the boiling surf. They rose and fell for a second, apparently in wild disorder; the next moment the men were seen leaping into the water, and rushing to the shore. No enemy had yet appeared, but Worth, who led the advance, formed his men promptly on the beach, and as the sun went down, the flag of the United States was hoisted, amid the huzzas of army and fleet. The landing continued until ten o'clock, the boats making successive trips, and by that hour ten thousand men had been debarked. That night the Americans bivouacked on the sand. The Mexicans still made no demonstrations of attack, but hovered in flying parties around, occasionally, through the night, waking the invaders by a desultory volley.

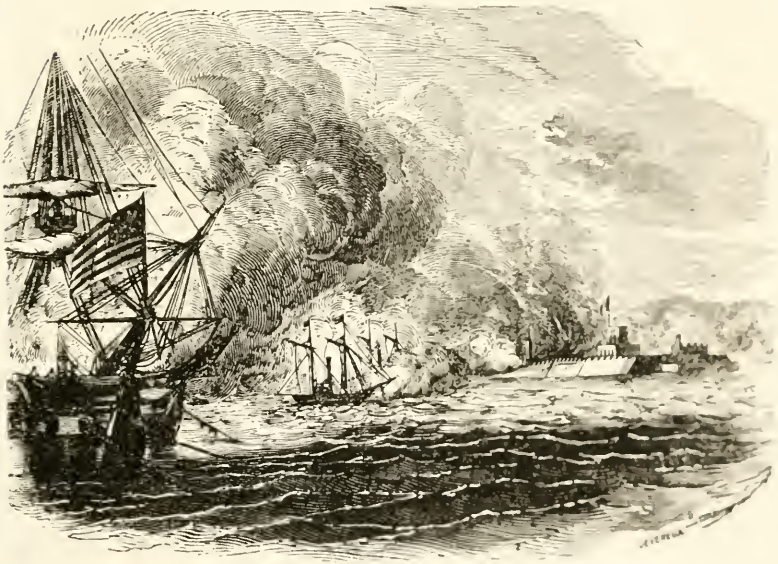
The city of Vera Cruz contains one thousand and sixty-three houses, and is surrounded with an old castellated wall. Its population, at this time, was seven thousand. In itself it was a place of considerable strength, but was rendered more impregnable by the

vicinity of the Castle of San Juan, the most celebrated of all American fortresses. This stronghold is situated on a bar in front of the town, at the distance of one thousand and sixty-two yards, and is entirely surrounded with water. It was commenced in the year 1582, and cost fifty millions of dollars to construct. It was the last possession held by the Spaniards in Mexico, having remained in their keeping long after every foot of soil had been vanquished by the insurgents. It had been taken by the French in 1838, in consequence of an explosion in the magazine, but since that period had been repaired, and its equipment of artillery pieces rendered more complete. It was said, however, as subsequent events verified, to be short of provisions. The attempt to capture such a fortress and the city over which it kept zealous guard, was a bold undertaking, especially for troops unused to sieges. But the genius of Scott made up for all.

At sunrise, the steamer Spitfire ran in towards the castle, and commenced a bombardment, which was returned with spirit. The troops on shore soon after began to advance towards the town, and form lines around it, amid the hissing of round shot and the roar of gigantic shells from the Castle. Every corps had been assigned its particular station, and now each took up the designated spot, the whole army executing its manœuvres as orderly and quietly as if at a morning drill. By the 12th, the investment was complete. The lines of siege extended for five miles. During this proceeding, and until the 17th, one of the terrible hurricanes of that coast, the well known "northers," prevailed, and the men frequently woke at night with the tent prostrated, and themselves buried under the ruins. During the day, the sand raised in huge drifts, traversed the plains like a simoom, and the soldiers were driven to find protection under the shelter of the chapparal. At last the storm abated. The heavy ordnance was now, for the first time, landed. On the following day the trenches were opened. On the 22d, seven mortars were placed in battery, at a distance of eight hundred yards. Scott summoned the city, on this, in due form. Morales, who was Governor of the Castle, as well as the town, took the summons as intended for both, and declined. The batteries accordingly opened, and soon the sky was traversed by bombs, which, crossing each other, incessantly darkened the sun.

The siege was now pushed with the greatest vigor. Colonel Totten of the engineers, superintended the advances, and never, perhaps, was such skill seconded so bravely. Scott rode daringly along the lines, examining the progress, and inspiring the men. By the 25th,

the batteries had been increased to ten heavy guns, nine mortars and two howitzers. The bombardment was now at its height. Indeed, since the 22nd, it had been terrible. The incessant thunder of the artillery; the whizzing of bombs; the plunging of round shot in the streets of the city; the crash of falling houses; and the roar of conflagrations from buildings set on fire by shells, conspired to produce a scene of the most awful yet sublime character. The American ships, meantime, kept up a tremendous fire on the town and castle. But that fortress, mindful of its former glory, maintained the combat without flinching. Firing on the fleet from its sea-front, and on the army from its land-side, it blazed a centre of continual flame. Night



BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

added new terrors to the scene. The darkened sky was brilliant with burning houses in the city; while bombs, whizzing and whirling on high, tracked the heavens with a hundred trails of fire. The shells of the castle were gigantic ones, thirteen inches in diameter, and traversed the air with a hum which filled all space. The troops gazed with awe on these terrible missiles, which, when they exploded, tore up the earth like a volcano. Each bomb that fell without injur-

ing any one, was received with huzzas. And then, in stern and ominous silence, the artillerists resumed the work of death.

By the evening of the 25th, the town had become so untenable, that the European Consuls in Vera Cruz applied to Scott to allow them, with the women and children, to leave the crumbling town. But this the American General refused, alleging that he had given due notice of his intention to bombard the city, and that those who remained in defiance of this, had no claim on him to stop the siege in order that they might be removed from peril. He stated that safeguards had been sent to the Consuls, of which they had refused to avail themselves; that the blockade had been left open for the Consuls and neutrals up to the 22nd; and that the case of the women and children, with their present unavoidable hardships, had been fully considered before a gun was fired. The decision was just, though distressing. The memorial of the Consuls betrayed that the city was half in ruins. This, indeed, could be seen partially from the batteries. The siege, it was evident, approached its end. All that night accordingly the bombardment went on with increased vigor. There were few sleepers either in the castle or in the lines. In the city, women rushed through the streets, frantically dragging their children, in vain seeking shelter, for the houses were crashing all around them. Some who remained at home were buried by falling ruins; others who fled to the church were driven out by the crumbling of the dome; and still others, who thought to find safety in deep cellars, were killed by shells, that plunging through roof and floor, exploded at last in these recesses under ground. The fury of the bombardment may be estimated from the fact, that during the siege the Americans alone consumed three thousand ten-inch shells, twenty-five hundred round shot, one thousand Paixhan shot, and two hundred howitzer shells.

On the morning of the 26th, Scott received a flag of truce, making overtures for a surrender. Generals Worth and Pillow, and Colonel Totten were accordingly appointed commissioners to treat with the Mexican General Landero, on whom Morales, the Governor of the castle, had devolved this painful duty. The American General was not disposed to press hard on a fallen foe, and accordingly the terms were soon arranged. The articles were signed and exchanged late on the night of the 27th. By them the city and castle were surrendered to the Americans, with five thousand soldiers, who became prisoners on parole; all the arms and ammunition were given up to the conquerors, besides five hundred pieces of artillery: the garrison was, however, permitted to march out with the honors of war,

and the flags of the Mexican fort on being struck, were to be saluted by their own guns. On the 29th, accordingly, the enemy left the city, and laid down his arms in the presence of the Americans. It was a glorious day for the latter. The victors were drawn up in two lines, facing inwards, a mile in extent, and between these lines marched the dejected enemy to the field selected to receive his arms. Women and children accompanied the retiring soldiers, almost staggering under the heavy burdens they carried. The sight saddened for awhile, even the conquerors. But all melancholy thoughts were dissipated when the time arrived to take possession of the city and castle. This was done by a part of Worth's division, which entered the town with colors flying, and the bands playing national airs; while Worth himself, surrounded by a splendid staff, rode at the head, conspicuous for his gallant bearing. As the troops advanced, they saw fallen houses, blackened walls, and streets half choked with ruins—terrible signs of the extremities to which the place had been reduced. When the flag of the United States was run up, the air echoed with vollies of artillery, and as these died off, the clang of triumphant music rose to the sky, mingled with ten thousand huzzas.

The loss of the Americans in this siege was slight: ten officers killed, and several private soldiers. The exact loss of the enemy has never been known; but whatever it was, it fell chiefly among non-combatants. It has been said that the castle surrendered too soon. Though it might have held out a few days longer, it must ultimately have fallen, in consequence of its garrison being short of provisions; and its Governor acted humanely, if not wisely, therefore, in capitulating. The whole siege is a monument of the skill and valor of an American army. From the landing on the beach, up to the complete investment of the city, the invaders labored under unusual difficulties. Destitute of mules or draught horses, the men were forced to drag their provisions, and even the munitions of war, and this under a tropical sun, and over the loose sands of a seashore. For seven days the batteries of the enemy played on the Americans, without the latter being able to return a shot. The city and castle, with garrisons of five thousand men, were finally compelled to surrender, with the loss of less than a dozen lives to the victors. An achievement so brilliant, and won almost solely by the resources of science, placed Scott in the foremost rank of military commanders.

Worth was appointed Governor of the captured city. The desire of the Commander-in-chief was to advance immediately into the in-

terior, at the head of a column eight thousand strong; but he was compelled to delay for a fortnight, awaiting the arrival of wagons from the United States. At last, on the 8th of April, the van of the army, which consisted of Twiggs' division, began its march. The other divisions followed rapidly. The route pursued was the great highway to the capital, constructed by the Mexican merchants before the revolution, but since broken up in many places and left without repair. At the distance of a day's ride from Vera Cruz, this road crossed an immense stone bridge, known as the Puente National: and here it was expected that the enemy's army, which was advancing from the capital, would make a stand. This post, which might have been rendered the Thermopylæ of Mexico, was left undefended; and being immediately occupied by the invaders, opened to them a direct highway to the interior. The march of the troops after the third day, when they left the plains, was through some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. The road rose gradually, winding along the side of the mountains. High cliffs ascended on either hand; deep abysses yawned below; and far in the distance, inland, Orizaba towered eighteen thousand feet above the sea. The stifling atmosphere of the low sandy plains around Vera Cruz disappeared, and with it all fear of the vomito. Tropical plants began to be scarce, and the well known vegetation of the temperate latitudes to supply their place. Mountain torrents leaped from the rocks and roared into the ravines below. These delightful visions increased in frequency as the army advanced, until at Xalapa, seventy miles from Vera Cruz, and at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea, the invaders reached the most beautiful point of their march, and rested in what is literally the garden of the world.

Before advancing into this higher country, however, and immediately on leaving the plains, the Americans met and defeated the enemy at Cerro Gordo, a strong position, forty-five miles from Vera Cruz. Hither Santa Anna, after his defeat at Buena Vista, traversing the intermediate country with great rapidity, had arrived in the early part of April, with an army of fifteen thousand men. The highway winding along the face of the mountain, is commanded by numerous elevations, rising one above another; Cerro Gordo with its tower at the further extremity, overlooking all. At every favorable point Santa Anna had constructed batteries. Twiggs arrived in front of this apparently impregnable position, and made a reconnoisance, on the 12th of April. He had determined to attack on the following morning, but Patterson coming up in the interval, the latter concluded to await the approach of Scott. The Commander-

in-chief made a new reconnoisance, and discovering that an assault in front would only lead to useless sacrifice of life, determined, if practicable, to turn the enemy's position, by cutting a road to his right, which should wind around the base of Cerro Gordo, and debouch into the national road in the rear of the enemy. Accordingly, on the 14th, this laborious undertaking was begun. The route was nearly completed, when, on the 17th, the Mexicans discovered it, and immediately opened a tremendous fire of grape and musketry on the working parties. Twiggs now seized a hill just below Cerro Gordo, which not only commanded the new road, but all the Mexican batteries, except the great one erected on the key of their position. That night, as soon as darkness had closed in, a thousand men from his division were detailed to drag a twenty-four pound gun, and two twenty-four pound howitzers up this almost precipitous hill; a task which they performed, after eight hours of incessant labor. When morning dawned, the adventurous Americans, who had sunk exhausted to slumber, were roused by the reveille in the neighboring fort at Cerro Gordo, and cutting away the brushwood which concealed their battery, suddenly presented themselves to the astonished Mexicans. At the same instant they opened a heavy fire on all the enemy's batteries; and, as the stunning reverberations echoed through the mountains, their companions in arms below, who had only awaited this signal, advanced to execute the several parts assigned them in the approaching battle.

The evening before, in anticipation of fortifying this height, Scott had completed his plan of attack, and issued it in an order, breathing such calm confidence in victory as since to have become a model in war. To Pillow, at the head of the volunteers, was delegated the task of moving in front of the enemy along the national road, and attacking the batteries there, endeavor to pierce the Mexican line of battle. Twiggs, with his division of regulars, was ordered to proceed along the road cut to the right, storm Cerro Gordo, and get into the enemy's rear. He was to be supported in this movement by Shields, at the head of two volunteer regiments, while Worth, with his division, acting as a reserve, was to follow the same route. No sooner, however, was Twiggs seen advancing, than the Mexicans opened a plunging fire on him from Cerro Gordo. Colonel Harney was promptly ordered to carry that position. At the head of the rifles, the first artillery, and the seventh infantry, that heroic officer rushed forward and began to ascend the long and difficult slope of the hill, in the face of a tremendous fire of artillery in front, and a rolling one of musketry on the flanks. The ascent was

so precipitous that the men had to climb; but they struggled on, defended only by the steepness of the hill. The front ranks melted away under the awful fire, but the place of the fallen was immedi-

STORMING OF CERRO GORDO.

ately filled, and the solid column rolling onwards and upwards, surmounted the hill, and poured its resistless surge over the ramparts. As the Americans reached this point, they raised a shout, and rushed on the foe with the bayonet. Vasquez, the Mexican General, fell bravely fighting at the head of his men. Then panic seized the enemy. The flags of the first and seventh infantry were already planted on the ramparts. Serjeant Henry, plunging through the smoke, reached the great flag-staff, and hurled down the standard of Mexico. At the same time a neighboring ascent was gallantly carried by the first and second infantry and fourth artillery. The sight, seen over the field of battle, was hailed with tempestuous shouts, and announced the victory won.

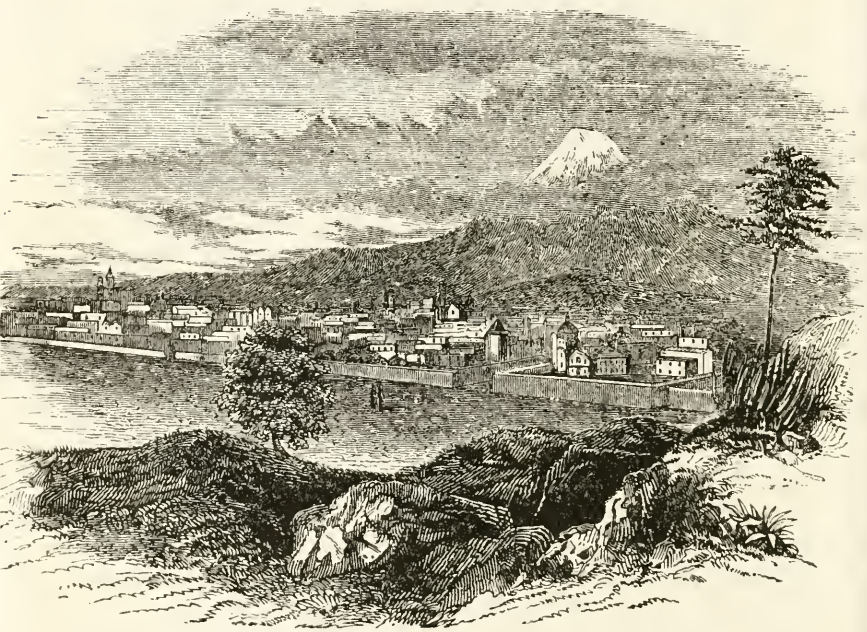
Pillow's attack in front had proved unsuccessful, though his troops fought valiantly; but courage cannot always avail; the defences of the foe were too strong, and the day went against our men. However, the corps of General La Vega, three thousand strong, which

Santa Anna had confided the defence of the lower batteries, was kept employed until Cerro Gordo was won; and then, finding himself cut off, this brave officer surrendered with his troops. Meantime, Shields, at the head of his volunteers, had passed Cerro Gordo during the assault, and pushed rapidly forward towards Xalapa, in order to prevent the escape of Santa Anna. But the Mexican Commander-in-chief, when the assault of Cerro Gordo began, believing the day lost, had fled from the field, and was soon followed by most of his army, to the number of eight thousand. Shields, finding a fort in front, stormed it, and fell, shot through the lungs; but the place was captured, and his troops swept onwards, no longer opposed, in pursuit of the fugitives. Shouts of victory now rose on every hand. Worth, coming up with the reserves, passed the comparatively exhausted troops of Twiggs; and pressed foremost in the chase, not stopping until within sight of Xalapa. The next day the road was seen strewed, for miles, with the dead bodies of the Mexican lancers, who had been sabred by Harney's dragoons.

The spoils of this victory were immense. Five Generals; a vast number of inferior officers; three thousand soldiers; innumerable small arms; forty-three pieces of cannon, and the private carriage of Santa Anna were among them. Scott, indeed, was embarrassed with the magnitude of the booty, for he was without the means of transporting it. He, therefore, buried the small arms. The prisoners he paroled, not having provisions for them. The Americans lost in this battle, two hundred and fifty killed and wounded; among the latter, Captain Mason and Lieutenant Ewell, both mortally. The Mexicans lost three hundred and fifty, exclusive of those who perished in the flight, the number of whom has never been known. Not a man in the American army disgraced himself in this encounter; but all behaved courageously, and many like heroes. Scott rode forward to watch the assault on Cerro Gordo, and stood under a canopy of cannon-balls until it was carried. Twiggs covered himself with glory, as did also his subordinates, Harney, Plympton, Loring and Alexander.

By this great victory the road to the valley of Mexico was laid open. Xalapa was entered on the 19th, two days after the battle. The Mexicans, panic-struck, hastened to abandon the strong position of La Hoya. On the 22d, Worth, occupied with his division, the castle and town of Perote, and here became possessed of fifty-four pieces of cannon and mortars, eleven thousand cannon balls, fourteen thousand bombs, and five hundred muskets. Pushing on, after a short delay, he reached Puebla on the 15th of May, encoun-

tering scarcely any opposition. This city stands at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea, and is but seventy-six miles from the capital. It contains a population of eighty thousand souls, abounds with rich churches and monasteries, and was formerly considered one of the wealthiest places, for its size, on the globe. The invaders were now on the great central plateau of Mexico. Their road from Vera Cruz, until within a few miles of Puebla, had been sterile, little vegetation beside the cactus being seen, except in the valley of



PUEBLA.

Xalapa; but now cultivated fields spread around them, and suddenly, at a turn of the road, Puebla flashed upon the sight. In the clear atmosphere of that elevated region, it looked like some magic town, its lofty houses and splendid churches gleaming out with a brilliancy unknown in the northern latitudes; while the amphitheatre of mountains which encircled the valley in the midst of which it stood, formed a majestic background, with Popocatepetl, the giant of the Corderillas, keeping guard over the entrance to the great valley of Mexico beyond. The troops, cheered by the sight, hastened on, and

about noon their van entered the city. The windows were crowded as the conquerors advanced to the great square, where the soldiers piled their arms, and slept that night securely, though in the midst of a city, one half of whose male population exceeded the whole force of the invaders. Thus, in two months, had the Americans conquered Vera Cruz, opened the road to the great plateau, and gained a position on the very threshold of the capital. During this time they had taken ten thousand prisoners, seven hundred cannon, ten thousand stand of arms, many colors of the enemy, and almost innumerable stores of shells and shot. These things had been achieved with an army never more than fourteen thousand strong, but now reduced by various causes, to forty-three hundred effective men. There is not, in modern history, a campaign to compare with this, unless it be that of Austerlitz!

There was now a pause in active operations, the army remaining in Puebla from the 17th of May to the 7th of August. The reasons for this halt were two-fold. In the first place, the United States indulged a hope of peace, and had sent out Mr. Trist, Chief Clerk of the State Department, to negotiate one. He arrived at Xalapa as Scott was about advancing to Puebla, and immediately endeavored to operate on the enemy. But he met with no success, though Scott, to conciliate the foe, had issued a proclamation from Xalapa, exposing to the Mexicans the rapacity of their rulers, and their slight hope of success in this war, at the same time recalling to their mind the generous conduct of the Americans in sparing their churches, public edifices, and private property, a behavior which showed their earnest desire for an honorable peace. The second reason for Scott's delay at Puebla, was the inefficiency of his force. Owing to sickness, death, the discharge of volunteers, and the necessity of leaving garrisons at Xalapa and other places, his army had dwindled down, so that he could not muster more than five thousand effective men at Puebla on the 1st of June. The discharge of the twelve months volunteers had especially reduced his numerical force. These men had been called out in May and June, 1846, under the act authorising the President to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers for one year. Several regiments of these being in Scott's army, the time for their discharge happened just as he expected to march from Puebla. He resolved accordingly to await reinforcements. Meantime, the government at home had at last become awake to the necessity of throwing more men into Mexico, and accordingly, a bill for the enlistment of ten regiments, to serve during the war, had passed both houses of Congress, and been signed by

the President. The new levies, as fast as raised, were despatched to the seat of war. Fresh volunteer regiments were also called out. But these steps had been delayed too long, and it was three months before Scott was in a condition to advance. The interval, he employed, however, in drilling his little army more effectually, so that before he left Puebla, the volunteers had attained nearly the precision of veterans, and the whole formed a body of troops, never, perhaps, surpassed in discipline, courage, and intelligence. The officers, with few exceptions, had been instructed at West Point, and were capable, from the lowest to the highest, of directing a brigade, as well as leading a company. All were heroes. With such an army, if increased in numbers, nothing was impossible.

Soon after Scott arrived at Puebla, the garrison at Xalapa was broken up; the army not being in sufficient force to spare so large a detachment. Perote was now made a depot. This left the line of communication without defence. The American Commander thus found himself in the heart of an enemy's country, cut off entirely from his base, and surrounded by a hostile population. Modern warfare furnishes no parallel to this. Napoleon, when he advanced on Russia, kept open his connexions with the Rhine, by a continuous chain of garrisoned posts. Wellington, in his operations in Spain, never lost sight of the lines of Torres Vedras, which he constituted the pivot of his operations. There is no rule of the military art more inflexible, than that a General should never advance without providing a means of retreat; yet this rule Scott daringly violated. The result proved his sagacity. Indeed, the boldness of his attitude was a chief source of his safety. The enemy were confounded at the hardihood of the General, and the confidence of the troops, who thus, as it were, hurled the gauntlet of defiance to all Mexico. But the measure, bold as it was, would never have been adopted, but from imperative necessity. If Scott had attempted to garrison Xalapa, and other places, he would have had no troops left for Puebla. He had to choose, therefore, between abandoning that post or his present one. He wisely determined on the former.

Meantime, supplies and reinforcements for our army were pouring into Mexico. The spirit of the people had become aroused, and whatever their differences of opinion as to the origin of the war, all parties united, with general unanimity, to support the Commander-in-chief, and enable him to advance on the capital. The sentiment in favor of a vigorous prosecution of hostilities, was the more diffused, because it was believed that the fall of Mexico would lead to a speedy peace. The route between Vera Cruz and Puebla, was

now, however, infested with guerillas, a species of volunteer force, who paid little attention to the laws of war; sought plunder chiefly; and frequently turned their arms against their own countrymen. On the 5th of May, a large train started from Vera Cruz, under the escort of Colonel McIntosh, at the head of eight hundred men. At the Passo de Ovejas, it was attacked by a party of guerillas, who cut off thirty wagons and two hundred mules. The Americans made a gallant resistance, though overpowered, and lost thirty men, killed and wounded. On the 10th of May, General Cadwalader marched to the relief of Colonel McIntosh, with six howitzers, and six hundred men, the latter, chiefly voltiguers, of the new levies. A junction was made, and the detachment, now fourteen hundred strong, completed the route to Puebla, in safety. Other trains rapidly followed. On the 17th of May, General Pillow left Vera Cruz, with one thousand men, and succeeded in safely reaching the main army. Early in August, General Pierce, at the head of twenty-five hundred new recruits, joined the Commander-in-chief. Scott's forces, by these accessions, being augmented to eleven thousand available men, he resolved, on the 7th of August, to advance on the capital. Every heart beat high with hope at the order to march; and visions of glory to be won, danced before the imagination.

On leaving Puebla, the road gradually ascended toward the Sierra Nevada. To the south was seen Popocatepti, its lower sides belted with dark pine forests, while its cone shot far into the transparent ether, clothed in its winding sheet of everlasting snows. On the north, rose Iztaccithuatl, its gigantic rival. Immense farms, covered with grazing herds, and long fields, nodding with grain, attested the richness of the valley of Puebla. As the mountains drew nearer, the signs of cultivation disappeared. Dark forests spread out on every side a sea of foliage. For three days the soldiers toiled through this region. Hill after hill rose before them, each promising to be the last, yet each, when surmounted, revealing still another in front. Cold blasts sweeping down from the neighboring mountains, reminded the troops of the inclement winters of their northern clime. At last, after winding up a long acclivity, and descending on the other side, they reached the pass of Rio Frio, where it was said the enemy had determined to make a stand, but no signs of a foe being visible, the army plunged boldly into the ravine. Trunks of trees, piled one above another, betrayed, however, that the Mexicans had not been without thoughts of defence. As the troops defiled through the narrow pass, and looked up at the gigantic craggs beetling overhead, they involuntarily quickened

their steps, lest some secret foe should be lurking up among the rocks, ready to bury whole battalions under the loosened fragments of the mountain. Having securely passed this lonely ravine, they began to think they were approaching the end of their toils. The road now ascended, by a series of short windings, through the pine woods, and finally came out on an almost level table land, over which the troops advanced for some hours, catching glimpses, occasionally, of a distant horizon to the west, apparently as interminable as the ocean. At last, turning the edge of the Sierra, a vision, unrivalled for magnificence and beauty, suddenly burst upon them. In an instant fatigue and cold were forgotten in the enrapturing sight.

Two thousand feet below them lay the great valley of Mexico, its picturesque assemblage of forest, lake, village, and cultivated plain, gleaming out in the brilliant atmosphere, like some gorgeous panorama. For two hundred miles around this superb plain, stretched a barrier of stupendous mountains. Looking over this gigantic wall, fifty miles to the west, other, and more distant ranges appeared, and beyond these, still others, until the eye was fatigued by the immensity of the landscape. More immediately beneath, the spectators beheld village spires, lordly haciendas, and sheets of water shining in the sun, the whole chequered by vapors that moved in flying shadows above the plain. The gaze of the soldiers long wandered over this prospect. Far in the distance was seen the sacred hill of Chapultepec, with its white palace glancing out amid the dark grove of cypresses which still girdles it as in the days of Montezuma. There, too, was the once famed Lake Tezcuco, now dwindled to a marsh, its former bed glistening with incrustations of salt. And there, also, amid its green meadows, half screened by the sea of verdure that undulated around it, rose the capital, once the proud seat of mighty emperors, and still the boast of its citizens, and the wonder of the world. Turret, and spire, and pinnacle, white as the driven snow, soared to the sky; the great tower of the cathedral in the centre, like a planet amid her satellites. Surrounded by its silver lakes, nothing could be more beautiful than the capital. In the foreground, the spectators beheld forests of waving trees, until the view was closed by the rugged descent immediately at their feet. Yet all this grandeur and loveliness was not without its depressing influences, for the vast plain appeared destitute of life or motion; no sails whitened the lakes; no teams were seen afield; no smoke of factories curled to the sky. It seemed like some pageant raised by a magician's wand, a thing of mere air; or, if real, a valley of the dead.

The army now began its descent, and still following the national

road, encamped, at the end of the fourth day, at the little town of Ayotla, near Lake Chalco, fifteen miles from the capital. Here, the advance under Twiggs halted, in order that the rear, composed of the divisions of Worth, Pillow, and Quitman, might come up. The Commander-in-chief was present with the van, and immediately gave orders to reconnoitre the country. It was soon found that the direct road to the capital was commanded, at the distance of seven miles from the city, by a rocky eminence called El Pernon. This hill, inaccessible on one side by nature, had been rendered so on all others by art; fifty-one guns, of different calibres, had been mounted on it; and to complete its impregnable character, a ditch, twenty-four feet wide, and ten deep, had been cut around its foot. From El Pernon, to the city, the road was a causeway, surrounded by water. As this position could not be turned, it had to be carried by assault. It was estimated, however, that it would cost a loss of five thousand men to storm the place. Accordingly, Scott ordered a reconnoisance in a different direction. Another road, passing south of the great national one, was soon discovered; but this was also strongly fortified at Mexicalsingo, about five miles from the city. All the approaches to the capital by the usual route between Lakes Tezcuco and Chalco, being found thus impregnable, the plans of the General-in-chief, were, for awhile, at fault; and he was hesitating, whether or not, to advance upon Mexicalsingo, and fight his way along the causeway that leads between marshes from that point to the city, when an express arrived from the rear that a practicable route had been discovered toward the lower extremity of Lake Chalco, by which all the enemy's positions at both El Pernon and Mexicalsingo, might be avoided.

The merit of this discovery belongs, in part, to Worth. This latter officer had arrived, with his regulars, at Chalco, and receiving intelligence of the perplexity at head quarters, had thrown out examining parties in every direction. The result was, that around the lower extremity of Lake Chalco, a road was found, which, though exceedingly rugged, was still practicable, and which led into the great highway of Acapulco, that entered Mexico by its western gate. On the 14th, accordingly, the army was put in motion, retracing its steps for about ten miles, and then striking across the country nearly at right angles to its former course. By this change of route, Worth, who had been in the rear, was thrown into the advance, a position peculiarly congenial to his impetuous and daring soul. He discovered before he had marched five miles,

that the change of plan was already known to the Mexicans; for sharp-shooters began to show themselves on the crests on the hills, and once they attempted to block up the road by rolling down rocks. A few shot, however, dislodged the Mexicans, and then the way was soon made passable. The march, after being continued for twenty-seven miles, terminated at San Augustine, on the Acapulco road. Worth reached this place on the 13th, and, in a few hours, the other divisions of the army were within striking distance. Twiggs, with the rear, arrived on the 18th. He had not come, however, without molestation; for at Buena Vista, about three miles from Ayotla, his train had been attacked by a division of Mexican lancers and infantry. After a short skirmish, the assailants had been beaten off, and the rest of the route had been prosecuted without opposition.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Americans found the Acapulco road undefended. With consummate skill Santa Anna had prepared for every contingency. A line of fortifications, extending in a semi-circle around the city from Lake Tezcuco on the east, to the mountains on the west, constituted his exterior defences for the capital. The strongest of these posts, El Pernon and Mexicalsingo, were on that side where the enemy would be most likely to advance, and commanded the only available road by which Mexico could be entered on the south and east. But, though the cross-road from Chalco to the Acapulco road, was believed to be impracticable, Santa Anna had not forgotten the possibility that a movement might be made from this quarter, and accordingly had continued his line of defences across this highway, and westward to the mountains, thus covering every avenue of approach. The first of these posts, west of Lake Chalco, was Churubusco, a tete du point at the crossing of a canal armed with cannon. Still further to the west, was Contreras, a sharp hill, bristling with batteries and breastwork. In the route from Contreras, and within a mile of the city, was Chapultepec, a strongly fortified acclivity, on which was the military college. The whole of these defences mounted at least one hundred pieces of cannon, while the ground between them was either marshy or rough with volcanic remains, rendering the passage, unless along a few artificial causeways, almost impracticable, even for infantry. Behind this line of fortifications, Valencia manœuvred at the head of six thousand troops, while Santa Anna, with twenty-four thousand more, held himself within striking distance. To pierce such a line, and defeat such overwhelming numbers, would, under ordinary cir-

cumstances, have transcended possibility; but the American soldiers, fired by the example of their officers, believed that nothing was beyond their strength. Moreover, a noble emulation to surpass the glories of Buena Vista, was not without its influence.

Worth's division, on the 18th, left San Augustine, and proceeding along the Acapulco road, approached San Antonio, between two and three miles in the advance. A heavy fire on his van, by which Captain Thornton was killed, revealed that the village was held in force by the enemy. A reconnoisance soon proved that it would be impossible to carry it without immense slaughter. There was but one way to turn this position, and that was by crossing to the westward, where, at the distance of five miles, was a practicable route, leading into the rear of San Antonio. But the passage across the country was extremely rough, and considered impracticable for artillery; moreover, at the end, lay the hill of Contreras, which would have to be stormed before the desired road could be seized. Scott, however, determined on this movement. Pillow's division of volunteers was accordingly detailed on the contemplated route, to make a practicable road for heavy artillery. To cover this working party, the division of Twiggs was thrown forward in the same direction: it consisted of the two brigades of Smith and Riley, all veteran heroes. Each man carried his blanket on his shoulder, and two days provisions in his haversack. The troops started at 1, P. M., on the 19th, dragging Magruder's battery and the mountain howitzers.

The Americans had no idea of the strength of the defences at Contreras; what was their surprise, therefore, when, at the end of an hour's toilsome march, they reached the crest of a hill, and perceived, directly in front, the intrenchments of Valencia, bristling with twenty-two heavy cannon, and completely commanding the broken and rocky ground over which, with infinite labor, they were advancing. The road back of Contreras, which was the aim of the Americans, was in full sight, and was seen crowded with reinforcements, principally cavalry, hastening to the hill. As soon as the guns of Valencia were descried, the men lay down close, to avoid drawing their fire, while the battery moved past at full gallop. Just then General Smith showed himself in the front, and called to his own regiment, "Forward, rifles—to support the battery." The men, prompt to the voice of their leader, sprang up and advanced, regardless of the rocks, ditches, and patches of corn which obstructed their way, the enemy all the while maintaining an incessant fire. Over this broken ground, however, neither the men nor artillery could move with

much rapidity, and the latter was considerably injured before it arrived within range, which it did finally about 4, P. M. The Mexicans at once opened their whole battery, firing grape, cannister, and round shot with murderous precision and rapidity. For two hours, the Americans, with their three small guns, withstood the leaden hurricane. At every discharge the men threw themselves on the ground to avoid the tempest, and then sprang up and served the pieces. At the end of that time, having suffered terribly, the regiment was recalled. Meantime, in another part of the field, successive charges by the enemy's lancers had been made, but they were uniformly repelled by the rolling fire of the second infantry. The third acting as skirmishers, in another quarter, drove in the Mexicans. The whole action lasted about three hours. It closed without any decisive results for either side. The Americans had not carried their point, and may, therefore, be considered as defeated; but neither had they been routed; they still held their post in front of the foe, and resolved, on the next day, to make a new attempt. For this purpose Scott directed the troops to take up favorable positions during the night. Cadwalader was ordered to occupy the hamlet and church of Contreras, on the road leading from the capital to Valencia's camp, and this, with the design of cutting off reinforcements for the Mexicans. Lest a single brigade should not be sufficient, Shields was despatched to support Cadwalader. The brigades of Smith and Riley were posted in a narrow path, parallel to the main road, which brought them on the flank and rear of the enemy. The plan of the Commander-in-chief was that Smith and Riley should storm the hill of Contreras in the rear, on the succeeding day, while he should make a diversion in front, and Shields and Cadwalader should prevent reinforcements. Having completed these arrangements, Scott retired to head-quarters, and was followed by the other Major-Generals, leaving Smith in temporary command.

The night that followed was a dismal one. The rain descended in torrents; the ground was a stiff clay; and the brigades of Smith and Riley slept in the mire, many of the officers and men without blankets. Towards midnight it was discovered that the communications with head quarters had been cut off. Thus left alone, wet, weary, and hungry, partially defeated, and surrounded by an enemy fourfold in number, it is not wonderful that the soldiers became dispirited. Morning, which at least would terminate suspense, was eagerly awaited. The men were benumbed with the rain and cold, when, suddenly, about 3, A. M., the word to "fall in," was passed

along the line. The brigades of Smith and Riley now moved rapidly through an orchard, and took position, unobserved, directly in rear of the Mexican battery, separated from it only by the crest of a hill. Cadwalader's brigade was moved from the village, and placed in the rear of Smith and Riley, as a reserve. The brigade of Shields was left to hold Contreras. These preparations had been completed by 6, A. M., when Shields arrived in person on the field; but as the arrangements for the day had been thus far entirely under the control of Smith, Shields, though his superior, refused to deprive him of the command. "You missed your chance at Cerro Gordo," he said, in allusion to the illness which kept Smith from participating in that battle, "and I will not interfere with your laurels now."

The troops had taken their positions, when Smith showed himself along the line, and announced, that, fearing lest Santa Anna might arrive and force a passage to Valencia's relief, he had decided to attack immediately, and not wait for the diversion of Scott in front. The sight of his familiar person animated the men. The lead of the storming party was assigned to Colonel Riley. Placing himself at the head of the column, that heroic officer, the idol of his soldiers, turned and pithily addressed them. "I have but a word to say to you, my lads," he remarked, "give them the cold lead, and remember I am with you." Nothing could have been better timed than this cool, laconic speech, for it carried assurance of victory with it. Springing forward, the brigade soon reached the crest of the hill, and opening its fire, rushed down on the foe. The crack of a hundred rifles startled the enemy, who, on the watch for an attack in front, little expected one in his rear, and, in his surprise and hurry, he discharged a volley, which overshot the storming party. On went the Americans, cheering and firing, and, before the artillery could be turned on them, they gained the foot of the parapet. This obstruction was cleared in an instant, Riley's brigade pouring over it like a solid wave. Once within the intrenchments, the struggle was soon over. Salas, the Mexican General, springing to the front, and crying, "victory for Mexico," endeavored to rally his men; the Americans burst into the midst of the half formed ranks, and with the butt-ends of their muskets, beat them to the ground. The blows of the falling stocks; the shrieks of the wounded, and the yells of the conquerors, mingling in awful discord, were heard even in the village below. In seventeen minutes the combat was at end, and the enemy every where in flight: a column of lancers, five thousand strong, which came up just as the assault begun, saw that the day was lost, and had set this example. Cadwalader, with his two regi-

ments, won here his first laurels. The road was soon blocked up with fugitives, crowding and treading each other down. The rifles and the second infantry, with loud yells, headed the pursuit, and added to the terrors of those who fled. Shields' brigade also, rushing from the village, threw itself into the road, and intercepted the retreat. The enemy, at this, flung down his arms by whole companies. At one point, thirty men, without an officer, captured five hundred. It seemed as if the fabulous days of old had come to be real.

The results were immense. Besides seven hundred of the enemy killed, and at least one thousand wounded, there were eight hundred and thirteen taken prisoners, of whom four were Generals. Among the spoils were twenty-two pieces of brass cannon, seven hundred pack mules, a vast quantity of shot, shells, small-arms, and ammunition. But the greatest prize of all, was the re-capture by a company of the fourth artillery, of the two six-pounders, taken from another company of the same regiment, in the battle of Buena Vista. On beholding these long regretted pieces, some of the men rushed forward and embraced them with tears. By this victory, Smith completely cut the line of the Mexican defence, rendered the position at San Antonio no longer tenable, and forced the enemy to concentrate his troops at Churubusco. This latter post was now but four miles distant across the country. In a measure, it was owing to the gross errors on the part of the enemy, that the day was won with so little loss to the Americans; for nothing but negligence would have allowed a storming party to get into the rear, or would have omitted to fortify the heights around Contreras.

On receiving intelligence of the victory, Scott ordered Worth to advance, with his division along the Acapulco road, and drive the enemy from San Antonio, a task which now promised to be easy, since, by the loss of Contreras a road was opened to his rear. As soon as San Antonio was carried, Worth was directed to push forward to Churubusco, which he was to assault in front; while Twiggs, with the victorious troops from Contreras, crossing the country, should attack it simultaneously in flank. The works at Churubusco were understood to be almost impregnable. The village of that name is situated on a rivulet, which is nearly parallel to the Acapulco road, and is surrounded with corn-fields and meadows, the latter intersected every where by ditches. Approaching Churubusco from Contreras, the traveller meets, at the entrance of the village, a hacienda which guards the causeway leading to the Acapulco road. This hacienda was now strongly fortified. It con-

sisted of an enclosure of stone walls, which was overtopped by a stone building inside; and the latter was in turn, overtopped by a stone church. The outside walls were pierced for two ranges of musketry; the building and church for one each: so that four different ranges of men could thus fire at the same time. The hacienda was further defended by six pieces of cannon. It was impossible for cavalry or artillery to reach the Acapulco road without first carrying this position.

About four hundred yards from the hacienda, and at the other extremity of the village, the Acapulco road crossed the little rivulet of which we have spoken, and stretched on towards the western gate of Mexico. The bridge-head here was strongly fortified, and constituted a tete du point. A force, advancing along the highway, would leave the hacienda to the left, and first be arrested in front of the tete du point. But, if the hacienda was not simultaneously attacked, any body of troops moving along the highway, would be subjected to a fire from it on the flank. Hence, it became necessary to assail both the tete du point and the hacienda at once. The fall of the latter would lead the victors by Contreras, directly on the Acapulco road, where, the tete du point being carried, the way would be cleared to the capital, only four miles distant. Twiggs being assigned the task of carrying the hacienda, and Worth that of forcing the tete du point, it only became necessary to provide for cutting off the retreat of the enemy, in order to insure a complete victory. To Shields, accordingly, this part of the day's work was assigned. He was directed to struggle across the meadows, in a line parallel to, but on the left of the Acapulco road, and getting into the rear of the foe, prevent his seeking refuge in the city when the works of Churubusco should be stormed.

The operations of the day, therefore, resolved themselves into three distinct combats; one undertaken by Worth, another by Twiggs, and a third by Shields. We shall narrate them in the order named. It was about 8, A. M., when Worth set forth from San Augustine, leaving Quitman with a single brigade, to garrison that place, which was the general depot of the army. On approaching San Antonio, Worth discovered the place to be too strong to be assaulted, for no less than seven batteries, mounting in all twenty-four guns, frowned over the highway. The artillery could not operate, except on the road, but the infantry, making a detour through the meadows to the left, the enemy, already disheartened by the loss of Contreras, and knowing the victors from that field would soon be in his rear, began to evacuate the place. Clarke's brigade soon brushed away the

troops in front, and cutting the retiring column in half, drove about fifteen hundred off to the east, while an equal number fled northward, to Churubusco. The other brigade of Worth, led by Colonel Garland, pressed forward along the highway, and, about six hundred yards beyond San Antonio, united with Clarke's, when the whole pushed rapidly on in the direction of Churubusco. The instant the Americans came in sight of this position, a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry was opened upon them in front. At the same time the hacienda to the left was seen enveloped in the smoke of battle, showing that the division of Twiggs had already come up from Contreras, and was thundering to force a passage.

At this crisis, and just as he was going into action, Worth was joined by Pillow, who had been detached, with Cadwalader's brigade, to his assistance. The sight in front was one to appal any but the stoutest hearts. The tete du point appeared perfectly impregnable, as did also the hacienda, a half gun-shot to the left; while between these two fortified posts extended a long line of infantry; and, in the distance, swarming between the rivulet and the city, and hurrying to the field of battle, were countless multitudes of the enemy, the blue and white uniforms of the foot soldiers contrasting finely with the yellow cloaks and red jackets of the lancers. There could not be less than thirty thousand Mexicans in the field, while the whole force of Scott, at all points, was but nine thousand. The spectacle, however, only fired the Americans with a more heroic resolution. Worth lost not a moment in making his attack. Garland's brigade was thrown to the right of, and in line of columns obliquely to the road, by which, when he attacked, he would strike the enemy at an angle. Clarke's brigade, with the exception of the sixth infantry, supported by Cadwalader's two regiments, was directed to move through the fields, in a line parallel to the road. To the sixth infantry was reserved the task of advancing along the highway, sustained by Duncan's battery, and assaulting the bridge-head in front. The brigade of Garland, plunging into the fields of corn on the right, roused up the enemy from his concealed lair, and a terrific struggle began, the Mexicans retiring sullenly, amid a perfect blaze of fire. The sixth infantry advancing along the highway, was soon checked by the withering volleys in front. But, meantime, Clarke's brigade, moving between Garland's and the road, reached the ditches that surrounded the tete du point when, with a wild cheer, they plunged down, and in the face of a perfect whirlwind of lead, struggled over, rushed up the parapet, and cleared the work with the bayonet. The enemy now abandoned this bridge-

head, which he had vainly considered impregnable, and fled towards the capital. Instantly the captured cannon were turned on the hacienda, which Twiggs, from the Contreras road, was, as yet, unsuccessfully assaulting. Duncan, too, galloping along the cause-

STORMING OF CHURUBUSCO.

way, took a position within two hundred yards of the hacienda, and sent his rapid volleys rattling against its sides.

While Worth had been storming the tete du point Twiggs had been thundering in vain at the hacienda. The whole of his division, except the rifles, which had been detached to succor Shields, was engaged at this work; but so continuous were the discharges from the battery, and so fatal was the aim of the sharp-shooters from the church, that, for three hours, no decided advantage was gained. Right in the centre of the enemy's line were three guns, manned by deserters from the American army, and these men, aware that death awaited them in case of capture, fought like tigers at bay, imparting a portion of their own desperate valor to the Mexicans. Never yet had our troops faced such an appalling fire. The works in front showed an incessant sheet of flame; and the thunder of the

artillery was, for two hours, one continuous roll. Yet the veteran regiments of Riley and Smith, conquerors already on one field that day, never quailed. Though, from their position they could but indistinctly see the foe, while the enemy from his elevation commanded a complete view of the whole field, they resolutely maintained the fight, cheering to each other, and stimulated, from time to time, by glimpses caught through the smoke of the white flag of surrender, which, though pulled down as often as hung out, betrayed that the hearts of the enemy were beginning to fail. Thrice this sign was seen, and thrice greeted with huzzas. The roar of six pieces of heavy artillery, and of more than two thousand muskets, immediately at this spot, combined with the wild uproar now going on at the tete du point, and the more distant crash of battle from the division of Shields, conspired to make the scene like Pandemonium, a resemblance that was increased by the smoke that covered the battle-field, and would have turned day into night, but for the incessant and lurid fire that vivified the scene. At last the division of Worth, having carried the tete du point, a fire was opened, as we have seen, on the rear of the hacienda. The enemy held out still for half an hour longer, and then hung out the white flag, but not until two companies of the second infantry, led by Captains Alexander and Smith, had forced the work with the bayonet, and entered triumphantly.

While the battle had raged at these two points, Shields, reinforced by the brigade of Pierce, and subsequently by the rifles, had waded across the meadows to the left, and reached by a winding route, a point near the Acapulco road, somewhat in the rear of Churubusco. Here he found himself suddenly opposed by four thousand Mexican infantry, on whose sides hovered three thousand cavalry. Finding it impossible to outflank the enemy, he concentrated his division, with a little hamlet as its sustaining point, and began a resolute attack. The conflict was long, hot and varied. The troops were nearly all volunteers, but no regulars could have behaved with more heroism. To the officers is particularly owing the final success of the day. Pressing on at the head of their troops, they led wherever duty called, not merely showing the men where to go, but rushing forward, and calling on them to follow. General Pierce, still suffering from a hurt, persisted in keeping his horse, and fainted at last from exhaustion. Colonel Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, who had risen from a sick bed, led on his troops, even after he received a wound, and fell finally at the head of the column, his last words being, "keep in the front with the Palmetto flag!" Such heroism

could not fail of victory. The enemy, in the end, gave way. At this instant, Worth having carried the tete du point, was seen sweeping along the Acapulco road, and soon effecting a junction with Shields, the united forces passed onwards to the city of Mexico, driving the mass of fugitives before them, as a mountain freshet whirls away opposing dams in its embrace. At the head of the pursuit rushed the powerful dragoons of Col. Harney. The chase was continued by this bold leader to within a hundred yards of the city gate, not drawing rein until a masked battery opened on him. Captain Kearney lost an arm, and several of the troop were wounded. Worth, uncertain of the plans of the Commander-in-chief, halted with the main body of his forces, within a mile and a half of the city. Meantime, Scott arriving in person at Churubusco, drew up in front of the captured hacienda, when he was received with tumultuous cheers by his soldiers, whom he complimented on the spot for their gallantry.

Thus ended the memorable 20th of August, 1847; a day most glorious in the military annals of the republic. In it no less than five distinct combats were fought and won: Contreras, San Antonio, the hacienda, the tete du point, and the rear of Churubusco. The whole loss of the Americans, in killed, wounded, and missing, was one thousand and fifty-three. The loss of the Mexicans, excluding Contreras, of which we have already spoken, was fifteen hundred killed and wounded, and twelve hundred made prisoners, among whom were five Generals. Besides this, they had ten more pieces of artillery captured, with small arms, ammunition, and equipments for an army. In one day, Santa Anna beheld his thirty thousand men, which his defences rendered equal to one hundred thousand in open field, reduced to eighteen thousand effectives, and this by only nine thousand antagonists. The whole series of forts which he had constructed with such skill for the protection of the capital, was triumphantly carried by the Americans, who chased his panic-struck troops to the gates of the city. When evening fell, the victors had advanced their posts so close to Mexico, that the sound of their exulting music was borne on the wind to the very heart of the town.

The night was one of wild alarm to the inhabitants, for it was expected that Scott would advance to the storm on the morrow. But this dreadful crisis was averted by the diplomacy of Santa Anna. That leader, aware of the desire of the United States for peace, and secretly informed that Scott had been instructed not to press things to extremity, despatched a flag of truce to the American General, early on the morning of the 21st, soliciting an armistice, in order that commissioners might meet to arrange a permanent treaty.

It is not probable that Santa Anna desired more than to obtain a breathing spell. With true Mexican duplicity, he sought only to amuse his enemy and gain time to prepare for further defences. The flag found Scott at the arch-Episcopal palace of Tacubaya, where he had taken up his head-quarters, in full sight of the spires of Mexico. He was writing a summons to the town, preparatory to a siege or assault. He consented, after some modifications, to the proposed armistice. The chief articles of this temporary arrangement, were that both armies were to maintain their present position; that the Americans were to be regularly supplied with food from the city; that no fresh Mexican levies should approach within twenty-four miles of the capital; and that the armistice, in case of a breach by either party, should be terminated on notice. Thus, Mexican diplomacy in the cabinet, recovered what Mexican inefficiency in the field had lost. Yet the fault was not with the American General, nor yet with his government; but rather with the American people, who fancied their enemy desirous of peace. The blood of Molino del Rey, of Chapultepec, and of the Garita, paid dearly for the generous mistake. Yet the armistice should not be regretted. A magnanimous conqueror never loses in the estimation of history by offering the olive-branch too frequently.

A PUBLIC HOUSE IN MEXICO.

BOOK V.

THE FALL OF THE CAPITAL

THE negotiations that ensued, were conducted on the American side, by Mr. Trist, and by five commissioners, at the head of whom was General Herera, on the Mexican. Mr. Trist had been appointed, as we have already noticed, in the preceding April. His commission invested him "with ample power and authority," to negotiate with Mexico "a treaty of peace, amity, and lasting boundaries." The manner of his appointment by the executive will alone, and without any

consultation whatever with the Senate, was, to say the least, novel to the diplomatic practice of the United States. The President has no constitutional power to create a new mission to a foreign country; nor to make a treaty without the advice and consent of the Senate. The excuse for this strange proceeding, was the urgency of the case; but a free people can never be too jealous of the invasion of wholesome precedents.

The attitude of the Mexican commissioners speedily convinced the General-in-chief that no treaty would be negotiated. The first claim set up, was that Mexico should be indemnified for her expenses in the war, and considered as treating as if she was the conqueror, instead of the conquered. From this arrogant position, however, she finally descended. Accordingly, on the 27th, Mr. Trist presented his outline of a treaty. By this document he proposed that Mexico should cede to the United States Upper and Lower California, and New Mexico; should give up all claim to the disputed territory between the Neuces and the Rio Grande; and should yield to the United States in perpetuity, the right of way over the isthmus of Tehuantepec. In consideration of these cessions of territory, Mr. Trist undertook that his government should pay to the Mexican one, fifteen millions of dollars. The Mexican commissioners presented a counter project. They proposed that the Neuces should be the boundary between the two countries, as far as its source; that thence the line should skirt the eastern side of New Mexico to the thirty-seventh degree of north latitude; and that from that point it should run west with that parallel to the Pacific. In addition, they agreed that no Mexican colony should be established between the Neuces and Rio Grande, but that the region should be left uninhabited.

It is evident that the Mexican government was not in earnest in this negotiation. Even if it was so at the beginning, circumstances soon happened to alter its wishes. The temper of the populace in the capital evinced, from day to day, how distasteful any treaty of peace would be; for the defences of the city were considered impregnable by the mob, and even by the larger portion of the better classes. The states of Mexico, Jalisco, and Zacatecas, issued a protest, declaring that the capital did not allow the necessary freedom for the discussion of terms of peace, and that any arrangement made there in relation to a treaty, would be regarded by them as null, without the ratification of Congress. This declaration from so many wealthy states, conjoined with the popular indignation, and assisted by the general opinion in Santa Anna's army, that all was not yet lost, induced the Mexican government to refuse coming to terms with

Mr. Trist, though the latter, anxious to effect a peace, considerably modified his demands, agreeing to abandon the claim to Lower California, and to refer the question of the Neuces boundary to the decision of the United States. On the 7th of September, the Mexican commissioners formally reported to the Secretary of Foreign Relations, that the negotiations had failed. Their report was preceded, however, by a circular, issued by the Secretary of State, calling on the inhabitants of the states of Mexico and Puebla, to rise, en masse, and assault the foe. At the same time Santa Anna began to add to the fortifications of the city, thus breaking one of the articles of the armistice. It could no longer be concealed that the war would have to be renewed.

In these negotiations, the Mexicans had gained the advantage. They had desired delay, and had obtained it. However doubtful it may be whether Scott could have stormed the city with his exhausted troops, on the day following the battle of Churubusco, it is certain that any delay beyond forty-eight hours, the period required to recruit his army, was for the advantage of the enemy. Moreover, in the discussions between Mr. Trist and the Mexican commissioners, the latter uniformly displayed the most diplomatic skill. They acknowledged in their reply to Mr. Trist's project of a treaty, that the existing war had been undertaken on account of the annexation of Texas, but said, that as the United States had offered to indemnify Mexico, the cause of war had disappeared, and the war itself ought to cease. But, they continued, "to the other territories, mentioned in the fourth article in your excellency's draught, no right has heretofore been asserted by the republic of North America, nor do we believe it possible for it to assert any. Consequently it could not acquire them, except by the right of conquest, or by the title which will result from the cession or sale which Mexico might now make. But as we are persuaded that the republic of Washington will not only absolutely repel, but will hold in abhorrence the first of these titles, and as, on the other hand, it would be a new thing, and contrary to every idea of justice, to make war upon a people for no other reason than because it refused to sell territory which its neighbor sought to buy, we hope from the justice of the government and people of North America, that the ample modifications which we have to propose to the cessions of territory, will not be a motive to persist in a war which the worthy General of the North American troops has justly styled as *unnatural*.

"In our conferences we have informed your excellency that Mexico cannot cede the tract which lies between the left bank of

the Bravo and the right of the Neuces. The reason entertained for this is not alone the full certainty that such territory never belonged to the state of Texas, nor is it founded upon the great value in the abstract which is placed upon it. It is because that tract, together with the Bravo, forms the natural frontier of Mexico, both in a military and a commercial sense ; and the frontier of no state ought to be sought, and no state should consent to abandon its frontier. But in order to remove all cause of trouble hereafter, the government of Mexico engages not to found new settlements, nor establish colonies in the space between the two rivers, so that, remaining in its present uninhabited condition, it may serve as an equal security to both republics. Pursuant to our instructions, the preservation of this territory is a condition *sine qua non* of peace. Sentiments not only of honor and delicacy, (which your excellency's noble character will know how worthily to estimate,) but also a calculation of interests, prevent our government from consenting to the dismemberment of New Mexico. Upon this point we deem it superfluous to add any thing to that which we had the honor to explain to you orally in our conferences."

With equal adroitness the Mexican commissioners refused Mr. Trist's claim to Lower California, and even induced him to withdraw that demand. As a reason for declining to yield a right of way over the isthmus of Tehuantepec, they urged that, some years before, Mexico had granted a privilege in reference to this subject to a private contractor, who had subsequently transferred his right to English subjects. "We have entered into this plain statement," they added, "for the motives which the republic has for not agreeing to alienate all the territory asked of it beyond the state of Texas, because we desire that the North American government and people may be persuaded that our partial refusal does not proceed from feelings of aversion created by the antecedents in this war, or by the suffering which it has inflicted upon Mexico, but rests upon considerations dictated by reason and justice, which would operate in all time with reference to the most friendly nation in the midst of the closest relations of friendship." They then proposed that England should be asked to guarantee the treaty, if one should be formed: and ended by the following declaration. "The good and salutary work can, in our opinion, reach a happy end, if each of the contending parties resolves to abandon some of its original pretensions. This has always been so; and no nation ever hesitated, at such a juncture, to make great sacrifices to extinguish the destructive flame of war. Mexico and the United States have special reasons thus to

act. We must confess, not without a blush, that we are exhibiting to mankind the scandal of two Christian people, of two republics, in the presence of all the monarchies, mutually doing one another all the harm they can by disputes about boundaries, when we have an excess of land to people and cultivate in the beautiful hemisphere where Providence caused us to be born. We venture to recommend these considerations to your excellency before you come to a definite decision upon our propositions."

These specious arguments, and this affected desire for peace, were not intended to convince Mr. Trist, but to operate upon the Mexican people. The commissioners knew that the United States, having annexed Texas, was compelled to defend whatever line she claimed as her boundary; for an exactly similar case had occurred in relation to Maine, only a few years before, when the consent of that state had become a necessary preliminary to the Ashburton treaty. Moreover, it was not to be supposed that the United States, after having begun the war on her part for the Rio Grande boundary, would, at the close of a career of unexampled victory, abandon that which she claimed, unless for the equivalent of New Mexico, or California, or both. Accordingly, the rejection of Mr. Trist's final proposition exhausted the magnanimity of the Americans. The army had never viewed these negotiations with favor, but regarded them as snatching the prize of victory from their grasp. From the General-in-chief to the lowest soldier, they believed that the enemy would never be humbled until his capital had fallen. But history with more impartiality, can never regret this attempt to negotiate. It obtained an acknowledgement from Mexico that the war was begun on her part to avenge the annexation of Texas. It showed to the world that the conquerors were generous as well as brave; for they sought to impose no severer terms when thundering at the gates of Mexico, than when they first landed at Vera Cruz. The demands for territory were necessary to reconcile the people of the United States to the war, and were not extravagant, considering our successes. But in Mexico, the commissioners were considered to have triumphantly rejected Mr. Trist; and the popular voice exclaimed indignantly against parting with a foot of soil. The insolent pride of the enemy was not yet sufficiently humbled.

Scott, having become convinced that the Mexicans were trifling with Mr. Trist, despatched, on the 6th of September, a letter to Santa Anna, complaining of certain breaches of the armistice, in fortifying the city and refusing to supply the Americans with provisions. He added that if satisfactory explanations were not made

in forty-eight hours, he should renew hostilities. The reply would have convinced Scott of the dissimulation of the Mexican government, if any doubt had remained; for Santa Anna not only retorted Scott's charge, but asserted that the American soldiers committed continual acts of rapine and brutality on the neighboring villages. Nothing could be more unfounded, however, than this last charge. Never, perhaps, was there an invading army more orderly than that of Scott: excesses, of course, were occasionally committed; but they were of rare occurrence; and complaining came with an ill grace from a General distinguished for his perfidy and cruelty alike. Simultaneous with this reply, Santa Anna began to increase the defences of the capital. The mask being thus thrown off, Scott made preparations to carry the city by assault. To this purpose he began a series of reconnoisances on the 7th, the result of which was a determination to attack by the Chapultepec road. In order to understand the operations that ensued, it will be necessary to enter into some detail respecting the difficulties of approaching the town.

The city of Mexico originally stood in the centre of a lake, but owing to the construction of drains and other causes, the waters have long since receded from it. The ground, however, in its vicinity is still swampy, and impassable for cavalry or wheel carriages, especially in the rainy season, or fall of the year. The only approaches to the city, for miles in every direction, are over artificial causeways. It was this difficulty which had met Scott on the eastern side of Lake Chalco. There existed but two practicable avenues of approach in that quarter, and both these were so well defended as almost to preclude the possibility of being forced. By turning to the west around the lake, he had gained the Acapulco road, which was less impregnably fortified. Here the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, had opened the way to the gates of the capital. But, as he had abandoned the approach by El Penon in consequence of the strength of its defences, so now, for a similar reason, he resolved not to pursue his advantages on the Acapulco road, but assault the enemy to the westward by the Tacubaya one. Other reasons also induced him to adopt this course. Just outside the walls, on the Tacubaya road, was the fortified hill of Chapultepec, which completely commanded the town. If the city was entered by the Acapulco road, the enemy would at once retire to Chapultepec. To dispossess him it would be necessary to leave the wounded Americans to the mercy of the rancheros, and marching out, risk a second battle; while, if Chapultepec was carried as a preliminary, the city must of necessity fall. Sound military policy, therefore, dic-

tated the movements by way of Chapultepec. But Scott, perceiving that the enemy expected the assault to take place on the Acapulco road, resolved to keep up this delusion by a feigned attack in that quarter.

CHAPULTEPEC.

The Acapulco road, branches into three causeways towards its extremity, and enters the city by as many gateways. The Tacubaya road terminates in two. These gateways are small forts, mounted with cannon, and are used, in peace, as custom-houses; but in war are easily converted into a sort of bastions. As the city could only be entered through these gateways, their capture became indispensable. But, being narrow and admitting only a few persons abreast, they afforded almost impassable defences against a foe. Moreover, the causeways, by which these gates were approached, had been cut through in many places, and these gaps it was almost impossible to bridge in face of the fire from the gateways. It was now the wet season, and the marshes were partially overflowed. Scott, with an army reduced to less than eight thousand men, was in front of a

city with a population of two hundred thousand, of whom twenty thousand were leperos, who could be roused at a word. This city was, moreover, garrisoned by a regular army of at least twenty thousand men. Yet, notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, so greatly increased by the defences of the place, never, for a moment, did the American commander doubt the result. The indomitable valor of the American soldiers would, he felt assured, achieve a glorious victory. Besides, his communications were cut off, and it was a choice with him between conquest and a grave. He neglected none of the aids which science afforded him, however: such neglect, indeed, would have been criminal; and we may question whether the capital, in that case, would have fallen. If he had marched for Mexicalsingo, or obstinately pursued the Acapulco road, the boasts of Santa Anna might have proved true; the skilful defences of the city would, perhaps, have triumphed; and the bones of the slaughtered Americans would have been left to bleach in sight of the capital, an awful warning against invaders!

About two and a half miles from the city, on the Tacubaya road, stands the village of the same name, where General Scott had fixed his head-quarters. About twelve hundred yards north of this village, a distance which is called point-blank range for twelve-pounders, stands the precipitous and fortified hill of Chapultepec, to which we have so often alluded. On three sides it is unapproachable, but on the fourth, which faces the Tacubaya road, it is bounded by a dense grove of trees, dating back to the days of the Montezumas. Here the road divides, branching off into two, each being about a couple of miles to the city gates. The cannon of Chapultepec rake these causeways for their whole length. Just at the foot of this hill, on the side nearest Tacubaya, and contiguous to the grove of trees, stands a stone building of thick and high walls, turreted at the ends. This is known as Molino del Rey. As its name implies, it was formerly a mill, but was now supposed to be employed as a foundry for cannon. Four hundred yards to the west of Molino del Rey, and in a straight line with that and Chapultepec, rose the marine Casa de Mata, an old castellated Spanish fort; and from its foot, a gentle acclivity extended to the village of Tacubaya. From these explanations, it is evident that the city could not be taken without Chapultepec first fell, and that Chapultepec could not well be stormed without seizing Molino del Rey as a preliminary. Accordingly the General-in-chief ordered a closer reconnoisance of Molino del Rey and Casa de Mata, to ascertain the probable loss in storming them: the report recommended an assault; and, in this opinion, Scott

coincided. It was not his intention, however, to hold them: his meagre forces would not allow this under the guns of Chapultepec; by blowing them up, however, he would gain all he desired, which was to destroy the Mexican foundry and clear the road for his contemplated attack on Chapultepec.

For this desperate task the first division of regulars, reinforced by Cadwalader's brigade, and a detachment of artillery and dragoons, were selected, and the whole placed under command of General Worth. The force of the assailants numbered three thousand one hundred and fifty-four, of which less than three thousand were cavalry, and one hundred artillerists, the latter having three small field pieces, and two twenty-four pounders. The number of the enemy in the lines, or within sustaining distance, were over ten thousand. His left rested upon and occupied Molino del Rey; his right Casa de Mata. Half way between these two stone buildings, was his field battery, and on each side of this were ranged lines of infantry. The right was composed of fifteen hundred regulars, under General Perez; the left was made up of the National Guards, and was led by General Leon. The intermediate lines, with strong bodies in the rear, were under the command of Santa Anna. The Mexicans were confident of victory, for they knew the Americans to be ignorant of the vast strength of Casa de Mata. On the other hand, Worth was unconscious of the almost impregnable position of the enemy; but resolute in any event, to succeed. He made his dispositions for the attack with admirable skill, dividing his little force into three several columns of assault. The right column composed of Garland's brigade, and accompanied by two pieces of light artillery under Captain Drum, was to assail Molino del Rey, and was to advance to the attack, covered by the fire of the two twenty-four pounders, placed for this purpose, under Captain Huger, on the ridge descending from Tacubaya. The centre column, containing five hundred picked men, and led by Major Wright, of the eighth, was to pierce the Mexican centre, and capture the field battery there. The left column was commanded by Colonel McIntosh, and consisted of the second brigade, sustained by Duncan's battery; its object was to watch the enemy's left, and support Major Wright, or assail Casa de Mata, as circumstances might require. Cadwalader's brigade was held in reserve, in a position between McIntosh and Huger's battery. Sumner's dragoons were stationed on the extreme left. Such were the dispositions made by Worth, on the night of the 7th, and when the men sank to slumber, it was with the expectation of a bloody morrow. But their worst anticipations fell short of the reality.

At 3, A. M., on the 8th, the columns were put in motion, and in an hour and a half, had taken up their respective positions. The cold grey of early dawn had just begun to show itself faintly in the east, when a shot from Huger's battery went whistling over the heads of the troops, and crashing against the sides of Molino del Rey, announced that the battle was begun. It was not long before the walls were crumbling under the immense battering balls. No sooner did Worth perceive this, than he gave the order for Wright to advance. The storming party instantly rushed forward, led by Captain Mason of the engineers, and Lieutenant Foster. A tremendous fire of artillery greeted them, but in the face of this they pressed on, gained the battery, cut down the men, and were already wheeling the captured guns on the foe, when the latter, perceiving how few were the numbers of the assailants, turned, and poured in from the whole line, simultaneous volleys of musketry. It was like the explosion of some gigantic mine. The entire space of four hundred yards between the two forts was a blaze of fire; and when it had passed, scarcely a third of the assaulting column remained on their feet. With wild shouts the Mexicans now poured to the attack, and the Americans were driven from their guns, and hurled bleeding back from the lines. The day, for a moment, seemed lost. At this perilous crisis, Cadwalader, with the right wing of his brigade, accompanied by the light battalion left to cover Huger's battery, arrived to the rescue. The ground beneath was strewed with dead, as thickly as a harvest field with grain; while, through the smoke, the shattered column of Wright was seen recoiling. The roar of the artillery; the rattling of small arms; the plunging of round shot from Chapultepec, and the tumultuous cheers that rose from the Mexicans, who considered themselves already victors, did not, for a second, check the advance of the gallant reserves. They came into action, on the contrary, as resolutely as on parade, the eleventh, under Colonel Graham, leading.

Never did American soldiers, brave as they have ever been, acquit themselves so heroically as on that day. The duty of the eleventh was to charge the battery, and, at the word of their leader, they raised a hurrah and plunged into the smoke. At every step they passed the dead body of some fellow soldier who had perished in the preceding assault. At every step a comrade fell from their ranks. But the stern voice of their leader, crying, "close up—forward!" continually urged them on. The batteries in front vomited grape and cannister incessantly. Hundreds were already down, and others were falling fast; yet they did not falter, but quickened their pace to a run, their leader waving his sword at their head. He had

already received six wounds, and at this moment a ball struck him in the breast, and he fell from his saddle: "forward, my men," he cried with his dying breath; "my word is always forward!" There was a pause at this terrible sight; but then the cry of revenge arose, and, with a shout, heard over all the uproar of the conflict; they rushed upon the enemy's guns. The Mexicans gave way in consternation, appalled by that tremendous huzza. Lieutenant Tiffin, springing on one of the captured pieces, waved his sword for his men to follow; but at this instant a withering fire was opened from some neighboring house-tops that overlooked the battery, and he was forced back. But the check was only for a moment. On came the Americans, cheering and firing; they swept over the lines; they scattered the dismayed foe; they were masters of that part of

BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY.

the field. But they had purchased the victory with the loss of their best officers, and of more than half their men.

While this terrible struggle had been going on in the centre, one only less sanguinary had been transacting at the right. Here Garland's brigade, sustained by Dunn's artillery, assaulted the mill, and

after a desperate contest, drove the Mexicans from this position, and compelled them to take refuge under the guns of Chapultepec. Dunn's light battery, and the two heavier pieces of Huger, were now harnessed, and went thundering down the declivity, until they reached the ground lately occupied by the enemy, when, unlimbering, they opened a destructive fire on the fugitives. The Mexicans breaking their ranks, fled in consternation, the stronger treading down the weaker. The captured cannon were also turned on the flying crowd. Mercy, for that day, had deserted every bosom. The Mexicans, earlier in the combat, had bayoneted the wounded Americans left behind at Wright's repulse, and now, the victors, burning to revenge the slaughter of their comrades, spared none. The air was filled with the cries of the fugitives, the shrieks of the wounded, the hissing of the grape, and the boom of the guns from Chapultepec, which rose like trumpet blasts, at intervals in the fight.

On the American left, meantime, the wave of battle surged wildly to and fro. The attack had been commenced in this quarter by Colonel McIntosh, at the head of the second brigade, who, sustained by the fire of Duncan's battery, moved rapidly down the slope to assault Casa Mata. The advancing column soon coming within the sweep of Duncan's fire, masked his battery, on which he was compelled to cease. The enemy now opened a terrific discharge of small arms. The brigade, nevertheless, pushed forward. Fiercer and fiercer gusts of fire swept the intervening space, scorching up the front of McIntosh's column as if it had been grass upon a prairie. One fourth of the men had already fallen, and yet the foot of Casa Mata was not attained. McIntosh himself was severely wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, pressing on, and refusing to avail himself of cover, was shot dead. "Stoop behind the wall, they are going to fire," said one of his officers. "Martin Scott never stooped," was the proud reply. At that instant a ball entered his breast; he fell back, and placing his cap over his heart, expired. The column had now reached the edge of the parapet. But here, to their consternation, they discovered that Casa Mata, instead of being only a common field work, was an old Spanish citadel of stone, surrounded with bastioned intrenchments and impassable ditches. The loss of so many officers, the terrible slaughter in the ranks, and this unexpected obstacle in front, proved too much even for this gallant brigade; it fell into disorder, and retreated hastily to the left of Duncan's battery. As the Americans turned and fled, the Mexicans stepped out on the walls, and delivered a parting volley, while the air rung with the clang of their triumphal music.

But defeat had met the enemy in another quarter. McIntosh had scarcely moved to the attack, when an immense body of infantry and cavalry was suddenly seen advancing around the end of Casa Mata, opposite to our extreme left, with the obvious intention to charge and cut to pieces the storming party. This was the moment when Duncan had ceased firing in consequence of being masked by McIntosh's column; and he seized the occasion to gallop, with his battery, to the furthest left. As the Mexican cavalry came thundering down, several thousand strong, directly in his front, he opened with grape and cannister. At the second round the squadron broke and fled in disorder. Major Sumner calling on his command to follow, charged on the disordered foe, and completed the triumph. Sumner's way led him right in front of Casa Mata, and aware of his danger, he swept by like a whirlwind; but such was the intensity of the enemy's fire, that, though under it only ten seconds, every third saddle in his troop was emptied. Once beyond this peril, he burst like a thunder-bolt, on the lancers. The enemy, in this quarter, was soon driven beyond reach. But at Casa Mata he was still invulnerable. It was just at this moment that the assault of McIntosh had been repulsed, and, as Duncan turned from witnessing the flight of the lancers, he heard the rejoicings of the foe in the citadel, and saw the third brigade recoiling in confusion. Instantly his guns were turned upon Casa Mata again, whose walls rattled to the shot as if to hail. The enemy's triumph was speedily at an end. Looking over the plain he beheld the Mexican battalions every where in flight, and, knowing the citadel to be no longer tenable, he hurried to evacuate it. The Americans were now masters of the field. The conflict had lasted two hours, and been the most sanguinary of the war. One-third of Worth's command were either killed or wounded; and two of his best regiments were almost totally destroyed. The enemy had lost three thousand, among them General Leon, the bravest of their leaders. In obedience to his orders, Worth proceeded to destroy the cannon moulds found in the mill, and to blow up Casa Mata; after which, with eight hundred prisoners, he returned to Tacubaya.

Such was the terrible battle of Molino del Rey. The way was now cleared to assault Chapultepec; and Scott began to prepare for the final struggle. The two following days were spent in completing his reconnoisances and carrying out his grand scheme of deceiving the foe as to the real point of attack. The late victories had deprived the enemy of most of his cannon, and of those which remained, the larger portion were mounted at the gates on the

Acapulco road, where the Mexicans expected the main assault. Scott did all he could to maintain this delusion on the part of Santa Anna. The divisions of Twiggs, Pillow and Quitman were accordingly, on the 11th, concentrated on the Acapulco road, as if with the design of storming the capital on that side; but in the succeeding night, Pillow and Quitman were secretly moved to Tacubaya, leaving Twiggs to threaten the gates in front. The stratagem completely succeeded. The enemy, still under the impression that the real attack was to be on the Acapulco road, directed his chief attention to that quarter. He was not undeceived, even when, on the morning of the 12th, Scott began to bombard Chapultepec, from batteries erected on commanding points during the preceding night. As the day progressed, however, and the guns played more briskly, the enemy began to entertain uneasy apprehensions lest he had been over-reached, but the fire on Chapultepec was maintained with such fury that it was impossible to throw reinforcements into the place. Large masses of the foe, however, collected on the roads leading from the city to it, but, as often as they ventured to approach the hill, were driven back by the American batteries. A few succors were finally thrown into the beleagured castle. Here the peril was extreme. The American guns were handled with the accuracy of rifles, and an enemy dared not show himself without being killed. All day the cannonade and bombardment continued. The sky was traversed incessantly by whirling shells. The stout walls of the castle began to gape in ruins. On their side the Mexicans were not idle, but, aware that Chapultepec was their last stronghold, fought with a courage that extorted admiration from their very foes. During the whole of that terrible day the castle rained down fire on its assailants. But it was in vain. Undaunted, the Americans stood their ground.

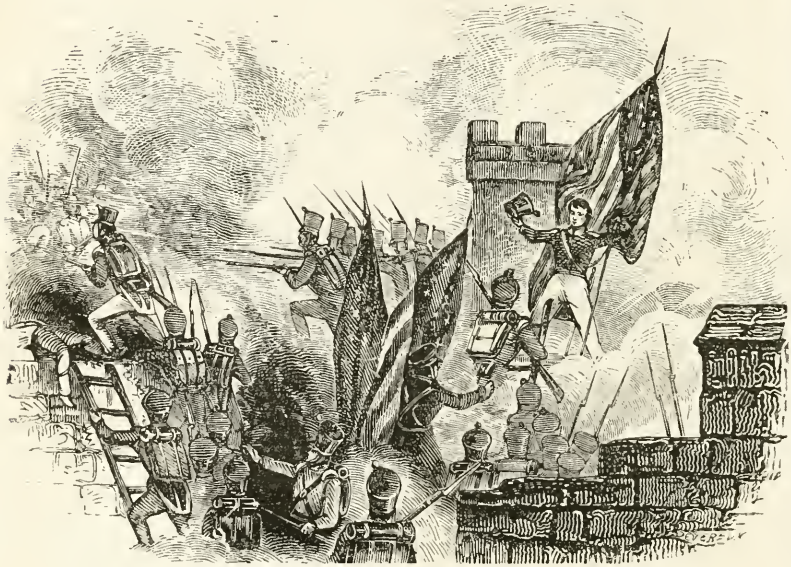
The morning of the 13th dawned: it was the last day of the capital. Twiggs was still thundering at the gates on the Acapulco road; but Quitman and Pillow had been recalled, as we have seen, and were now to storm Chapultepec. This hill, besides its steep ascent, is defended by a wall skirting its foot: half way up is another wall; and on the top, at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet above the plain, is the castle itself, an almost impregnable work, and used by the Mexicans as a military college. The main building is about six hundred feet long; the whole fortress nine hundred; and nothing can be stronger or more splendid than this structure, with its wings, bastions, parapets, redoubts and batteries. The cannon were manned by the most skilful gunners in the Mexican

Battle of Chapultepec

army, among them several distinguished French artillerists. The hill was spotted with forts and outposts; and honey-combed with mines. The garrison of the place, though small, was composed of picked troops, and commanded by General Bravo, one of the acknowledged heroes of the republic. Scott resolved to storm the castle in two columns, the one assaulting on the west, the other on the south-east. The first was to be led by Pillow, preceded by a forlorn hope of two hundred and fifty men selected from Worth's regulars: the second was entrusted to Quitman, who, in like manner, had a forlorn hope drawn from the division of Twiggs. Worth, with the remainder of his veterans, was to turn the castle, and come into the road on the north, there to assist in the assault, if necessary, or, if not, to cut off the enemy's retreat. The Mexicans, during the whole of the 12th, as on the preceding days, were seen busily engaged in strengthening the defences at the foot of the hill, and along the two roads leading thence to the capital; men, women and children in thousands laboring at the patriotic task.

The cannonade on Chapultepec was resumed at dawn of the 13th, and continued until eight, A. M., when a cessation in the firing was the signal for attack. Instantly the two columns rushed to the assault. Pillow, on the west, advanced through a grove filled with sharp-shooters, whom the voltigeurs soon drove in. An open space, about five rods wide, which intervened between the trees and the ascent, was scoured by incessant discharges of musketry. The Americans gathered in clusters at the edge of the wood, the storming party of picked men in front, with loads drawn and bayonets fixed: and close after them came the 9th, its gallant leader, Colonel Ransom, at the head. At this crisis Pillow fell severely wounded; his second in command, Cadwalader, was at his post behind. It was no time to hesitate. "Forward," cried Ransom, plunging into the deluge of fire; "there must be no faltering—forward!" The soldiers answered with a cheer, and following at a run, gained the foot of the ascent. Ransom was still in the lead, pressing on. "Forward," he shouted, and fell dead, shot through the brain. At this sight the fury of the soldiers knew no bounds. Vociferating his name, and mingling it with cries of vengeance, they dashed up the rocky acclivity, the 9th mingling with the stormers and even pushing ahead. The first battery was carried in an instant, and the crowd swept on, the rifle shots ringing sharp and clear over the hurtling sound of the enemy's grape. Scores of the assailants dropped: but the survivors only increased their speed; and shooting the men left to fire the mines, gained the edge of the ditch. The

fascines were flung down, and the foot of the wall, which here rose twelve feet high, reached. There was now a momentary pause until the ladders could be brought up, the 9th having advanced with such impetuosity as to leave them in the rear. During this interval, the Americans covered the hill like a swarm of bees, while the foe, flinging hand grenades into the mass, shouted victory inces-



STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

santly. The assailants, however, gave huzza for huzza, pouring in continual volleys, until the smoke rose over the crest of the hill as from the pit of a volcano. At last the ladders arrived, when the men swarmed on the wall, Lieut. Armistead of the 6th leading. Another wall, at the distance of ten feet, was as quickly surmounted. The soldiers of the different companies, each striving to be foremost, were now mixed pell-mell, and came pouring over the wall, along its whole length, like a continuous line of surf. Captain Barnard of the voltigeurs was the first to plant a regimental color on the fortress. Captain Biddle and Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston followed; and in an instant the platform was filled. Nor were the men of

Pillow's column alone in this moment of triumph, for a portion of Quitman's division, climbing the hill from the north-east, had arrived in season to storm the walls, and enter Chapultepec side by side with the others.

The division of Quitman, indeed, had conquered as great, if not greater obstacles than that of Pillow. Before it could reach the foot of the hill, it had to cut its way along a causeway, defended by ditches and batteries, manned with immense numbers of the enemy. Reinforced by General Smith and the rifles, however, Quitman gallantly struggled along; but not without losing Major Twiggs and Captain Casey, who led his two storming parties. At last the New York, Pennsylvania and South Carolina volunteers, eager to reach the hill and join in the assault, leaped from the causeway, crossed the meadows in front, and, attended by portions of the storming parties, entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec. They did not effect this without great slaughter on their part; but their object was gained; they arrived at the castle simultaneously with the men of Pillow, and entered it with his forlorn hope. Foremost in the advance were Lieutenant Reid of the New York volunteers, and Lieutenant Steel of the 2nd infantry. Cheers on cheers, breaking from the excited conquerors, now shook the welkin and carried terror to the heart of the capital itself. The garrison still fought in detachments, few asking quarter, fewer, alas! obtaining it; for the Americans, exasperated by the cruelties at Molino del Rey, turned the rout into a massacre. About fifty general officers, one hundred cadets, and some private soldiers were, however, taken prisoners. The cadets resisted desperately, some being killed fighting, who were not fourteen years of age. But we draw a veil over this sanguinary day, when the passions of men, excited to phrenzy, made them, for the time, like demons. During the assault, the American batteries threw shells upon the enemy over the heads of our own men, and thus effectually prevented the hill being reinforced. The castle was found riddled by balls. In less than a minute after the last wall was surmounted, the great flag of Mexico was hauled down, and the stars and stripes, shooting, meteor-like, to the sky, announced that Chapultepec had fallen.

Immediately after the reduction of the place, the Commander-in-chief arrived in person, and, ascending to the summit of the hill, from which the approaches to the city were seen as in a map, proceeded to direct the assault. Two roads led from the foot of Chapultepec to the gates of the town. One, on the left, terminated at the San Cosmo gate; another, on the right, ended in the Belen gate.

Along each of these causeways ran an acqueduct on arches, the carriage way passing on either side. The reconnoisances on the preceding days had convinced Scott that the San Cosmo route was the weakest, and accordingly he had intended the main attack to be made here. For this purpose he had ordered Worth to turn the castle during the fight, in order to be ready to advance the instant Chapultepec had fallen. Pillow, just as the assault on the castle was about to begin, had sent to Worth for reinforcements, and the latter had despatched Clarke's brigade, thus reducing his forces one-half: nevertheless, as soon as the hill was stormed, Worth pushed forward towards Mexico, though having but a single brigade. Scott, perceiving his weakness, hastened to send back Clarke's brigade, and to add to it Cadwalader's; and having left the 15th infantry to garrison Chapultepec, followed Worth himself. The Americans soon reached a suburb, not far from the San Cosmo gate, where they found the enemy prepared to make another stand, admirably fortified behind ditches, and among houses. The moment Worth came within range, a furious discharge of musketry was opened on him, the Mexicans firing from gardens, windows and house-tops. Cadwalader's howitzers were promptly ordered to the front, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with crowbars and pickaxes, to force windows and doors, or to hew their way through walls. Thus, literally hewing every inch of their progress, the assailants advanced, and by evening had carried two batteries, cleared the village, and gained a position close to the San Cosmo gate. Here, at 8 P. M., Worth posted sentinels, and took up his quarters for the night. The assault on the gate was reserved for the morning, when the troops should be fresh: and the gate once carried, the heart of the city would be open to the invaders.

Meantime, however, the ardor of Quitman and his troops had frustrated, in part, the intention of Scott, by converting the attack on the Belen gate from a feigned to a real assault. As we have seen, only a portion of Quitman's men had participated directly in the storm of Chapultepec, the rest having been retarded by the defences at its foot. These works, however, were finally carried, and the hill having fallen, Quitman, concentrating his forces, rushed forward along the Belen causeway. He was met by a terrific fire from artillery in front, and by cross-fires from batteries on the flank; but, nevertheless, he pressed on, his soldiers availing themselves of the arches of the aqueduct as a partial cover, running from one to the other between the discharges of the foe. In this manner they advanced, riddled by the fire in flank, until the batteries on the

sides were silenced by the American artillery. The enemy had long since sought the shelter of the gate. It was past noon when the assailants approached this formidable barrier. Instantly raising a shout they rushed forward, and, after a desperate conflict, carried the gate, and with loud huzzas entered the city. But the day was not yet won. Directly in front was another battery, with flanking batteries as before. The rifles, who had been foremost in the strife at the garita, sprang to the charge again, and seizing a house and some arches of the aqueduct, held their ground, though four different attempts were made to drive them out. Meanwhile, a battery of sand bags had been constructed at the garita, from which a continual fire was kept up on the enemy. For hours the fight raged at this point, without either side gaining the advantage. When night fell, the troops in advance were recalled: the battery at the gate was finished, and the men slept on their arms behind it, or sheltered among the arches of the aqueduct. Scott had frequently sent word to Quitman to hold back; yet the ardor of his brave troops, and the emulation natural to the occasion, rendered it impossible, perhaps, for the Commander-in-chief to be obeyed. Had Quitman's attack been a feint, as originally intended, many valuable lives, however, would have been saved; among them the heroic Captain Drum, and Lieutenant Benjamin, both of the fourth artillery, who fell at the garita.

The night that ensued was one of terror and suspense within the city. It was known in the afternoon that the Americans were at the gates, and might be expected at the great square every minute. The laws of war in relation to cities taken by assault, were remembered, and the most revolting crimes, in consequence, expected: arson, theft, murder, and other deeds to make humanity shudder. The foreign residents hastened to the houses of the consuls; the wealthier citizens, packing up a few moveables, prepared to fly; and the population of the streets, now swelled by the convicts of the jails, which had disgorged their inmates, wandered up and down, mingling oaths, lamentations, and cries of alarm in horrid discord. Meantime, Santa Anna, with his army, was stealthily retreating by the northern gate, the only one left open to his flight. At every pause in the uproar at the gates, the cry arose that the Americans were in the town. Mothers pressed their babes in an agony of fright. Hoary sires swore to die defending the honor of their daughters. The churches were filled by affrighted crowds, who clung to the altar, and vainly invoked heaven to save the capital in this extremity. The terror was the greater, because, up to the very fall of Chapultepec, the

Mexicans had relied on their skilful defences, and the overwhelming numbers of their troops: and now, when they saw their last hope shivered, and the city about to become a prey to the invader, they regarded it as the punishment marked out by an angry God for their manifold national crimes.

In this emergency, the city council determined to make an appeal to the generosity of the conquerors, and accordingly, at 4, A. M., on the following morning, a deputation from that body waited on Scott. The embassy being admitted to his presence, informed him of the flight of Santa Anna, and asked terms of capitulation in favor of the churches, citizens, and municipal authorities. The Commander-in-chief replied that it was too late to offer a capitulation, for the city was at his mercy, and that the terms to which it would be admitted should be dictated by himself. In sorrow and alarm the deputation took its leave, for they had nothing to rely on but the clemency of the victors. It was not the intention of the American General, however, to take advantage of the defenceless condition of the citizens, and, except a contribution exacted from the authorities, Mexico suffered none of the evils attendant on being carried by assault. It is to the honor of the American army, that, notwithstanding its severe losses in the attack, and the remembrance of the many cruelties perpetrated by the enemy when in the ascendant, its entrance into the capital was signalized by no such scenes as took place at Badajoz and San Sebastian, under Wellington, in the Peninsular war. No conflagration reddened the sky; no murders were committed that plunder might be unchecked; no women were violated; no shrines stripped; no riot and drunkenness prevailed. Never, in the whole range of modern history, has a city, carried by assault, exhibited such little misconduct on the part of the conquerors after the battle was over.

The morning had just dawned—it was the 14th of September, 1847—when Scott issued his orders for Quitman to advance to the great square. The troops of Worth were directed to enter the town simultaneously, but to halt at the Alameda park, within a few hundred feet of the plaza. This was done that Quitman might have the honor of hoisting the American flag on the national palace, he having been the first to gain a foothold within the walls of the city. His division marched rapidly to the heart of the town, as if fearing to be anticipated, and at 7, A. M., planted the stars and stripes in the conquered capital. The entrance of the troops was the signal for the suspense and alarm, which had sunk towards morning, to re-commence. A buzz of excitement ran through the streets.

Crowds began to collect at the corners. As the hours wore on, the throng increased, looks of curiosity, terror and hatred, alternating with the characters of the spectators. About nine o'clock, the blast of a trumpet was heard, and immediately after Scott entered the great square, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and escorted by the second dragoons. He was easily recognized by his lofty form, and, as the crowd looked on this celebrated General, the splendor of his achievements, though gained at their own expense, infected them, for the moment, and they joined in the tumultuous huzzas with which his own troops greeted his advent. On the part of the Americans, it was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. In the conquest of this renowned capital they beheld the realization of a thousand dreams. In their front was the great cathedral of Mexico, and beside it the palace which the old Spanish viceroys had inhabited, both edifices that surpassed in size and splendor, any thing which their own land could afford. No foot, in hostile guise, had trod the pavement beneath them for more than three centuries. Enthroned amid her fastnesses, and surrounded by her waters, like another Venice, Mexico had boasted, and Europe had endorsed the vaunt, that she was impregnable. Yet here she lay, at the mercy of a conqueror. Less than nine thousand men had scaled her apparently impassable mountains; had defeated her thirty thousand defenders; had successfully stormed her numerous batteries, and had finally cut their way literally through her walls. As the American soldiers thought of these achievements, and comparing them with others in history, reflected how transcendant they had been, what wonder that tears of delirious joy rolled down their cheeks, and shouts of enthusiasm rent the air! Nor, when the star spangled banner was seen on the top of the national palace, floating to and fro in the sunshine and breeze, what miracle that those shouts were repeated, until the city shook in its utmost recesses!

The glittering pageant of Scott's entrance was over, and the soldiers, subsiding from their excitement, were beginning to separate to their quarters, when the population of the streets, comprising the leperos and discharged convicts, secretly instigated by emissaries left behind by Santa Anna, began to fire on the troops. At this conduct, so base, considering his forbearance, Scott issued orders for severe retaliation. The artillery was directed to clear the streets. Parties were sent to break open the houses from which the firing occurred, and slay whoever should be found armed within. The soldiers were not restrained to giving quarter. A terrible, but desultory street fight succeeded. In some sections of the city, the

insurrection was speedily put down ; in others, it lingered during the whole day, and even extended into the night. At last the Americans drove the insurgents from every refuge, and becoming tired of slaughter, refrained from the bloody work. It was found, after the riot had been quelled, that those engaged in it had not universally confined themselves to assailing the Americans, but that many, under cover of a rising against the invaders, had only sought an occasion for pillage and murder. However much the massacre of the leperos may be regretted, it cannot be censured. The retribution was wantonly provoked. The blood shed lies at the door of Santa Anna, or whoever instigated the insurrection. It was, perhaps, supposed that the rising would prove as fatal to Scott as a similar one in Madrid had turned out for Murat. The American commander, with praiseworthy forbearance, did not allow this riot to alter his conduct towards the city. It will be his noblest epitaph in future ages, that he could conquer and forgive alike.

The fall of their capital struck dismay into the hearts of the Mexicans. The mournful intelligence spread rapidly in all directions, and was received every where with lamentations and tears. But they did not yet entirely despond. Inheriting a portion of that stubborn tenacity, which has ever distinguished their Spanish ancestors, they resolved still to continue the struggle, though success was now hopeless in all eyes but theirs. They were confirmed in this resolution by a proclamation, issued by Santa Anna from the city of Guadaloupe, whither he had retired on his flight from the capital. In this proclamation he informed the Mexicans that he had resigned his office of President into the hands of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in order that, in the perilous crisis to which the republic had been reduced, he might devote his undivided energies to the field. He advised that the army should hereafter make war in detail ; and announced his intention to attack, with a portion of it, the communications of Scott. The new government met at Queratero. There was soon discovered among its members a considerable diversity of opinion, some being in favor of concluding a peace, while others were resolute to continue the struggle.

Meantime Santa Anna, attended by a force of about eight thousand infantry and cavalry, suddenly appeared before Puebla, on the 25th of September, eight days after the date of his proclamation. The American garrison in this city had been besieged for nearly a fortnight by an irregular force of Mexicans ; but Colonel Childs, the commander, had resolutely maintained his post. To Santa Anna's demand for an evacuation of the city, he returned a prompt and

decided refusal. The Mexican leader immediately erected intrenchments, and began a furious cannonade on the American works. His fire was returned by Colonel Childs, who, throwing shot, shells and grenades incessantly into the heart of the town, produced such an immense loss of property, that the enemy was finally compelled to desist. On the 1st of October, Santa Anna, finding that the besieged were not to be reduced except by a protracted blockade, and learning that a valuable train had started from Xalapa destined for the American army, withdrew at the head of two thousand cavalry and infantry, with three pieces of artillery, and marched to intercept the train. But meantime imputations had been spread, chiefly by his enemies, affecting his fidelity to Mexico, and, on his route, he suddenly found himself deserted by his whole force, excepting about one hundred and thirty hussars. He now retired in the direction of Orizaba, near which he possessed an estate. In this vicinity he remained concealed, a memorable example of the instability of power, and the fleeting nature of popularity. Finally, on the 20th of January, 1848, an expedition was despatched to Orizaba to capture him, but he effected his escape, and, soon after, left his native country, an exile for the third time. With him Mexico lost her ablest General.

Santa Anna having retired from before Puebla, the siege languished until the 12th of October, when it was raised. Meantime General Lane, being on his way from Vera Cruz to the capital, marched, at the head of two regiments, several companies of mounted men, and five pieces of artillery, to chastise the guerillas who had, during the past two months, continued to annoy the trains. On the 9th of October he attacked a large body of them at Huamantla, and gained a complete victory, which, however, was saddened by the loss of the heroic Captain Walker. Nine days subsequently he reduced the strong town of Atlixco, the rendezvous of this species of combatants, after a short but severe cannonade. These two victories may be considered as having broken up the guerilla organization in that section of the country, though this description of force still continued to exist, and to render the roads unsafe, until the declaration of peace. These guerillas were not all patriotic: some being mere robbers, as ready to waylay a countryman as an enemy.

All serious opposition being now at an end, Scott proceeded to execute the orders of his government, and levy contributions from the conquered territories. The sums were apportioned according to the wealth and population of the states. All taxes were directed to be paid to the American authorities. To secure the success of

these orders the army was divided into numerous small parties, which, spreading over the country, enforced obedience wherever they came. But, as the American force was too inconsiderable to cover, in this way, any great extent of territory, the sums collected were of comparatively small amount. It was believed by many, that the Mexicans, on discovering the invading army thus subdivided, would rise in insurrection; but the terror of the American arms had now entirely subdued all thoughts of resistance. Even those who, after the fall of the capital, had still entertained hopes of successfully protracting the war, were now utterly disheartened. The party in favor of peace became stronger daily. The powers of Mr. Trist had been, meantime, revoked by the United States; but that gentleman, anxious to effect a treaty with the enemy, continued to negotiate notwithstanding. Scott also labored, by every honorable means, to induce the misguided enemy to listen to terms of accommodation. These mutual efforts were ultimately crowned with success. A treaty was signed between Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners, which, being immediately forwarded to the United States, was, after some hesitation on the part of the President, laid before the Senate, and by that body adopted, with certain amendments. The treaty in this altered form, was then returned to Mexico, for ratification by the Congress, which was convoked at Queratero for that purpose.

Meantime Scott, in consequence of certain charges made against him by officers of the army, was deprived of his command; and a Court of Inquiry, to examine the allegations, and for other purposes, was ordered to assemble at the city of Mexico. The charges against the late Commander-in-chief were, however, withdrawn, the principal complainant, General Worth, refusing, in the end, to prosecute them. The Court, however, continued to sit, in order to examine into the military conduct of General Pillow, the accuser being Scott. The inquiry was subsequently removed to the United States, and continued after peace had been declared. It is to be regretted that, after the record of such brilliant deeds, we must impair this narrative with these unfortunate, not to say disgraceful transactions. While this Court was prosecuting its inquiries at the city of Mexico, General Butler, who, as senior Major-General, had succeeded Scott in the chief command, concluded an armistice with the enemy, to endure for two months. This proceeding was wise and generous, since it enabled the Congress at Queratero to discuss the ratification of the treaty, without the appearance of compulsion. This armistice, beginning towards the close of February, 1848, was virtually continued until the declaration of peace.

But while hostilities, in the heart of the Mexican republic, were thus at an end, they were breaking out afresh in the distant provinces of California and New Mexico. In California, the enemy, though overcome, had never been thoroughly subdued, and this in

MEXICAN GUERRILLAS.

consequence of the insufficient forces despatched by the United States to that quarter. Upper California, indeed, remained comparatively contented under the American rule; but Lower California was more difficult to reconcile to its new masters. The entire strength of the invading army did not amount to one thousand, while the Mexicans had at least five thousand in the field. Under these circumstances the war was carried on principally by sea. The chief ports of Lower California were blockaded, and occasionally detachments of marines and sailors being landed, skirmishes occurred with the foe, in which generally the Americans were victorious. Wherever garrisons had been left, they maintained themselves against the assaults of the Mexicans. At San Jose, Lieutenant Haywood, of the Navy, at the head of seventy sailors and marines, and a few native Californians, held out against a force of five thousand guerrillas for twenty-one days. He was finally relieved by a detachment

landed from the Cyane, Captain Dupont. This unsettled condition of affairs continued until the declaration of peace.

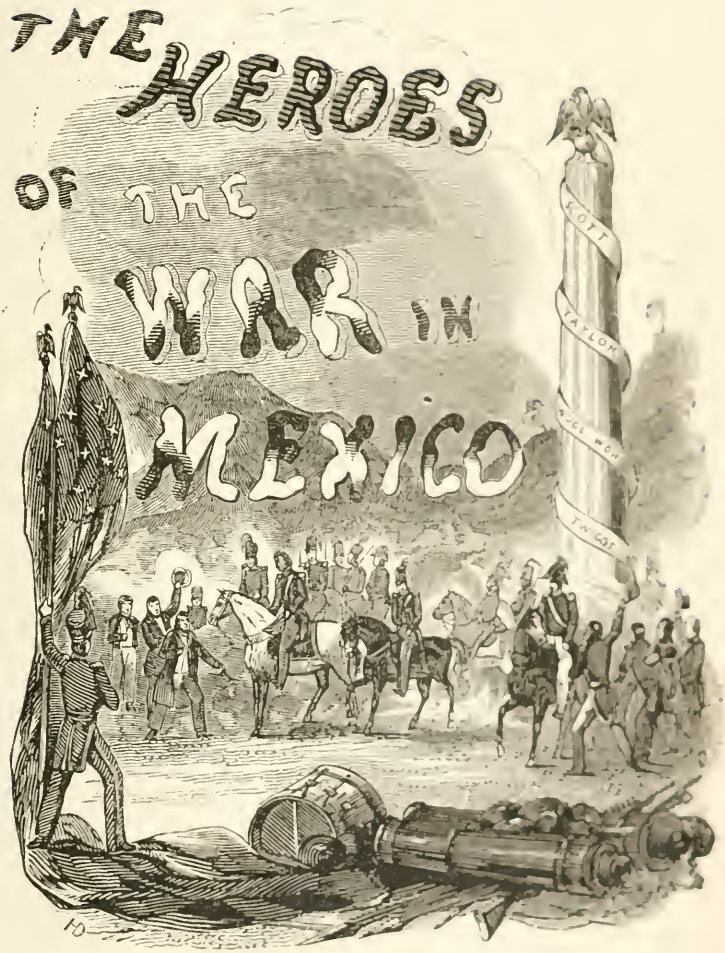
In New Mexico somewhat similar scenes were enacted. General Price, however, still remained in command of the American forces here, and, through his activity and wise precautions, the disaffected were effectually restrained. Hearing, at Santa Fe, rumors that General Urrea was advancing against Chihuahua and El Paso, threatening an attack on the latter place, which was garrisoned by Americans, Price left Santa Fe, on the 8th of February, 1848, for the relief of his countrymen. Urrea, learning the approach of these reinforcements, abandoned his design. Price arrived at El Paso on the 20th of February, and continuing his route, reached Chihuahua, three hundred miles further south, on the first of March. No signs of an enemy being visible, he took peaceable possession of the town. On the 16th of March, however, the Americans came up with a large body of hostile Mexicans, commanded by Don Angel Trias, at Santa Cruz de Rosales, twenty-two leagues from Chihuahua, and immediately a sharp combat ensued. The action began at nine A. M., and was continued until towards evening, when the Americans stormed the place, capturing the Mexican General, besides fourteen pieces of ordnance, and one thousand muskets. This victory closed the war in that quarter of Mexico.

The treaty of peace having been ratified by the Senate of the United States in March, 1848, and subsequently by the Mexican Congress in the ensuing May, the war was at an end. By this treaty Mexico ceded to the United States a considerable territory. The boundary line, as defined by the third article, commences in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land; thence runs up the middle of the Rio Grande to its intersection with the southern boundary of New Mexico; thence along that southern boundary to the western boundary of the same; thence north to the first branch of the Gila which it intersects; thence down the middle of that branch and of the river to the Colorado; thence it runs across westwardly, and strikes the Pacific at a point one league south of San Diego. The free navigation of the Gulf of California, and of the River Colorado, from the mouth of the Gila to the Gulf, was secured, by the same article, to the United States. In consideration of this surrender of territory, the United States stipulated to pay to Mexico the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, as also to assume the claims held against Mexico by American citizens, which were, it will be remembered, one of the original causes of the war. Other less important clauses were contained in the treaty. Among them was a provision that the American army should evacuate the territory of

Mexico within three months. Another clause provided for the renewal, for a period of eight years, of the treaty of commerce of 1831 between the two republics.

The evacuation of the territory of Mexico immediately took place, according to the provisions of the treaty. The regular army, when the war began, had consisted of fifteen regiments, the numbers of which, however, were reduced to the narrowest limits of a peace establishment, so that the entire force was less than eight thousand. Immediately after the declaration of war, the companies were raised to the highest number allowed by the military system of the United States, so that a regiment of ten companies comprised eleven hundred non-commissioned officers and men. Besides this addition, two companies were added to each of the artillery regiments, so that the fifteen old regiments were made to compose a force of seventeen thousand four hundred and eighty men. This force, however, being deemed insufficient, ten new regiments were directed by Congress to be organized, thus raising the numerical strength of the entire army to twenty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty non-commissioned officers and men. It was provided, however, that the ten regiments should be disbanded at the close of the war, which was accordingly done, and the army reduced to its original fifteen regiments.

At least one generation, perhaps two, must elapse before an impartial estimate can be formed of this contest. The judgment of history is always just in the end. To future times we leave what would have been improper for us—the examination of the justice or injustice, the policy or impolicy of the Mexican war.


THE HEROES
OF THE
WAR IN
MEXICO
SCOTT
TAYLOR
WELL DONE
TAYLOR

REPULSE OF MEXICAN CAVALRY AT PALO ALTO.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

IT is customary to institute comparisons between Taylor and Scott. Nothing can be more unjust.—Though each is a great General, there is little similarity between them; and the endeavor to run a parallel injures one or both. The sole distinction that can be drawn, if any, is that Scott has more of the General in his composition, and Taylor more of the hero.

The military qualities of Taylor, though neither varied nor brilliant, are all developed in a colossal mould. His soundness of judgment, his firmness of purpose, and his peculiar faculty of inspiring his army with the same heroic sentiments as himself, have enabled

him to win those astonishing victories which are the admiration of Europe as well as of America. Even Scott, though perhaps he has rivalled, has not surpassed those triumphs. But the character of Taylor rests not alone on its military renown. He is as prudent as brave. He is as wise in council as in field. Vanity appears to be foreign to his composition. Moderate in desiring fame himself, he is not envious of it in others. He yields the full measure of deserved praise to his subordinates, and appears to take pleasure in affording them opportunities for distinction. In manners he is simple and unostentatious. In his whole deportment there is something exalted and heroic, something of the calm majesty of assured genius. He has never obviously sought applause, and the results have verified the remark of the wise man, that popularity rarely comes when assiduously sought, but rather seeks those who seem to despise her favors.

We have said that there is nothing brilliant, in the ordinary sense of the term, in the intellect of General Taylor. We mean by this that he is no melo-dramatic hero; but a sturdy, earnest man, sincere and honest—a reality, and not a sham. He belongs to the class of intellects to which Washington, Cromwell, and others of that profound stamp belonged: not to the Murats, Peterboroughs, and other stage actors of history, half charlatans, half heroes. He possesses that which is worth more than the mere brilliancy of genius, a consummate wisdom which rarely or never errs in its conclusions. His campaign on the Rio Grande is a proof of this. He did not make a single movement without first having maturely considered its propriety, and in no case, consequently, did he commit a false step. Subsequent events always sustained the accuracy of his judgment. When Scott, preparatory to the siege of Vera Cruz, withdrew the regulars from Taylor, he recommended to his subordinate to abandon Saltillo and fall back on Monterey. The same suggestion was made by the President. But Taylor thought this course unwise. He saw that if the enemy was to be checked at all, he must be met in the passes of the mountains beyond Saltillo. The battle of Buena Vista was the result. The importance of that victory cannot be too highly estimated. It not only preserved the country between Saltillo and the Rio Grande from returning to the hands of the Mexicans, but it broke the prestige of Santa Anna's name. It did more. It crushed the best appointed and most numerous army the enemy had ever brought into the field; while it proved that the American volunteer was more than equal to the Mexican regular. All these consequences the wisdom of Taylor

had foreseen. The battle of Buena Vista, moreover, was, in one sense, the cause of all our subsequent triumphs. It would be going too far, perhaps, to say that Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec, would have been lost without it; but we may assume it as certain, that in all those combats the desire to emulate Buena Vista was foremost in the thoughts of officers and men. "Soldiers, behold the sun of Austerlitz," said Bonaparte, on the morning of the battle of Jena; and these words, stimulating them to rival former glories, won the day. This consummate judgment is visible in every act of Taylor's public career; in his deportment to his officers, in his correspondence with the executive, in his conduct under the thousand annoyances of his campaign.

Taylor, we have said, is as resolute in action as he is comprehensive in judgment. At Fort Brown, when he found his communications with Point Isabel cut off, he daringly staked all on the valor of the little garrison, and marched to the coast for ammunition and stores. The morning after his arrival at Point Isabel, the report of guns at Matamoras announced an attack on the fort, and the army, with one voice, generously demanded to be led to the relief of their comrades. But Taylor hesitated. If he left the Point to succor Fort Brown, the object of his late movement would be entirely frustrated; and accordingly he resolved to wait at least until he could hear from the garrison. The firmness of mind required for this decision can only be fully understood by imagining the obloquy he would have suffered if Brown and his little detachment had been cut off. So, at Buena Vista, Taylor accepted battle against the advice of both Scott and the President; and if he had lost the day, nothing could have saved him from a court martial. In deciding to fight Santa Anna, he perilled every life in his army; for a defeat would have terminated in a general massacre: and thus he assumed a responsibility which few would have ventured on, even though as fully convinced of its wisdom as himself.

We doubt, indeed, if there was another man in the army who would have risked the battle of Buena Vista under exactly similar circumstances. There can be no greater proof of the stubborn will of Taylor than the assertion of Santa Anna, that the Americans were thrice beaten, but that they did not know it. Some of Taylor's officers, on one of these occasions, advised him to retreat; but he knew that this was impossible with his comparatively raw troops, and he fought on. "Every Englishman must die here, if needs be," said Wellington at Waterloo; and Taylor held substantially the same language at Buena Vista. His determination to conquer and his

confidence in victory were forcibly exhibited at the final turning point of the conflict. Several assaults of the Mexicans had been repulsed, and they were now making a third, and they believed, a decisive charge. At the head of a column five thousand strong, Santa Anna advanced to the attack. The outposts of the Americans were driven before him like chaff. O'Brien's battery had been captured; Clay and Hardin had fallen desperately contending; and Bragg's artillery was in imminent danger. The enemy was within thirty paces of the guns. In a few seconds his myriads would be upon them. Bragg, in consternation, sent to Taylor for succor. The memorable reply will live as long as history endures. Its determined spirit saved the day. Had Taylor hesitated for a minute, that wild ocean of Mexicans would have surged over the battery, and pouring on, buried leader and soldiers in one common and destroying deluge. It is the union of these two great qualities which has made Taylor so uniformly successful as a General. He has never fought a battle in which he was defeated, though he has fought many where victory was a miracle.

Zachary Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, on the 24th of November, 1784. His family was a respectable one, and had come originally from England, where it had belonged to the ranks of the gentry. When the subject of this sketch was but a few months old, his father emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Jefferson county, about five miles from the town of Lexington. After receiving an ordinary English education, the best that the frontier settlements could afford, young Zachary returned to his father, and for some years was occupied in agriculture. During the excitement caused by the movements of Burr, in 1807, Taylor joined a volunteer company; but, on the subsidence of the alarm, devoted himself again to the cultivation of the soil. About this time an elder brother died, who bore a commission in the United States army, by which means an opening was afforded for the subject of our notice to enter the service. Accordingly, on the 3rd of May, 1808, he received a commission as First-Lieutenant. He was now in the element to which he had always aspired. Resolute, daring, adventurous, accustomed to tales of Indian warfare, and taught to regard the service of his country as the most honorable of all pursuits, young Taylor resolved, from the moment he girded on his sword, to do his duty sincerely and assiduously, never doubting but that his reward would come in time. Even at this early age he was distinguished by that absence of impatience, which is a mark of steadfast and self-poised souls.

The routine of garrison duty on frontier posts, to which Taylor was confined for some years, affords no incident worthy of mention in this sketch. In 1810 he married, but was almost immediately called from home by duty, and for a whole year was prevented from seeing his wife and child. In the beginning of 1812 he was raised to the rank of Captain, and appointed to the command of Fort Harrison. This was a post on the Wabash, right in the heart of the Indian country, consisting of two block-houses, stockade works, and a few buildings for stores or magazines. Here Taylor was stationed when war was declared. He soon became aware that the savages in his vicinity contemplated hostilities; but though he had only sixteen effective men, he resolutely prepared for resistance. On the 3rd of September two men who were making hay near the fort were murdered by the Indians; and now Taylor knew that the blow might be expected hourly to fall. Though debilitated by fever, he personally went the rounds, and saw that every possible precaution was taken. On the 4th, towards evening, a number of Indians knocked at the gate of the fort, begging provisions and asking admittance. But Taylor, suspecting a stratagem, refused to admit them, though he supplied their wants. He then inspected the men's arms, and served out sixteen cartridges to each soldier, after which, exhausted by fatigue and sickness, he retired to snatch a few hours' respose. His last injunction, before repairing to his couch, was that the officers of the guard should walk round the inner side of the fort during the whole night to prevent a surprise.

About eleven o'clock Taylor was roused from sleep by the gun of one of the sentinels, and springing from bed he rushed out, ordering the men to their posts. Almost simultaneously the cry of fire was raised. The Indians had succeeded in igniting one of the block-houses, which was soon in flames. Alarm now seized the feeble garrison, and two of the men, giving up all for lost, sprang over the pickets and fled. For a while Taylor was the only self-collected person in the fort. The block-house, which had been fired, contained a quantity of whiskey, and this now burned with a fury that baffled every effort to subdue it; while the horror of the scene was increased by the roar of the flames, the cries of the women in the fort, the howling of the savages, and the incessant discharges of small-arms. Taylor saw that but one chance of safety remained: this was to tear off the roof of the barracks connecting with the block-house. To this work accordingly he addressed himself. Encouraged by his words a party ascended to the roof amid a shower of bullets, and soon succeeded in their daring object.

Stimulated by this gleam of hope, the men now labored with redoubled energy. They closed up the gap, made by the destruction of the block-house, with a breastwork as high as a man's head.

DEFENCE OF FORT HARRISON.

They put out the fire, which was communicated to the barracks, again and again. While the able-bodied of the garrison, headed by their heroic leader, thus exposed themselves continually, the invalids, roused from their couches by the extremity of the peril, kept up an incessant fire on the savages from the other block-house and from the bastions. The Indians, on their part, maintained a steady discharge of musketry, accompanied with showers of arrows. The night would have been intensely dark, but for the lurid flames that lit the scene; and by this terrible guide the combat was long continued. When the last ember of the block-house had been extinguished, the struggle still went on, the flashes of the guns sufficing for a mark to either party. During seven long hours the scales of fortune hung quivering, but when day began to break, the savages suddenly abandoned the assault, and the members of the little

garrison were left to congratulate themselves and their heroic commander. Of the two men who had fled early in the night, one was killed before he had gone two hundred yards, and the other was glad to return to the fort towards dawn, grievously wounded.

But the savages, though foiled in the attack, did not yet abandon all hopes of their prey. They now resorted to leaguer, and for more than a week environed the fort, out of reach of its guns, in such a manner as to prevent Taylor sending for succor. His position daily grew more precarious. A sickly garrison, with but scanty provisions, surrounded by bodies of hostile savages, and far from assistance, was the prospect that presented itself to the young Captain day and night. In this emergency he proved the heroic mould of his character. While other, and older heads, were trembling before dangers far less imminent, and succumbing to odds infinitely smaller, Taylor never, for one instant, entertained the thought of surrender. The same resolution to die at his post, or come off victorious, which characterised him on the awful field of Buena Vista, thirty years later, marked him now. And it triumphed. On the 16th of the month, twelve days after the assault, a reinforcement of five hundred infantry, and six hundred mounted men, arrived and raised the siege. In his official letter, describing this battle, there is the same modesty, the same simplicity of style, and the same absence of exaggeration as in his memorable despatches from Mexico. He had already all the great qualities which subsequently made him famous; it only required that age should ripen them, and a wider field be presented for their exercise. For his gallantry in this affair, he was honored with the brevet of a Major. The nation was unanimous in applauding his heroism; his name was joined with that of the victorious Decatur: and a few sagacious minds, looking prophetically into the future, foretold that he would yet do deeds to hold a continent in breathless amazement.

The defence of Fort Harrison was the only opportunity afforded Taylor of distinguishing himself in the war of 1812; for during the remainder of the contest he was confined to the vicinity of the Wabash, and thus excluded from the glories of the Niagara campaign in 1814. When peace was declared, the army was remodelled, and Taylor, now eclipsed by later heroes, was reduced to the rank of Captain. Thinking himself injured, he resigned his commission, and retired to the bosom of his family, where he would probably have remained, if his friends had not exerted themselves, and procured his restoration to the rank of Major. He now returned to the army. For several succeeding years he was chiefly occupied at

frontier posts, where a close and methodical attention to his duties did not prevent him from improving in the study of his profession, and in belles-lettres literature. Punctual at the drill on the stormiest morning, and after it, just as punctual in the library of the fort; sincere in manner; a lover of humor; practical and sound in all his views; a little reserved, yet on the whole, a most fascinating companion, Taylor was known in the army, among his intimate friends, as a man who would rise to a first rate position if ever a suitable occasion offered, and if not, would always win the esteem of those around him, by the simplicity, frankness, and genial nature of his character. Most of his time was spent at the south, where he presided at the erection of Fort Jessup. In 1819, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1826, he was a member of the board of officers of the army and militia, over which Scott presided, convened to consider and propose a system for the organization and improvement of the militia of the nation. In 1832, he was raised to the rank of Colonel. He was now employed in the expedition against Black Hawk. It was here, according to a current anecdote, that he cured the militia of their scruples in reference to crossing the boundaries of their state; an example that General Van Ransellaer might have imitated to advantage at Queenstown. Taylor had been ordered to hasten over Rock River, in pursuit of the fugitive savages. The militia demurred, and called a meeting on the prairie, when several orators declaimed against the proceeding as unconstitutional. Taylor quietly listened until all had expressed their sentiments, when he ascended the rostrum, and spoke nearly as follows: "Gentlemen, I have listened with pleasure to your remarks on the independence and dignity of the American citizen. I acknowledge that you are all my equals. Many of you, I believe, will soon be my superiors, by becoming members of Congress, and thus arbiters of the fortunes of humble servants of the republic, like myself. I expect then to obey you as interpreters of the will of the people; and the best proof I can give of this, is, to obey now those who are at present in authority. In plain English, gentlemen, I have been ordered from Washington to follow Black Hawk, and take you with me as soldiers. I mean to do both. There are the flat-boats drawn up on the shore, and here are my regulars behind you on the prairie!" The quiet composure with which he delivered these words was sufficient: the men saw he was not to be trifled with; and without a murmur, they embarked, the noisiest of the demagogues being the first to hurry to the boats. Taylor, on the conclusion of the Black Hawk war, was appointed to the command of Fort Craw-

ford, at Prairie du Chien. In charge of this post he remained until 1837, when he was ordered to Florida, where he speedily achieved the most decisive victory yet gained over the warlike Seminoles.

The Florida war was, from first to last, of a very harassing character. It was waged under a fatal climate, and in a country almost impregnable. A wet and spongy soil, covered with rank herbage, and overshadowed by impenetrable thickets of cypress and palmetto, formed the first obstacle with which the invaders had to contend; this conquered, the Americans still had to overcome the most resolute savages, perhaps, that ever winged a rifle-ball, or lurked for a foe. If beaten, the Seminoles would fly through the dense wilderness, by paths known only to themselves, and seek refuge in some unexplored everglade. When, after toiling through the slimy swamp for days, the invaders would at last reach this new retreat, they would be exhausted with fatigue; while, on the contrary, the Indians would be fresh for the strife. Perhaps the Americans would remain ignorant of the position of the enemy until a volley from the thicket would prostrate half their number. Sometimes the savages would fly after a short contest; sometimes it would be necessary to rouse them from their lair by the prick of the bayonet; sometimes, after a heroic struggle, the assailants would be compelled themselves to retire, leaving the ground strewn with their dead. This war had continued two years, when Taylor arrived in Florida. He found the consternation of the whites at its height. Notwithstanding the large force of both regulars and volunteers, which had been employed against the Seminoles; notwithstanding the two first Generals in the army had been in command, the enemy not only continued unsubdued, but had even increased in audacity. If the soldiers penetrated to the Indian country, surprise and ambush cut them off; if they remained at their forts, the savages took courage and foraged the white settlements. Large numbers of runaway slaves, fugitives from Georgia and Alabama, added to the fierceness of the Seminole array, and fostered the spirit of revenge. Terrible murders, perpetrated with every device of savage cruelty, continually struck terror into the white population. Plantation after plantation, was deserted in consequence, until the country began to assume the appearance of a desert, and when Taylor arrived, he found a general despondency, which infected even the army, and rose, among the citizens, almost to despair.

Jessup, who still held the supreme command, resolved on the most vigorous measures in this crisis, and accordingly, he directed Taylor to seek the enemy every where, and destroy or capture his

forces. With eleven hundred officers and men, Taylor left Fort Gardner on the 20th of December, 1837, and began his march into the interior. The Seminoles, informed of his intentions by spies, had retired to one of their strongest fortresses, where they resolved to await his approach. On the 25th, Taylor reached their vicinity. The savages were posted on the further side of a dense swamp, in a thick hammock, and were so completely hidden from view, that but for the assurances of the guides, and the known partiality of the Indians for such lurking places, their presence would not have been suspected. Taylor, with that promptness which is one of his characteristics, immediately ordered the troops forward; and the men, inspired by his calm front, plunged into the thick grass which here rose overhead. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile, they reached a wide slough, where the water and mud was four feet deep. This obstacle would have checked ordinary troops, or an ordinary leader. But the men, abandoning their horses, plunged resolutely into the lake, carrying their arms overhead, to preserve them from the wet. For awhile nothing was heard but the splash of water, as the soldiers struggled along; but suddenly a hundred rifles cracked, and the foremost ranks fell among the grass and slime. There was a momentary pause, and then the officers springing to the front, and shouting to the men, the brave troops charged forward. But the progress through the long grass and water was necessarily slow, and meantime, the savages, secure in their covert, mowed down the assailants. All around was a blaze of fire, yet no foe was visible. At last the volunteers who had led the advance, and who were now dreadfully thinned in numbers, seeing their leader, Colonel Gentry, fall mortally wounded, broke and fled. This was the signal for the Indians to burst forth, which they did, firing and yelling like demons. The volunteers rushed across the swamp, forgetting to form as ordered in the rear of the regulars, and did not pause until they reached their baggage and horses, with which they remained for the rest of the day.

The shock now fell on the troops of the line, consisting of the fourth and sixth regiments of infantry. These gallant regulars, undismayed by the flight of the volunteers, met the victorious foe in full career, and pouring in volley after volley, not only checked the pursuit, but began to roll back the enemy upon his covert. The principal weight of the conflict fell on five companies of the sixth, every man of which fought as if the day depended on him alone. The slaughter in this little band grew so terrible, that the waters of the swamp beneath, and around them, soon became red as blood.

Their leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, received a mortal wound while cheering his men. His adjutant, and other officers of rank, fell beside him. Every inferior officer was soon killed or disabled; and in one of the five companies, only four men remained unhurt. The dead and dying lay in huge heaps among the grass.

THE BATTLE OF OKEE-CHOBEE.

At last, this band of heroes was forced to give way. But their place was instantly supplied by others, and the battle now raged with awful fury. Far and near the glade echoed with the shouts of the combatants, or the rattle of musketry, unless, when the uproar, lulling for a moment the groans of the wounded, or the dull splash of bodies falling in the water, smote the ear. At last the savages fled in disorder. But, after retiring a short distance, they rallied, on what they thought, more favorable ground, and the deadly combat was renewed. Again they were charged, again they broke, again they rallied, again they fled; and ever, in the van of his shouting heroes, the form of Taylor was seen, a beacon to his troops. The hammock was gained, the savages dislodged, and the pursuit continued to the borders of Lake Okee-Chobee, in the rear of the

enemy's position. The flank of the foe was now turned by Lieutenant-Colonel Davenport, and a complete rout ensued. The chase was continued until night, when the exhausted troops gave in, and silence fell on the wild and romantic glade, which, since noon, had reverberated with the roar of battle. This defeat broke the heart of the enemy, though he still continued to fight in detached bodies, and with sullen desperation long afterwards. The loss of the Americans in the battle of Okee-Chobee, was fourteen officers and one hundred and twenty-four men; that of the savages was never ascertained, as they carried off most of their dead. For his conduct on this memorable day, Taylor received the brevet of a Brigadier, and shortly after, on the retirement of Jessup, succeeded to the chief command in Florida.

The official despatch, describing the battle of Okee-Chobee, concludes with the following passage, descriptive of the sufferings of his troops after the victory. The letter from which we make the extract, was dated from head-quarters, after his return. Having described the actual combat, he continues: "And here I trust I may be permitted to say, that I experienced one of the most trying scenes of my life, and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been very differently organized from my own; besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beaten the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position, and who had to be conveyed back through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing so. This service, however, was encountered and overcome, and they have been conveyed thus far, and proceeded on to Tampa Bay, on rude litters, constructed with the axe and knife alone, with poles and dry hides—the latter being found in great abundance at the encampment of the hostiles. The litters were conveyed on the backs of our weak and tottering horses, aided by the residue of the command, with more ease and comfort to the sufferers than I could have supposed, and with as much as they could have been in ambulances of the most improved and modern construction."

The consequences of the battle of Okee-Chobee are described by Taylor in equally graphic terms. Of the six weeks to which he alludes in the following extract, four transpired previous to the conflict, and two subsequent. "In six weeks," he says, "we penetrated one hundred and fifty miles into the enemy's country, opened roads, and constructed bridges and causeways, when necessary, on the greater

portion of the route, established two depots, and the necessary defences for the same, and finally overtook and beat the enemy in his strongest position. The results of which movement and battle have been the capture of thirty of the hostiles, the coming in, and surrendering of more than one hundred and fifty Indians and negroes, mostly of the former, including the chiefs Oo-la-too-chee, Tus-te-nug-gee, and other principal men, the capturing and driving out of the country six hundred head of cattle, upwards of one hundred head of horses, besides obtaining a thorough knowledge of the country through which we operated, a greater portion of which was entirely unknown, except to the enemy." Taylor remained at the head of the army in Florida until 1840, when he was relieved at his own request. He was never, however, able to bring the savages to a second battle. The recollection of Okee-Chobee, as long as he retained the supreme command, restrained the foe from hazarding aught except desultory engagements, though with the vindictiveness of his mixed African and Indian blood, he seized every occasion to murder unarmed fugitives, the atrocity of these assassinations increasing as years rolled on. We gladly turn aside from the often repeated story of fathers slaughtered in the midst of their children, of infants stabbed at the breast, and of whole households consumed in their burning tenements, while the murderers danced and yelled around. We leave the story of the Florida war to be narrated in a more appropriate place. If the Seminoles had been less of assassins they would have been more of heroes.

The interval that elapsed between his retirement from the army of Florida and his elevation to the responsible post of General of the army of the Rio Grande, was spent by Taylor chiefly at Forts Jessup and Gibson, as commandant of the first military department in the south-west. His prudence, not less than his skill, recommended him in 1845, on the annexation of Texas to the United States, as a suitable person to take charge of the force which the President resolved to send into the new state. His instructions were to observe the Mexicans, and check any hostile demonstrations they might make. Accordingly General Taylor, with about two thousand men, repaired to Corpus Christi in August of that year, at which place he remained until the 8th of March, 1846, when he advanced to the Rio Grande. This movement was, on his part, purely a military one. The President had directed him to consider the Rio Grande as the boundary between Mexico and the United States, and to defend it as such: on which Taylor expressed his opinion, that the line of the Rio Grande was not possible to be maintained

by a post at Corpus Christi. In pursuance of these views he broke up his encampment, and, on the 28th of March, took a position opposite Matamoras. He had already seized Point Isabel on the 24th, by which he was enabled to command the mouth of the Rio Grande. The events that followed, and which led directly to the war, have been detailed in another place, and, consequently, we shall not recapitulate them. Throughout the whole of the transactions that occurred between the 8th of March and the battle of the 8th of May, General Taylor displayed the utmost forbearance toward the Mexicans, while he yet maintained to its fullest extent, the honor and dignity of the United States. Firm, yet prudent; conciliatory, but not cringing; neither seeking to intimidate, nor allowing intimidation, he did all that could be done to avert a war, though holding himself ready for it if it should come. When accordingly the folly of the Mexicans led them to attack him at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, he dealt them such staggering blows, and in such quick succession, that they reeled blindly before him, and, from that hour to the end of the war, never recovered their confidence.

The lustre of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May has been dimmed in a measure by the brilliancy of subsequent combats. But it was in them that the prestige of victory was first obtained for the Americans, and the oppressive consciousness of defeat first affixed to the foe. It was Palo Alto that originally established the efficiency of our light artillery, to which we have since been indebted for so many successes. It was at Resaca de la Palma that the renowned Tampico regiment, which had been victorious on twenty fields; which had never met a foe but to conquer; and which was, therefore, considered the Palladium of the Mexican army, was totally destroyed after a struggle whose heroic character was worthy of its ancient fame. The splendor of these two victories can only be adequately understood by those who remember the excitement of the public mind, between the receipt of intelligence of Captain Thornton's capture and that of the glorious days of the 8th and 9th of May. During that gloomy and oppressive interval of suspense but one voice was heard; it was that of lamentation for our army supposed to be sacrificed to an overwhelming force. It was known that Taylor had scarcely two thousand soldiers: it was believed, and the belief was correct, that the Mexicans had ten. The ruin of our little army was considered inevitable. Men did not hesitate to reproach the President for thus wantonly throwing away the lives of brave men. The sympathies of the nation were enlisted for Tay-

lor. The arrival of the mail was watched with intense anxiety. The suspense was protracted from day to day, by the most exciting, but uncertain intelligence: it was told that Taylor's communication had been cut off; that he had marched to Point Isabel; that the garrison left opposite Matamoras had been bombarded. The anguish of the public mind rose to an intolerable pitch. But suddenly came intelligence of the victory of Palo Alto, and following close on its heels, the news of Resaca de la Palma. The nation passed at once from despondency to joy. The bulletins of the conquering General were read again and again, for at first they could scarcely be credited. When the conviction, at last, became fixed that Taylor had indeed repulsed the hosts of Arista, and that the Mexican army, collected with such care, was reduced to a crowd of disorderly fugitives, a delirium of exultation took possession of the public mind. It was not only over a mere victory that the people rejoiced: it was over a gallant leader saved from sacrifice; it was over an army preserved from massacre. The government immediately sent him the brevet of Major-General; and, shortly after, on the passage of the act increasing the army, a full commission. Taylor at once rose to the proud eminence of a hero, and was assigned the first place in the people's hearts. By exalting his genius they vindicated their own alarm.

The occupation of Matamoras followed, and the advance on Monterey. During the whole of these transactions Taylor labored under great disadvantages. The government of the United States furnished him troops without adequate supplies, thus rendering nugatory with one hand what they tendered with the other. But the patience, tact, and skill of the General triumphed over all difficulties. Ordered to penetrate into the interior, he advanced to Monterey, the siege of which, a walled town, he began with a single mortar. Monterey fell after a most desperate contest: no struggle so fierce had, up to that period, ever been known on this continent. The armistice that followed was a wise and necessary measure, notwithstanding the exceptions urged against it at the time. Taylor had just received orders to terminate this armistice, and was fortunately at last in a condition to move forward, when he was unavoidably stripped of the flower of his forces by Scott, then on his way to Vera Cruz. Nothing illustrates the equable character of the General better than the familiar anecdote told of him on this occasion. The despatch, calling on him to surrender Worth's division, was received by Taylor when at supper: he read it, his brow clouded, but he did not utter a word: the only way in which his chagrin was

betrayed was by his excessive nervousness, displayed in peppering his coffee, and in similar mistakes during the meal. The circumstances which led subsequently to the battle of Buena Vista have been detailed, at sufficient length, in preceding pages. That remarkable battle had its origin as much in Taylor's foresight, as the victory which crowned it owed its existence to his indomitable courage. To illustrate Taylor's clear and transparent style, as well as to present the story of that day in the most authoritative shape, we quote the chief portion of his despatch relative to this victory. The narrative begins with the preliminary reconnoisance.

"The information which reached me of the advance and concentration of a heavy Mexican force in my front, had assumed such a probable form as to induce a special examination far beyond the reach of our pickets to ascertain its correctness. A small party of Texan spies, under Major McCullough, despatched to the hacienda of Encarnacion, thirty miles from this, on the route to San Luis Potosi, had reported a cavalry force of unknown strength at that place. On the 20th of February, a strong reconnoisance, under Lieutenant-Colonel May, was despatched to the hacienda of Hecliondo, while Major McCullough made another examination of Encarnacion. The result of these expeditions left no doubt that the enemy was in large force at Encarnacion, under the orders of General Santa Anna, and that he meditated a forward movement and attack upon our position.

"As the camp of Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's force was greatly superior to our own, particularly in the arm of cavalry, I determined, after much consideration, to take up a position about eleven miles in rear, and there await the attack. The army broke up its camp and marched at noon on the 21st, encamping at the new position a little in front of the hacienda of Buena Vista. With a small force I proceeded to Saltillo, to make some necessary arrangements for the defence of the town, leaving Brigadier-General Wool in the immediate command of the troops.

"Before these arrangements were completed, on the morning of the 22d, I was advised that the enemy was in sight, advancing. Upon reaching the ground it was found that his cavalry advance was in our front, having marched from Encarnacion, as we have since learned, at eleven o'clock the day previous, and driving in a mounted force left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. Our troops were in position, occupying a line of remarkable strength. The road at this point becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery by a

succession of deep and impassable gullies, while on the left a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extends far back towards the mountain which bounds the valley. The features of the

MAJOR M'CULLOUGH

ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantage of its numerical superiority. In this position we prepared to receive him. Captain Washington's battery (fourth artillery) was posted to command the road, while the first and second Illinois regiments, under Colonels Hardin and Bissell, each eight companies, (to the latter of which was attached Captain Conner's company of Texas volunteers,) and the second Kentucky, under Colonel McKee, occupied the crests of the ridges on the left and in rear. The Arkansas

and Kentucky regiments of cavalry, commanded by Colonels Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left near the base of the mountain, while the Indiana brigade, under Brigadier-General Lane, (composed of the second and third regiments, under Colonels Bowles and Lane,) the Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Davis, the squadrons of the first and second dragoons, under Captain Steene and Lieutenant-Colonel May, and the light batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg, third artillery, were held in reserve.

"At eleven o'clock I received from General Santa Anna a summons to surrender at discretion, which, with a copy of my reply, I have already transmitted. The enemy still forebore his attack, evidently waiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by our look-outs as they approached the field. A demonstration made on his left caused me to detach the second Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery, to our right, in which position they bivouacked for the night. In the mean time, the Mexican light troops had engaged ours on the extreme left, (composed of parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, dismounted, and a rifle battalion from the Indiana brigade under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Colonel Marshall,) and kept up a sharp fire, climbing the mountain side, and apparently endeavoring to gain our flank. Three pieces of Captain Washington's battery had been detached to the left, and were supported by the second Indiana regiment. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line, but without effect. The skirmishing of the light troops was kept up with trifling loss, on our part, until dark, when I became convinced that no serious attack would be made before the morning, and returned, with the Mississippi regiment and squadron of second dragoons, to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and laid upon their arms. A body of cavalry, some fifteen hundred strong, had been visible all day in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a narrow pass, east of the city. This cavalry, commanded by General Minon, had evidently been thrown in our rear, to break up and harass our retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town, if practicable. The city was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren, of the first regiment. A field-work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Captain Webster's company, first artillery, and armed with two twenty-four pound howitzers, while the train and head-quarter camp was guarded by two companies of Mississippi riflemen, under Captain Rogers, and a field-piece, commanded by Captain Shover, third artillery. Having made these

dispositions for the protection of the rear, I proceeded on the morning of the 23d, to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before my arrival on the field.

"During the evening and night of the 22d, the enemy had thrown a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of outflanking our left; and it was here that the action of the 23d commenced, at an early hour. Our riflemen, under Colonel Marshall, who had been reinforced by three companies under Major Trail, second Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground handsomely against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect. About eight o'clock, a strong demonstration was made against the centre of our position, a heavy column moving along the road. This force was soon dispersed by a few rapid and well-directed shots from Captain Washington's battery. In the mean time, the enemy was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the obvious intention of forcing our left, which was posted on an extensive plateau. The second Indiana, and the second Illinois regiments formed this part of our line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the orders of Captain O'Brien—Brigadier-General Lane being in the immediate command. In order to bring his men within effective range, General Lane ordered the artillery and second Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was served against it with great effect, but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support had fallen back in disorder, being exposed, as well as the battery, not only to a severe fire of small-arms from the front, but also to a murderous cross-fire of grape and canister, from a Mexican battery on the left. Captain O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his pieces, all the horses and cannoniers of the third piece being killed or disabled. The second Indiana regiment, which had fallen back as stated, could not be rallied, and took no farther part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant Colonel Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives, who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and depot at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the light troops which had rendered such good service on the mountain were compelled to withdraw, which they did, for

the most part, in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the depot at Buena Vista, to the defence of which they afterwards contributed.

"Colonel Bissell's regiment, (second Illinois,) which had been joined by a section of Captain Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear in great force. At this moment I arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican infantry which had turned our flank. The second Kentucky regiment, and a section of artillery, under Captain Bragg, had previously been ordered from the right to reinforce our left, and arrived at a most opportune moment. That regiment, and a portion of the first Illinois, under Colonel Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground we had lost. The batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg, were in position on the plateau, and did much execution, not only in front, but particularly upon the masses, which had gained our rear. Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, the third Indiana regiment under Colonel Lane, was despatched to strengthen that part of our line which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time Lieutenant Kilburn, with a piece of Captain Bragg's battery, was directed to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the enemy making several efforts both with infantry and cavalry, against our line, and being always repulsed with heavy loss. I had placed all the regular cavalry, and Captain Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse under the orders of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing to the rear along the base of the mountain, which was done in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell.

"In the mean time, our left, which was still strongly threatened by a superior force, was farther strengthened by the detachment of Captain Braggs, and a portion of Captain Sherman's batteries to that quarter. The concentration of artillery-fire upon the masses of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to effect a retreat upon their main line of battle. The squadron of the first

dragoons, under Lieutenant Rucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine which these retreating corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of these corps. While the squadron was detached on this service, a large body of the enemy was observed to concentrate on our extreme left, apparently with the view of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, where our train and baggage were deposited. Lieutenant-Colonel May was ordered to the support of that point, with two pieces of Captain Sherman's battery under Lieutenant Reynolds. In the mean time, the scattered forces near the hacienda, composed in part of Majors Trail and Gorman's commands, had been, to some extent, organized under the advice of Major Munroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before our cavalry had reached the hacienda, that of the enemy had made its attack; having been handsomely met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Colonels Marshall and Yell. The Mexican column immediately divided, one portion sweeping by the depot, where it received a destructive fire from the force which had collected there, and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lieutenant Reynolds' section, the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain on our left. In the charge at Buena Vista, Colonel Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment; we also lost Adjutant Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry—a young officer of much promise. Lieutenant-Colonel May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the first dragoons and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the enemy, upon whose masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, our artillery was doing fearful execution.

"The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained our rear was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body. At this moment I received from General Santa Anna a message by a staff officer, desiring to know what I wanted. I immediately despatched Brigadier-General Wool to the Mexican General-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing. Upon reaching the Mexican lines, General Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. The extreme right of the enemy continued its retreat along the base of the mountain, and finally, in spite

of all our efforts, effected a junction with the remainder of the army.

"During the day the cavalry of General Minon had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several of our men. Approaching the town, they were fired upon by Captain Webster, from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved off towards the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely towards Buena Vista. At this time, Captain Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the cavalry with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which lead to the lower valley, closely pursued by Captain Shover, who was farther supported by a piece of Captain Webster's battery, under Lieutenant Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Captain Wheeler's company of Illinois volunteers. The enemy made one or two efforts to charge the artillery, but was finally driven back in a confused mass, and did not again appear upon the plain.

"In the mean time, the firing had partially ceased upon the principal field. The enemy seemed to confine his efforts to the protection of his artillery, and I had left the plateau for a moment, when I was recalled thither by a very heavy musketry fire. On regaining that position, I discovered that our infantry (Illinois and second Kentucky) had engaged a greatly superior force of the enemy—evidently his reserve—and that they had been overwhelmed by numbers. The moment was most critical. Captain O'Brien, with two pieces, had sustained this heavy charge to the last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed. Captain Bragg, who had just arrived from the left, was ordered at once into battery. Without any infantry to support him, and at the imminent risk of losing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzle of his pieces. The first discharge of canister caused the enemy to hesitate; the second and third drove him back in disorder, and saved the day. The second Kentucky regiment, which had advanced beyond supporting distance in this affair, was driven back and closely pressed by the enemy's cavalry. Taking a ravine which led in the direction of Captain Washington's battery, their pursuers became exposed to his fire, which soon checked and drove them back with loss. In the mean time, the rest of our artillery had taken position on the plateau, covered by the Mississippi and third Indiana regiments, the former of which had reached the ground in time to pour a fire into the right flank of the enemy, and thus contribute

to his repulse. In this last conflict, we had the misfortune to sustain a very heavy loss. Colonel Hardin, first Illinois, and Colonel McKee and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, second Kentucky regiment, fell at this time, while gallantly leading their commands.

"No farther attempt was made by the enemy to force our position, and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat. Though the night was severely cold, the troops were compelled for the most to bivouac without fires, expecting that morning would renew the conflict. During the night the wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every preparation made to receive the enemy, should he again attack our position. Seven fresh companies were drawn from the town, and Brigadier-General Marshall, with a reinforcement of Kentucky cavalry and four heavy guns, under Captain Prentiss, first artillery, was near at hand, when it was discovered that the enemy had abandoned his position during the night. Our scouts soon ascertained that he had fallen back upon Agua Nueva. The great disparity of numbers, and the exhaustion of our troops, rendered it inexpedient and hazardous to attempt pursuit. A staff officer was despatched to General Santa Anna, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed on the following day. Our own dead were collected and buried, and the Mexican wounded, of which a large number had been left upon the field, were removed to Saltillo, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit."

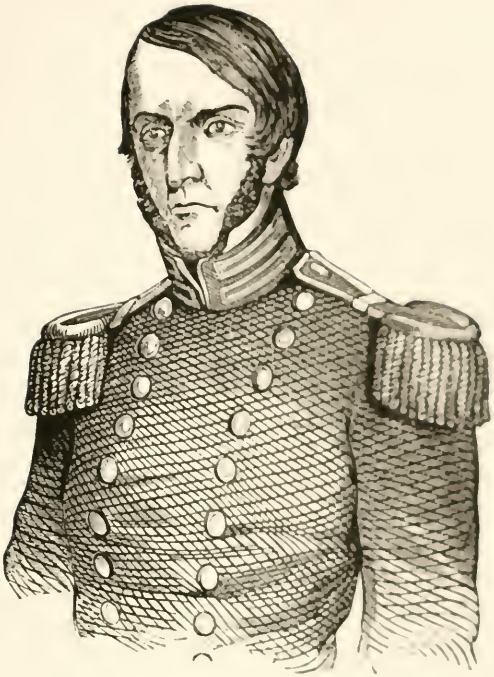
Such was the great battle of Buena Vista. Taken all in all it was, perhaps, the most glorious ever fought by an American army. It furnished the climax to Taylor's renown. At Resaca de la Palma he had defeated the enemy in the open field. At Monterey he had stormed an almost impregnable walled town, and carried it, after a bloody conflict of three days. On both these occasions the regulars had been considered the operative causes of the victory. But at Buena Vista he was not only pitted against far greater odds than he had ever before had to contend against, but his army, with the paltry exception of five hundred, was composed entirely of volunteers, many of whom had never seen an enemy. To win a victory under such circumstances appeared little short of miraculous. In the United States, the same alarm for this gallant soldier which had preceded the battles of the 8th and 9th of May was again experienced; and the intelligence of the victory was hailed with a like delirious enthusiasm and joy. In Europe, wonder and admiration possessed all men: the name of Taylor was coupled with that of the most renowned commanders: the highest Generals followed

his career on the map from the Rio Grande to Buena Vista; and kings despatched emissaries across the Atlantic to unriddle the mystery by which raw soldiers could be made to repulse five times their own number of regulars. Subsequent victories have, in their immediate results, rivalled, perhaps exceeded that of the 23rd of February, 1847; but none have approached its remote consequences, for it was the parent of them all. Had the army which Taylor defeated at Buena Vista, been added to that which Scott subsequently repulsed at Cerro Gordo, it would have been impossible even for the hero of Lundy's Lane, vast as is his genius, to have cut his way to Mexico, unless with a column of twenty thousand men. It was on the torrent of victory which Taylor let loose, that the flag of America was borne onward to the capital of Mexico.

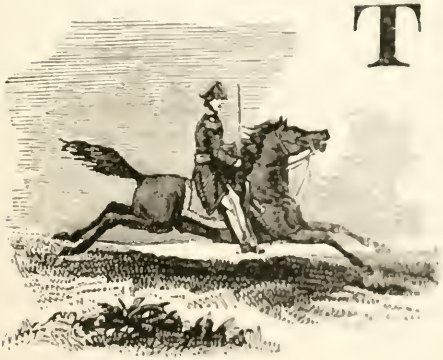
The subsequent career of Taylor in Mexico was comparatively destitute of interest. The destruction of Santa Anna's army left the country between Saltillo and the Rio Grande in undisputed possession of the Americans, so that no work remained for Taylor's army except the suppression occasionally of a guerilla force, or the convoying a train. In the autumn of 1847, Taylor resigned his command into the hands of General Wool, and returned to the United States on leave of absence for six months. His reception at New Orleans was enthusiastic in the extreme. Various invitations were extended to him from legislatures and other bodies to visit their localities, but he modestly declined all such ostentatious visits, and during his presence in the United States lived retired with his family.

Taylor is affable, though somewhat taciturn. He is fond of humor; has a benevolent heart; and possesses a rare faculty of attaching strangers to him. In the army he is idolized by the soldiers, both regulars and volunteers. He is lenient even to great offences, as in the case of the captured deserters, whom, instead of hanging, he ordered to be driven from the camp with every mark of obloquy. Wise and prudent to both officers and men, he has scarcely an enemy, and no open rival. All who have served under him, while they know he is not unduly exacting, know also that, when once aroused, his determination becomes terrible.

In person Taylor is of medium height, broad-set, and unusually short-limbed. His face is expressive of great resolution and energy. It is bronzed and wrinkled by constant exposure to all weathers; and has, consequently, an expression of hardness, which, at first, augurs too great sternness of character. But a closer examination discovers in the eye that love of humor and that sterling benevolence which are prominent traits of this General.



SAMUEL RINGGOLD



THE first martyr of the Mexican war was Major Samuel Ringgold, who fell at Palo Alto, on the 8th of May, 1846. In his death on that glorious field there seemed a peculiar fitness, the victory being won principally by the light artillery, a branch of the service of which he was almost the parent.

Ringgold was born at Front Park, near Hagerstown, Md., in the near 1800, and was the oldest son of General Samuel Ringgold,

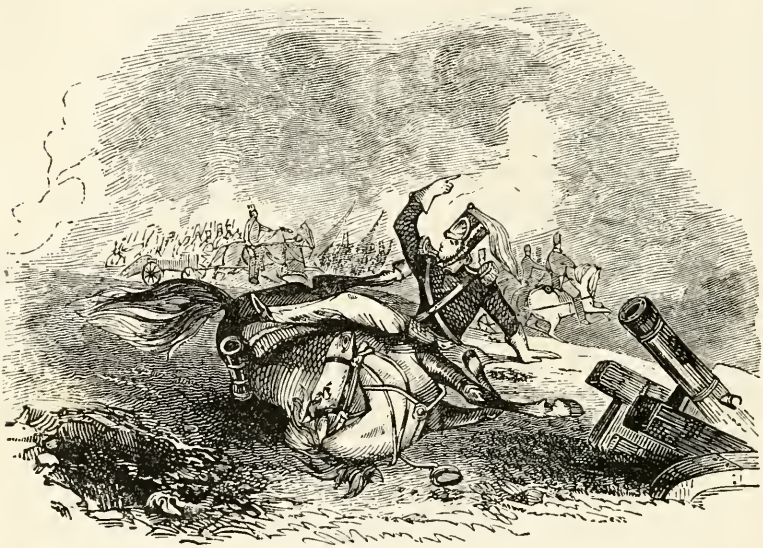
formerly a United States Senator. His mother was a daughter of General John Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, who devoted his sword and fortune to his country in the darkest hours of 1776. The child, thus inheriting on both sides the blood of patriots, was early destined for the pursuit of arms. At the age of fourteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1818, at the head of his class. He was now commissioned as Second-Lieutenant of artillery, and in 1822 advanced to a First-Lieutenancy. In this capacity he served for several years, at Fort Moultrie, S. C. In 1834, he received the brevet of Captain, dating from May 8th, 1832. In 1836 he was raised to the rank of full Captain, with the command of a company in the third artillery. In the Florida war, his health, naturally delicate, became considerably impaired. To restore it, he visited Europe, and here, ever anxious to perfect himself in his profession, he studied for awhile at the Polytechnique in Paris, and at the Military Institution in Woolwich, England. His company having been disbanded in 1838, Ringgold, on his return to the United States, was ordered to organize a company of light artillery.

The light artillery was, at that time, a novelty in the service. Strictly speaking, it does not even yet exist as a distinct corps; but each regiment of heavy artillery has one company, furnished with lighter pieces and equipped with horses. The bill, authorising the equipment of four companies of light artillery, was first passed in 1816, but was not acted upon until Mr. Poinsett became Secretary of War, when Ringgold, as we have seen, was selected to organize the corps. He established himself at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where, by constant practice, he brought both horses and men to such a state of perfection, that, when drilling they seemed to move by volition alone. The soldiers would advance at full gallop with their battery, unlimber, fire, re-mount, and whirl off to another position, where the same process would take place, and this with such rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow their movements. A memory of a cloud of dust, of the ringing report of guns, of the thunder of the carriages and horses over the hard plain, would frequently be the only distinct images which a spectator carried away from these exhibitions. The whole scene appeared like some wild and inexplicable phantasmagoria. On one occasion we beheld this corps drilling. The scene was two hills, nearly half a mile apart, with a gently sloping vale between. Now the batteries could be discerned on the brow of the furthest hill, half concealed in the white vapor that floated back after the explosion; now they would be seen, for an instant's transit, smoking through the valley; then they were visible swinging

around and unlimbering on the neighboring crest; and next, after another stunning explosion, and before we could recover sight of the guns, the whole corps would go thundering back to its first position, a confused mass of horsemen, caissons, and artillery vanishing through clouds of dust, and amid a shaking of the ground, as if an earthquake was passing.

While occupied at Carlisle, Ringgold received the brevet of Major, for his services in the Florida war. When Texas was annexed to the United States, Ringgold was ordered to join the army of observation. He immediately repaired to Corpus Christi, and subsequently accompanied Taylor to the Rio Grande. In the battle of Palo Alto the practical efficiency of his corps was first tested and established: without exaggeration, it may be said that the light artillery on that occasion, won the day! The engagement was begun, on the side of the Americans, by Lieutenant Churchill, with two eighteen-pounders. Ringgold, being ordered into action, galloped past Churchill, and taking up a position within seven hundred yards of the enemy, opened with terrible effect on the masses of Arista. The precision and rapidity of his fire astonished friend and foe alike. Whole companies went down before his batteries, and when, next day, the Americans traversed the position of the enemy, the course of Ringgold's shot could be detected by the lanes of dead. After the battle had raged for some time, an immense body of Mexican lancers was seen advancing at full speed, to charge the American right; Lieutenant Ridgely, with a detachment of Ringgold's artillery, assisted by the fifth infantry, and by Walker's volunteers, was ordered to repel its assault. This left Ringgold himself with but two guns. Undismayed, however, he seized every opportunity to push forward, and, by successive advances at last placed his little battery within a hundred yards of the foe. At this distance he maintained a murderous fire, frequently pointing the guns himself, and often at particular individuals, whom he always hit. The scene approached the sublime. The grass was on fire all around, and the smoke that rose in thick volumes at times entirely concealed the Mexicans. Occasionally a puff of wind would blow aside the curtain of battle, and then the enemy was visible, almost within pistol-shot, his whole front a blaze of fire. The rushing of the round shot through the grass, the rattling of musketry, the roar of the conflagration, and the other confused noises of the combat, produced a scene of maddening excitement. For the most part the infantry remained inactive spectators of the combat, yet cheering continually at the terrible havoc of Ringgold's battery.

Suddenly, while all eyes were turned on the hero of the fight, he was observed to fall, with his horse, to the ground. The artillerists who were nearest rushed to his side. A cannon-shot had passed through both his thighs, and through the shoulders of his horse. He lay extended on the prairie, his dying steed partially upon him.

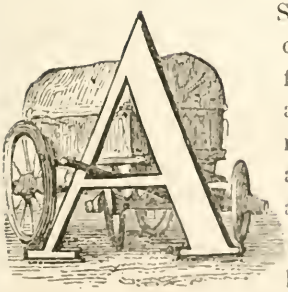


FALL OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

Lieutenant Sherer offered to raise him. "No," said the fainting hero, "let me stay—go on—you have enough to do." Dr. Byrne, however, hurried up, and had him carried from the field; but his wounds were seen, at once, to be mortal. Though no bones were broken, nor any important artery divided, nearly all the anterior muscles had been torn from each thigh. He lingered until the 10th, when he died at Point Isabel. He suffered little or no pain, and conversed cheerfully on the incidents of the battle up to the hour of his decease. His remains were interred, first, at the Point, but subsequently at Baltimore, in his native state.

Thus perished, at the age of forty-six, the Bayard of the American army. Accomplished as a gentleman; affable as a man; thoroughly educated as a soldier, he left few rivals, and no superiors behind him. He was the first graduate of West Point who perished in battle in the Mexican war; and he died in a conflict the glory of which belonged entirely to the regular army. The popular mind will always consider him as the hero of Palo Alto.

CHARLES MAY.



S RINGGOLD may be considered, in one sense, the hero of Palo Alto, so May, following the same rule, is to be regarded as that of Resaca de la Palma. Unlike most inferior officers, who wait in vain for an opportunity to distinguish themselves above the crowd, May had presented to him one of those chances, which, rightly improved, render a man famous. He seized the happy moment, and by his dashing charge on the Mexican battery, linked his name indissolubly with the victory of the 9th of May.

This young officer is the son of Dr. May, of Washington, D. C., and was born, we are informed, in the year 1812. He was educated for civil pursuits, but during the administration of Jackson, sought

and obtained a commission in the dragoons, an arm of the service then lately re-organized. There is a current anecdote, which is generally considered authentic, that May obtained his Lieutenancy by a personal application to the President, in which his tall and soldierly person, his frank address, and his splendid horsemanship, secured the desired commission. He was appointed to the second dragoons, and immediately departed for Florida. He served through the Seminole war in a manner to win the highest encomiums of his superiors; but found no opportunity for especial distinction, except in the capture of the Indian chief Philip. But a more glorious field awaited him.

It is somewhat singular that the two first victories of the Mexican war should have been gained principally by the light artillery and dragoons, both of which were comparatively new branches of the service. In the sketch of Ringgold, we have traced the rise of the light artillery. The permanent introduction of dragoons into the American army, dates no further back than the Black Hawk war. Cavalry had proved of the greatest service in the War of Independence, and a species of dragoons had been maintained by the United States until 1816. But in that year the last troop was disbanded. During the progress of the Black Hawk war, however, it became obvious that a small force of dragoons would be invaluable for pursuing the enemy. Accordingly, Congress passed an act for the equipment of a corps of mounted rangers to serve during the war. The success of this new species of force so far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, that, when the term of service of the rangers expired, a permanent regiment of dragoons was organized. In 1836, a second regiment was ordered to be raised; and it was in this that May received a commission. In 1839, he was made First-Lieutenant, and in 1841, a Captain.

May joined Taylor while at Corpus Christi, but found no opportunity to be useful until after the march from Fort Brown to Point Isabel. When, however, on the morning after Taylor arrived at the latter place, the sound of heavy cannon in the direction of Matamoras, announced the attack on Fort Brown, May was sent out, with one hundred dragoons, to open a communication with the garrison. He left the point about 2, P. M., and proceeded to some distance, when he thought it advisable to halt until night. At dusk he again advanced, until about 9, P. M., when the Mexican fires were observed in the distance, and a reconnoisance betrayed their whole army stretched asleep on the plain. Passing round their front in silence, May succeeded in gaining a chapparal hedge near the fort.

He now despatched Captain Walker, who had volunteered for this purpose, to open a communication with the garrison. May waited until nearly morning for the return of Walker, when, concluding that the adventurous ranger had been captured, he started to return to the point. About sunrise he passed within half a mile of the Mexican army without molestation. Soon after he met a body of lancers, over one hundred strong, these he charged and scattered, but owing to the exhausted condition of his horses, the enemy finally escaped. At 9, A. M., on the morning of the 4th, May reached Point Isabel. Captain Walker returned that night, having evaded the Mexican patroles. He brought the intelligence so earnestly desired of the ability of the fort and garrison to hold out.

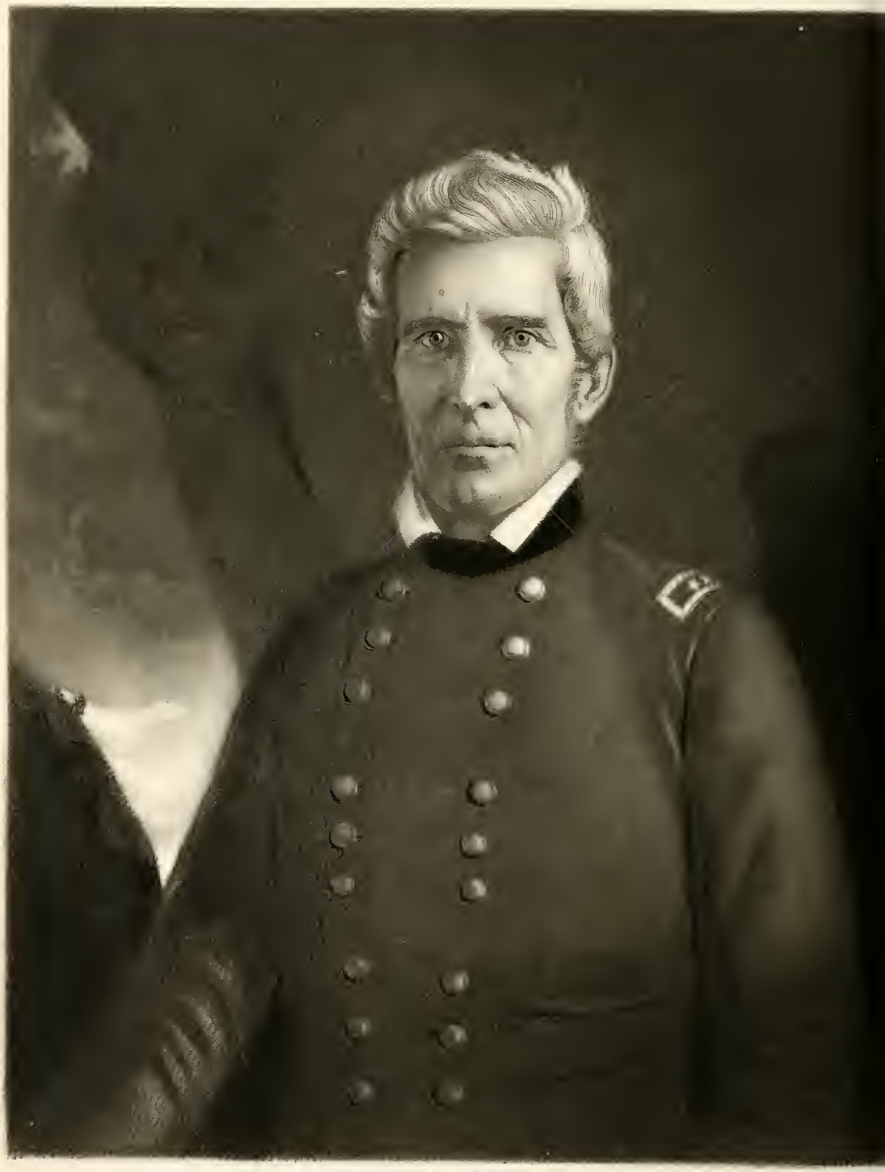
At the battle of Palo Alto, the dragoons of May were compelled to remain inactive. But this was atoned for on the succeeding day. The conflict at Resaca de la Palma had raged about three quarters of an hour, with great fury, when Taylor perceived that a battery in front, forming the key to the Mexican position, was the chief obstacle to victory. He immediately ordered up May's dragoons, which had been hitherto posted in the rear, where the men, chafing at the inaction to which they were condemned, indulged in audible murmurs. The signal to advance was accordingly received with exultation; every rein was tightened, and with clattering hoofs and jingling sabres, the troop swept to the front. They approached Taylor at a round trot, their gallant leader at their head. Reining up in front of the General, May inquired, with a look, what was desired of him. "Captain May," said Taylor, pointing with his sword, down the ravine, "you had no chance yesterday, but I offer you one to-day—do you see that battery?—you must charge and take it!" May turned instantly to his men. "We are ordered to take that battery," he said, "follow me!" As he spoke, he spurred his steed, and the dragoons, following with a hurrah, the whole corps went thundering down the road.

When within about one hundred yards of the foe, May reached a turn in the highway, where Ridgely's battery was posted. The fiery young officer checked himself for a moment, and asked his friend where the enemy were, for the smoke was so thick that the Mexicans were concealed from view. Ridgely pointed out their position, but desired May to wait while he drew their fire. This was done, and then May dashed forward, Lieutenant Inge following close after, and the men pressing behind in columns of four. It was scarcely a minute before he reached the ravine. Mounted on his powerful charger, his tall form conspicuous above all others, and his long hair streaming in the wind, he presented a spectacle, that, for a

second, appalled the Mexicans. But speedily recovering themselves, they poured in a fatal fire. One third of May's command was cut off by the discharge. Lieutenant Inge fell dead beside May. But the survivors, with a wild hurrah, cleared the ravine, charged through the battery of seven field pieces, and driving the panic-struck Mexicans before them, did not check their career until they had gained a rising ground behind the foe. Here May attempted to rally his men, but could only find six of them. Observing the enemy returning to the guns, he wheeled, and retracing his track, discovered General La Vega about to discharge one of the pieces. May aimed a blow at this officer, to cut him down, when he surrendered, a prisoner of war. The American infantry now came running up, accompanied by Ridgely's artillery, at full gallop, and, after a short, but decisive struggle, the enemy broke and fled in confusion. "After the unsurpassed, if not unequalled charge of Captain May's squadron," says General Twiggs, in speaking of this battle, "the enemy was unable to fire a gun." The Commander-in-chief also referred to the charge in terms of the highest praise. At once, May became famous; for the exploit reminded the popular mind of the knightly deeds of old. The President conferred on May two brevets: that of Major, for Palo Alto, and that of Lieutenant-Colonel, for Resaca de la Palma.

May continued with the army of Taylor until after the battle of Buena Vista. He was consequently at Monterey, and also in the terrible action of the 23d of February. At Monterey there was no opportunity for the dragoons to achieve any thing brilliant. At Buena Vista he led the detachment that defeated the attack on the camp; and he also contributed essentially to the repulse of the Mexican columns on the American left. Indeed, during the whole campaign May was of the greatest service to the Commander-in-chief. He suffered but one disaster during all this period, which was the surprise of a portion of his command in a mountain pass, by which he lost several men. Generally, his activity, caution, and experience, were of the most signal benefit to the army.

Not long after the battle of Buena Vista, May perceiving the war over on the Rio Grande, returned to the United States on leave of absence.



Truly your friend

W. T. Butler

GENERAL BUTLER WOUNDED AT MONTEREY

WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

OF the many heroes at Monterey, Major-General Butler deserves particular notice, both from his high rank and the wound he received in that struggle. On the first, and most murderous day of the siege, he led his division in person into action, covering himself with a glory which subsequent events have not diminished. Brave as an Ajax, yet circumspect as a Nestor, he has proved himself alike superior in leading a division or controlling an entire army.

William O. Butler was born in Kentucky about the year 1793, of a family memorable for its military renown. His grandfather was a native of Ireland, who, having emigrated to America about the middle of the last century, settled in Pennsylvania. When the war

of independence broke out, the whole male portion of his descendants, five stalwart sons, entered the army. The patriotism of the sire and his children became so celebrated that Washington once gave, as a toast—"The Butlers and their five sons." La Fayette was accustomed to say of them—"When I wanted a thing well done, I ordered a Butler to do it."

The subject of this sketch was the second son of Percival Butler, the fourth in order of these five revolutionary brothers. William O. Butler had just finished his collegiate course, and was preparing to study law, when the war of 1812 began. The surrender of Detroit having aroused the patriotism of every Kentuckian, a large force immediately volunteered to march on Canada and chastise the enemy. Among those who enlisted was young Butler; he entered as a private in Captain Hart's company of infantry; but, before the army marched, was elected a Corporal. Soon after he was made an Ensign in the 17th infantry. This wing of the army, under General Winchester, advanced on the river Raisin, which they reached after a toilsome march in the dead of winter. Butler was present at both the actions on the Raisin, and on each occasion displayed great intrepidity. In the first battle, which was fought on the 18th of January, 1814, the Americans were victorious. In the second and more memorable one, which occurred four days later, they were defeated.

In this latter battle Butler distinguished himself in the most heroic manner. At a critical portion of the conflict a body of the enemy was beheld advancing to seize a large double barn, which completely commanded the position of the Kentuckians. Major Madison immediately asked if there was no one who would volunteer to run the gauntlet of the British and Indian marksmen in order to set fire to this barn. Butler promptly offered himself for the perilous enterprise. Snatching some blazing sticks from a fire at hand, he leaped the pickets, crossed an intervening field under a shower of balls, and thrust the brands among the straw of the barn. The British beheld this daring exploit with amazement; while the Americans enthusiastically cheered the young hero. Butler had already retraced a portion of his steps, when looking back and not perceiving any blaze, he coolly returned to see that the fire took effect. All this while the riflemen of the enemy were in vain aiming at him; for, like Washington at Monongahela, he seemed to bear a charmed life. He finally regained the pickets in safety, but not until the barn was a mass of flame. Here a spent ball struck him in the breast, from the effects of which he suffered for weeks.

By this act of personal heroism he laid the foundation of that popularity which led to his appointment, thirty-four years later, as a Major-General in the American army.

Butler was one of the few wounded who escaped the massacre that followed the defeat; but he was not allowed to pass entirely without suffering: he was marched through Canada to Fort Niagara, enduring pain, hunger, fatigue and the worst inclemencies of the weather. His natural buoyancy of spirit did not, however, desert him, even under these discouraging circumstances; and he whiled away his leisure by cultivating poetry, for which he had some talent. In 1814 he was exchanged, and joined General Jackson in the south, with the rank of Captain. He arrived at head-quarters in time to assist in the attack on Pensacola, being the only officer present, at the head of the new Tennessee levies. Following General Jackson to New Orleans, he participated in the action of the 23rd of December, 1814. During the conflict, the commander of the regiment became lost in the darkness, when Butler as senior officer placed himself at the head of the men, and led them to repeated charges. He also fought at the more decisive battle of the 8th. For his meritorious conduct in this campaign he was made a Major by brevet. Soon after, General Jackson appointed him Aid-de-camp, in which situation he continued until he retired from the army.

In 1817, with the rank of Colonel, Butler retired to private life. He now resumed the study of the law, married, and settled on his patrimonial possessions at the confluence of the Ohio and Kentucky rivers. Here, for twenty-five years, he resided in comparative retirement, a mode of life admirably suited to his refined tastes and his fondness for domestic life. Without a particle of what is usually called ambition, he had no desire for popular office, except so far as he believed he could, by holding public trusts, conduce to the common weal. At last, in what he considered an important political crisis, he was induced by his friends to become a candidate for Congress. Twice he was elected, and would have been a third time perhaps, had he not declined a re-nomination. In 1844 he became an unsuccessful candidate of his party for Governor of Kentucky. Butler belongs to the democratic side in politics. He has never, however, been considered a violent partizan.

When, after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Congress authorized the President to call out fifty thousand volunteers, and also to appoint the requisite number of Major-Generals and Brigadiers for this imposing array, Butler was immediately selected by the executive as one of the Major-Generals. The

commission was accepted, and Butler promptly joined the army. On the 5th of September, at the head of Harney's and Quitman's volunteers, he began his march from Camargo, his division comprising twenty-seven hundred men, the largest in the army. On the 18th he came in sight of Monterey. Situated in the lap of hills, surrounded with apparently impregnable defences, and presenting in its flat-roofed stone houses a fort for every dwelling, this town seemed to defy assault. Its garrison was composed of eight thousand regulars, beside nearly three thousand other troops; while the number of the Americans did not exceed six thousand four hundred men. A single mortar and two twenty-four pound howitzers composed the entire battering train of Taylor. The assault of Monterey under such circumstances, would have appeared madness to an ordinary commander with ordinary troops; but the American General, confident alike in his own resources, and in the spirit of his officers and men, promptly resolved on a storm. His dispositions for the attack were skilfully made. Worth was detached with his division to assault the town on the right and rear; while Twiggs and Butler were retained, with their divisions, for the attack on the front and left.

In the attack on the left, where Taylor personally commanded, the division of Twiggs led the way, and was supported by Butler with the volunteers. The regulars had been in action an hour before the volunteers were allowed to advance; and during this interval the latter exhibited the greatest uneasiness to be engaged. They had seen the division of Twiggs approach the city under a murderous fire, and plunge boldly into the labyrinth of lanes and streets in front, until lost to sight. But every moment, clouds of sulphurous smoke rising thicker and faster above the house-tops in the distance, proclaimed how fiercely the fight raged below. The crash of musketry, the pent-up roar of artillery, and the shouts of combatants wafted continually to their anxious ears, excited and maddened the volunteers, as when a noble stag-hound, restrained by the leash, hears afar the bay of his fellows. At last the welcome command to advance was given. The men were already formed in lines, so that not a moment was lost, and with one simultaneous hurrah the Ohio, Tennessee and Mississippi regiments went careering over the plain. The latter two were directed to diverge to the left in order to support the regulars of Twiggs; while the former was sent in front to the succor of Bragg's battery, which had already lost twenty horses. For a full mile, before they reached the suburbs, the volunteers were exposed to the batteries of the enemy.

On approaching the outskirts of the town, the Ohio regiment, at the head of which Butler had heroically placed himself, was greeted with a tremendous cross fire of musketry and artillery. Raked by batteries in front, and torn by others on each flank, his soldiers advanced, nevertheless, with the firmness of veterans, and buffeting the iron whirlpool, struggled manfully to gain a foothold in the town. But the Mexicans, posted behind house-walls and barriers, possessed every advantage, and could, unseen, pick off their assailants. In vain the volunteers passed garden after garden, and surmounted ditch after ditch, hoping, finally, to gain some open space, where they could at least behold their enemy; that withering cross-fire from concealed marksmen still continued, the soldiers falling beneath it like rye beaten down by hail. Yet still the officers, pressing to the front, cheered on the men; still, as they dropped dead, or wounded, other leaders sprang to their places; and still the men, answering their superiors with hurrahs, rushed on, firing wherever they supposed a foe to be hidden, resolute to conquer or die. At last, some of the foremost, mounting a wall, perceived a corps of the enemy just in front, and bursting upon it like tigers, first maddened, and then let loose from their dens, they drove it before them until it sought shelter behind an impregnable battery. For a few minutes there succeeded a tremendous conflict between the volunteers and the occupants of this battery; the Mexicans firing grape and canister, as well as musketry, and the Americans replying with the latter. But a contest so unequal in the arms employed, and one moreover, in which one party was sheltered, and the other exposed, could not continue with any prospect of success. Yet Butler would still have endeavored to advance, if Major Mansfield, of the regulars, had not come up at this crisis, and informed him that if he attempted it, the advance of a few paces would bring him into the focus of a concentric fire from the batteries of several streets. Butler, however, was still unwilling to retire, until Taylor, hearing the result of Mansfield's observation, ordered the volunteers to fall back, and that command they were preparing to execute, when circumstances arose which induced him to revoke his order.

The brigade of Quitman, as we have seen, had entered the town to the left of the Ohio regiment, when it flung itself into the vortex of the conflict, which, for more than an hour, had raged around a strong fort in this quarter. The first and third infantry, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Garland, had passed, under a murderous fire into the rear of this fort, but were finally forced to retrace their steps, after a slaughter the more appalling, because it fell unequally

on the officers. A portion of the first, however, had climbed to the roof of a tannery which overlooked the fort, and soon the tremendous rolling of its musketry, followed by the shrieks of the garrison, announced the success of this movement. Yet the Mexicans in the fort had no thought of yielding; with shouts they reanimated each other; and when the fourth mounted to assault them in front, that regiment was hurled back, deprived of one-third of its number. It was at this crisis that Quitman's brigade came up. The prospect presented to that General was a field covered with a canopy of smoke, in the centre of which rose the Mexican fort, belching fire on every side, like a volcano. As he approached, Quitman saw the fourth reeling from the attack; but it did not induce him to hesitate; he ordered his men instantly to advance with levelled bayonets; and closing up the line as fast as it was torn asunder by the iron torrents it encountered, the gallant Tennesseeans and Mississippians pressed on over the open space, gained the foot of the intrenchments, and, with a deafening cheer, that drowned for an instant all the uproar of the fight, rushed up the ascent, engaged the defenders hand to hand, and planted the American flag triumphantly on the wall. At the same time a strong stone building in the rear was captured. At the intelligence of this splendid exploit, Taylor countermanded the order for Butler's retreat.

Accordingly, the Ohio regiment was commanded to enter the town further to the left, in order to attack a second fort, which frowned in that direction, crowded with defenders. It required half an hour to approach within range of this work, and during the whole of this interval, the regiment was exposed to a concentric fire from these batteries. Butler found the fort, after a hasty reconnoisance, stronger than he had suspected, it being flanked by a stone wall, ten feet high, with a deep ditch in front, besides being covered by other works within musketry range in its rear. He had, however, determined on an assault, when he received a severe wound in his leg, which, bleeding profusely, incapacitated him for further service. He reluctantly left the ground, advising, as he retired, the abandonment of the attack. General Hamer, who succeeded to the command, acknowledged the wisdom of this suggestion, for the hundred yards which intervened between the Americans and the fort, was swept by continual cross-discharges; and to have entered those opposing blasts of fire, would have involved the loss of half of his men, even if the survivors could have breasted the scorching hurricane, and gained the safe ground beyond. Accordingly, he moved the regiment to a less exposed situation, within sustaining distance

of the American field-batteries on the left, and here maintained it for the residue of the day, under a continual fire from the enemy, which was borne without shrinking. Thus, after an uninterrupted struggle of nearly three hours' duration, Butler retired from the field. In that short space he had lost one-fifth of his command.

His own account of the reasons that induced him to fall back is as follows:—"The men were falling fast under the converging fire of at least three distinct batteries, that continually swept the intervening space through which it was necessary to pass. The loss of blood, too, from my wound, rendered it necessary that I should quit the field; and I had discovered at a second glance that the position was covered by a heavy fire of musketry from other works directly in its rear, that I had not seen in the first hasty examination. Under all these discouragements, I was most reluctantly compelled, on surrendering the command, to advise the withdrawal of the troops to a less exposed position. There is a possibility that the work might have been carried, but not without excessive loss, and if carried, I feel assured it would have been untenable."

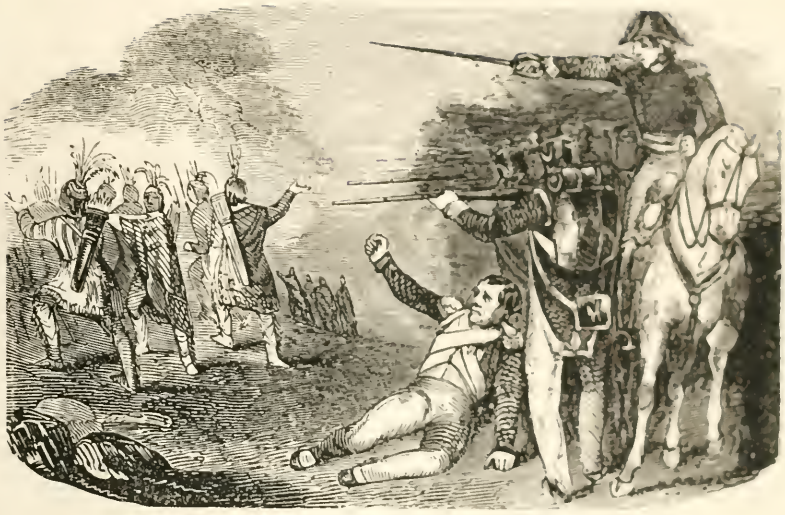
In the same official despatch, Butler thus compliments the volunteers:—"It is with no little pride and gratification that I bear testimony of the gallantry and good conduct of my command. Were proof wanting, a mournful one is to be found in the subjoined return of the casualties of the day. That part of my division properly in the field did not exceed eleven hundred, of which number full one-fifth were either killed or wounded. The fact that troops for the first time under fire should have suffered such loss without shrinking, in a continuous struggle for more than two hours, and mainly against a sheltered and inaccessible foe, finds but few parallels, and is of itself an eulogium to which I need not add. That there were some more prominent for skill and gallantry than others, even in a contest where all were brave, there can be no doubt: and I leave to those better qualified from their situations than myself the pleasing though delicate task of reporting upon their respective merits."

Butler's wound was not considered dangerous at first. A musket ball had struck him below the knee in front, grazing the bones without appearing to injure them, and after ranging round through the flesh, coming out on the opposite side. He would not, probably, have left the field, but that he became faint from loss of blood. In a few weeks he was able to resume active duty. But, in the end, the wound proved more serious than it had been at first considered, and finally, after some months delay, Butler returned to the United States to seek surgical advice. When he left the army, it was be-

lieved that no further hostilities would take place on the Rio Grande. The battle of Buena Vista, however, subsequently occurred, invited by the withdrawal of Taylor's regulars; but Butler's wound, even if he had continued in Mexico, would not, probably, have allowed him to participate in the glories of that day.

Butler remained at home until towards the close of 1847, when he joined the army of General Scott, in the capital of Mexico. Soon after, Scott being recalled, Butler, by right of seniority, succeeded to the chief command.

In person, Butler is tall and straight; his movements are alert and active; his face is thin, with aquiline features, and not unlike that of Jackson was, though less stern.



BATTLE OF PALAKLAKLAHA.

WILLIAM J. WORTH.

THE Murat of the army of Mexico is Major-General William J. Worth. His handsome person, his dashing courage, and the prestige which surrounds his name forcibly recall that impetuous prince, the Roland of Napoleon's army. Few Americans have participated in so many battles as Worth: none, perhaps, in such numerous victories.—Prominently distinguished in the war of 1812; then in that of Florida; then under Taylor at Monterey; and finally in the campaign of Scott, he has run a career alike fortunate and brilliant, in which glory and promotion have followed hand in hand.

Worth claims descent from one of the earliest Puritan settlers. He was born in the year 1794, received a plain but substantial education, and began life as a trader's clerk in Hudson, N. Y. The war of 1812 breaking out, he joined the army as a private soldier,

but did not long remain in the ranks. A fellow clerk had enlisted with him, who soon after, for some indiscretion, was placed under arrest. In this emergency he applied to Worth, who undertook to write a petition for him to the Colonel. This officer happened to be Scott, who, struck with the elegant style of the memorial, inquired the name of the writer, and sending for him, constituted him his private secretary. Scott did not stop here. He procured for Worth the commission of a Lieutenant in the twenty-third regiment of infantry. From that hour, up to the unhappy difference in Mexico, the closest intimacy existed between Worth and Scott.

In the battle of Chippewa, Worth proved the correctness of Scott's estimate of character, by signalizing himself especially; and was consequently rewarded with the rank of Captain. In the battle of Lundy's Lane, Worth, after several hours of severe fighting, received a dangerous wound. In consideration of this, he was raised to the rank of Major. After the peace, he was, for a period, superintendent of the West Point Military Academy; a post which is always a guarantee of high ability on the part of the occupant. It was here also, that Worth laid the foundation of those numerous friendships which have since rendered him so popular in the service. In 1824, he was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel; in 1832, a Major of ordnance; and in 1838, Colonel of the eighth regiment of infantry, which is the rank he still holds in the line.

After this last promotion, Worth was occupied for awhile, on the northern frontier, and subsequently, in the west. In 1840, he was detached to Florida. In 1841, on the retirement of General Armistead, Worth succeeded to the chief command. Marching westward from Tampa Bay, he sought every occasion to bring the Indians to battle, but for a long time they evaded all his attempts. At last, on the 17th of April, 1842, he overtook them at Palaklaklaha, near the St. John's, and a terrible action ensued. The result was a decisive victory for Worth. In recompense for his gallantry on this day, the President conferred on him the brevet of a Brigadier. Worth remained in Florida for a considerable period, but was never able to bring the savages to a pitched field again. On his retirement from his southern command, he was, for awhile, inactive; but in 1845, when Taylor was sent to Corpus Christi, Worth was ordered to join him. While the army lay opposite Matamoras, prior to the commencement of hostilities, a difficulty arose between Worth and Twiggs, in reference to seniority, which led to the temporary retirement of the former from the service.

The controversy had its origin in the claim of Worth to take com-

mand of the army, in the event of Taylor's absence or death, by virtue of his brevet of Brigadier. This claim Twiggs resisted. At that period, the line of the army contained but eight Colonels of infantry, and two of cavalry. Each of these took rank from the date of his commission. The commission of Twiggs was dated the 8th of June, 1836, and that of Worth, the 7th of July, 1838; hence, unless Worth's brevet of Brigadier operated as a commission, Twiggs would command as senior, in case of Taylor's death or absence. The dispute was referred to Taylor for adjustment, when the Commander-in-chief gave his decision in favor of Twiggs. This he did because, when Scott, several years before, had applied to Congress for the passage of a law, declaring a brevet a commission, that body had refused the application; and Taylor accordingly considered the question as settled by authority. Worth, however, believing himself aggrieved, hurried to Washington, and resigned. Meantime, the battles of the 8th and 9th of May were fought. Chagrined that he had lost two such brilliant fields, Worth asked leave to resume his commission, and return to the seat of war. This wish being granted, he hastened to rejoin Taylor.

There can be no doubt that brevet rank places the holder in an anomalous position, where he is apt to exact too much, or obtain too little. According to the rights now declared to attach to brevet rank, Worth, though nominally a Major-General, and serving through the last campaign in that capacity, is, in reality, but a Colonel in the line, and outranked by four or five others, comparatively unknown to fame. Yet there are advantages, nevertheless, in brevet rank, since it enables government to reward a meritorious officer with a *quasi* promotion, when, if brevets were not in use, such promotion could only come by seniority. Brevet rank was first introduced into the American service by Washington, but fell into disuse until the war of 1812, when President Madison conferred the brevet of Major on Taylor, for the latter's gallant defence of Fort Harrison. After this, brevets were of frequent occurrence. Every Colonel of ten years standing, is made a brevet Brigadier-General, by a rule of the army. In England, brevet rank is different from what it is here. There, the highest rank in the line, is that of Colonel; all the superior appointments being held by brevet. Consequently, no collisions arise from it in the British service.

The first opportunity Worth had of distinguishing himself, after rejoining the army, was at Monterey. Sympathizing with his feelings, the General-in-chief resolved to give him a separate command, in order that he might the more signally distinguish himself.

Accordingly, Taylor, on the 20th of September, detached Worth, with his division, reinforced by Hay's mounted Texans, to the gorge of the Saltillo road, with instructions to seize it, and, if possible, carry the heights by which it was commanded. These heights were two in number. The first was on the opposite side of the San Juan, and was called Federation hill; the second was on the hither side, and bore the name of Independence hill. As the road ran along the side of the river in a narrow valley between these hills, the forts erected upon them completely commanded it. Without they were captured, it would be impossible to enter Monterey from the west. Their fall, on the contrary, would open a way immediately to the heart of the town, besides affording a diversion in favor of Taylor, who proposed assaulting the city on the east, from the Seralvo road. Hence, the service on which Worth was detached, possessed the highest importance. He felt this, and, as he leaped into the saddle, to place himself at the head of his division, exclaimed, "a grade or a grave!"

It was 2, P. M., when Worth left the main army, and began his march to the Saltillo road. He had to make a circuit of ten miles, to attain his object, and hence, except for a short time on the following day, he was out of communication with Taylor until the fall of Monterey. Thus he was thrown entirely on his own resources. His friends, judging from the impetuosity of his character, and his eagerness to atone for his absence on the 8th and 9th of May, had feared he would unnecessarily expose his troops, but with a prudence only equalled by his skill, he achieved such brilliant results, with a loss of life so small, as to fully exonerate himself from the imputation of temerity, and almost to divide the glory of the siege with Taylor. A reconnoisance, on the afternoon of the 20th, convinced him that the enemy were reinforcing Federation and Independence hills; he despatched a note to the Commander-in-chief early on the following morning, soliciting a diversion in his favor, by an attack from the Ceralvo road. Taylor was already preparing to begin the battle in this quarter, but, on receipt of the message, he sent May's dragoons, and Wood's mounted Texans, to support Worth Before these arrived, however, Worth had come into collision with the enemy. Early on the morning of the 21st, just as he turned an angle of the mountain, which led him into the Saltillo road, he suddenly saw before him, half concealed among some corn on the slope of Independence hill, about a thousand of the renowned Mexican lancers. Instantly the enemy raised a wild hurrah, and galloped to the charge. Disregarding the Texan skirmishers who lined the road in advance, and who poured on them a murderous

fire as they passed, these gallant troops bore right down on the main body, their Colonel leading the advance. Their scarlet and green pennons fluttered above them; their long lances flashed back the sunbeams; and the clatter of their thousand horses rose up like the hammering of incessant anvils! A portion of McCulough's men, headed by Captain Walker, dashed forward to meet them, but were swept back towards the main body again, though struggling vehemently in the torrent. The fire of the regulars now opened, and the eighth infantry gallantly charged. Still the lancers came on, while the earth shook beneath their terrible tread. But, at this crisis, Duncan thundered into position with his light artillery, and opened, with grape and canister, over the heads of our men. The road in an instant was covered with the dead and wounded, the latter struggling amid bleeding horses, who frequently dragged them over the neighboring steeps. The enemy faltered, wheeled, and retraced their steps, receiving the fire of the Texans, and of the infantry of the first brigade, which had been pushed forward along the sides of the hills. The chivalrous Colonel was the last to retire. Disdaining to show fear, he reined in his horse, and rode leisurely down the road. A Texan raised his rifle, and the cavalier fell, to the regret of all who witnessed his noble bearing. The whole action did not last fifteen minutes. The Americans lost but one man; the enemy not less than a hundred. The quickness with which this splendid body of lancers had been repulsed, inspired the men with confidence, and, from that moment, Worth had not a doubt of ultimate success.

The enemy was pursued until the American General entered the gorge where all the roads leading from Monterey on the west, unite. He thus excluded the defeated troops from the city, and cut off the possibility of its receiving supplies or reinforcements. Finding himself, however, directly under the fire of the batteries on Independence and Federation hills, he moved on towards the city, along the Saltillo road, until out of range. Here he halted, to consider what was his best course. To leave the batteries in his rear, would be to place his communications in the enemy's power; and, accordingly, he resolved to storm the heights as a preliminary to any further advance. It was high noon when he came to this decision. The sun poured down its vertical rays. The men had already been in action once that day, and, in addition, were more or less exhausted by their march. But, when the intentions of the General were known, all became anxious to partake in the assault; and those that were left behind could scarcely conceal their chagrin.

Federation hill, which, as we have said, was on the opposite side

of the San Juan, was the first point selected for attack. This elevation was crowned by a battery, and, on the same ridge, about six hundred yards eastward, was another, called Soldado. The fire from this point was incessant. By it, Captain McKavett, of the eighth, had already been shot through the heart, and a private mortally wounded. Four companies of the fourth artillery, and six companies of Texan riflemen, the whole numbering three hundred men, were selected to storm this work. The command was given to Captain C. F. Smith. Taking a circuitous route, to avoid the fire of the enemy, Captain Smith forded the San Juan; but, before he reached the foot of the hill, Worth, perceiving the Mexicans descending to meet him, despatched Captain Miles, with the seventh, to his support. Miles forded the river directly in front of the battery, under a tremendous discharge of musketry, grape, and round shot, and reaching the foot of the ascent before Captain Smith, coolly formed his men there without cover, the plunging fire continuing. Both these detachments were hidden from the sight of the anxious groups at head-quarters for nearly an hour, during which the crest and slopes of the hill were seen crowded with the enemy, who, all the while, rained down his iron sleet into the chapparal below. At last Captain Smith reached the foot of the ascent, and placed himself in front. At first a rattling fire was heard from below, then puffs of white smoke broke from the chapparal, and finally, a wreath of vapor circled around the hill, and began steadily to ascend its sides. Occasionally a soldier was seen leaping from rock to rock, as he climbed the acclivity. The sharp, irregular crack of the Texan rifles could be distinguished from the solid vollies of the regulars. Steadily that girdle of smoke mounted the hill, the enemy retiring before it, and the rocks below, so lately hidden by the vapor, emerging slowly to sight. At last the assailants reached the crest of the hill; there were a few moments of terrible suspense; and then the stars and stripes were seen soaring above the white canopy of battle, and a gun, reverberating through the gorges of the mountains, announced that the height was won.

While the combat yet hung in suspense, the unexpected numbers of the enemy appearing on the slopes, induced Worth to despatch the fifth infantry, and Blanchard's Louisiana volunteers, the whole commanded by Colonel P. F. Smith, to the succor of the storming party. Colonel Smith, however, had barely forded the river, and met the advanced parties of the enemy, when he perceived the capture of the battery. He immediately turned his attention to the Soldado fort, and pressing obliquely up the mountain side, strove to

reach his prize before the conquerors of the Federation. These last, detecting his design, labored to anticipate him. The race was gallantly contested. The Mexicans fought desperately, discharging grape and balls incessantly. But their heroism was in vain. Stimulated by being in sight of head-quarters, and by the natural rivalry between the two commands, the separate parties of the Americans rushed headlong on, and finally mingled together in entering the battery. The colors of the fifth were the first to supplant the Mexican flag; those of the seventh, however, floated on the walls a moment afterwards. A huzza rent the air at this sight, which was heard far across the valley below. Immediately the guns in both the captured forts were turned on Independence hill, only six hundred yards distant; and night closed in to the wild music of this

BISHOP'S PALACE, MONTEREY.

iron hail singing across the gathering rain and gloom. The troops lay down to sleep without having tasted food for thirty-six hours. An icy wind sweeping down from the mountains, chilled them in their wet garments. They consoled themselves, however, with reflecting on the glory they had won, and in anticipating new victories on the morrow, when Independence hill was to be stormed.

The structure of this hill was peculiar. On the side looking towards the mountains, it was nearly precipitous; but on the side towards the city, the descent was gradual to the suburbs, which encroached upon its base. Midway up the slope, on this side, was the Bishop's Palace, a strongly built structure, capable of being rendered almost impregnable against assault. On the crest of the hill, a quarter of a mile further up, was a battery of sand bags, which could only be reached by ascending a wall of rock, nearly sixty feet in perpendicular height. Worth, however, resolved to carry this battery as a preliminary to his attack on the castle. To effect this, he detached Colonel Childs, at the head of three companies of artillery, three of infantry, and two hundred Texan riflemen. A dark mist which wrapped the mountain, facilitated the movements of the storming party. When half way up the ascent, however, the assailants were betrayed by the breaking of day, and immediately the Mexicans, who had been on the look-out, opened a destructive fire. But the Americans, climbing by the brush that grew out of fissures in the rocks, forced their way to the summit, where, rushing forward to the base of the fort, they made good their entrance, the Texans clubbing their rifles, and the regulars charging with the bayonet. The Mexicans retreating in confusion down the mountain, took shelter in the Bishop's Palace. As day dawned, the victorious Americans forgot all their toils in the view that opened before them from this dizzy height. Below them nestled the cluster of white houses, forming Monterey. Looking northward, up the valley of the San Juan, innumerable corn-fields were seen emerging from the mists, while far in the distance, the picturesque town of Merine, shone like a pearl amid green waters. Southward, the river wound through mountain defiles, here appearing, there disappearing, as if a thread of silver twisting in and out.

The Mexicans having removed the guns from this battery, and the assault on the palace promising to be very sanguinary unless aided by artillery, Worth ordered a twelve-pound howitzer from Duncan's battery to be hoisted up the steep. With incredible toil, and after two hours of labor, the piece was elevated to the desired position, when it opened with shell and shrapnel on the outworks of the palace, distant only four hundred yards. The bombs bounding and hissing around the building, soon drove the enemy into cover. Worth now prepared for a grand assault. The eighth and fifth infantry, with Blanchard's volunteers, were brought over from the opposite heights, and formed into columns in sheltered ravines and hollows, principally on the north side of the mountain. At the same

time, Colonel Childs was moved down from the top of the hill, and formed on the southern face. The Mexicans, perceiving the detachment on the summit weakened, made a sally from the palace with a large body of cavalry, and being joined by another corps, heretofore hidden behind the hill, spurred vigorously up the ascent. The Americans in front, being instructed, fell back. At this, the enemy pressed on with renewed animation. The Mexicans were soon beyond the protection of the palace, when our concealed columns emerged from their coverts, and closed in the rear of the foe. Simultaneously, the detachment which had been retiring up the hill, halted, and threw in a withering fire. The Mexicans now saw the stratagem of which they were the victims. Before was a girdle of fire; behind a wall of steel. They wheeled, and fled in confusion. With loud shouts and rattling volleys, the Americans pursued, while the consternation and speed of the foe increased every minute. The great body of the cavalry rushed frantically down the hill, carrying their alarm into the city itself; a few, however, made for the sally port of the palace, which they entered, but pell-mell with their pursuers. The victory was soon decided by the death, or expulsion of the Mexican garrison. A salvo of cannon and small arms, accompanying the hoisting of the American flag, announced that Independence hill was won. The guns of the captured place were promptly turned on the suburbs, and Duncan, arriving soon after, added his terrific artillery.

The remainder of the 22d passed without any further demonstration. But on the 23d, the heavy firing on the east of the town, announced that Taylor had resumed the attack, on which Worth proceeded to co-operate, by advancing with all his disposable strength against the western side of the city. Two columns of attack were organized to move along the two principal streets, in the direction of the great square. Their orders were to reach a small square called Capella, with as little loss as possible. Here they were to leave the street, break into the dwellings, and cutting through the partition walls of the houses, work their way along. As soon as each fresh house was gained, they were to ascend to the roof, from which they were to open a fire on the next house. The light artillery was to follow, at a safe distance, and, while the men were thus engaged burrowing from dwelling to dwelling, was to sweep the streets with canister and grape. By these means the cross batteries and barricades, a complete net-work of which the enemy had woven around every approach to the great square, were skilfully turned. The attack of Worth had scarcely begun, when that of Taylor

ceased, so that the former General had now the enemy almost entirely on his hands. He worked on, however, with equal perseverance and resolution. Before sunset the enemy had been driven so far, that a ten-inch mortar was safely mounted in the square Capella, and soon opened with terrible effect, throwing its shells into the great square beyond. By dark, the troops had cut their way to within a single block of the grand plaza, leaving a covered way in their rear. They also had carried a large building which towered over the principal defences, and this, during the night, they surmounted with two howitzers and a six-pounder. All things were prepared to renew the assault at the dawn of day. But this was prevented by the arrival of a flag of truce, asking a suspension of arms, in order to treat for a surrender. The capitulation of Monterey followed.

For his conduct on this occasion, Worth received the brevet of a Major-General. Taylor having fixed his head-quarters at Monterey, despatched Worth against Saltillo, with twelve hundred men, and eight pieces of artillery. In December, Taylor was about to move against Victoria, when Worth, learning that Santa Anna contemplated an attack on Saltillo, sent an express, which induced the Commander-in-chief to countermarch on Monterey. Soon after Worth was ordered to join Scott with his division. Accordingly, he marched from Saltillo to the rendezvous on the coast, and thence sailed with the expedition against Vera Cruz. On the landing of the troops, Worth was the first general officer to spring on shore, where he drew up his troops to cover the disembarkation of the remaining divisions. When the city of Vera Cruz fell, Worth was appointed its Military Governor. On the advance of the army into the interior, he commanded the rear until the battle of Cerro Gordo, but subsequently, the van was entrusted to him, at the head of which he captured Perote on the 22d of April. He entered Puebla in triumph, on the 15th of May, marching at once to the great square, where his little band, at his directions, fearlessly stacked their arms in the heart of a hostile city of sixty thousand souls.

The army remained at Puebla until the 8th of August, when it began its memorable march on the capital. Worth was now again in the rear, where he remained until Scott, finding the approaches to Mexico impracticable by the Vera Cruz road, turned off around the southern side of Lake Chalco, and threw himself on the great Acapulco highway, where the defences were slighter. The practicability of this movement, it is said, was first suggested by Worth, who had instituted a thorough reconnoisance of the ground to be

traversed. The result proved the accuracy of his observations, for the road, though difficult, presented no insuperable obstacles. Once on the Acapulco road, Scott lost no time in advancing on the capital. While, with great skill, he made a flank movement on Contreras, which opened to him the rear of the strong works at San Antonio, Worth was directed to push along the road in front, drive in the enemy, and pursue him as far as possible. Worth accordingly, on the 20th of August, within an hour after the victory of Contreras, put his columns in motion, and brushing the enemy from his path, moved up as far as Churubusco. Here the Mexicans made a stand, and a terrible battle ensued. In this sanguinary conflict, Worth commanded the right wing of the American army, and driving the enemy from the tete du point, pursued him to the gates of Mexico.

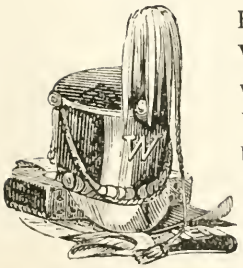
When the attempt of Mr. Trist to negotiate a peace had failed, and Scott had resolved to renew the war, the execution of his first hostile movement, the destruction of Molino del Rey, was entrusted to Worth. This terrible battle, fought on the 8th of September, has been generally considered the masterpiece of Worth. We do not regard it as such. The skill evinced by Worth at Monterey, was far greater than that displayed at Molino del Rey. The latter was a desperate, protracted, and sanguinary battle, in which the Americans triumphed more through sheer courage than generalship. A fatal mistake in reconnoitreing Casa Mata, led to the most terrible slaughter of our troops. The day would, probably, have been lost, moreover, but for Cadwalader, who, when the assaulting columns were beginning to shake, brought up his reserves, and carried the enemy's lines in the most brilliant manner. Nevertheless, the action will always reflect glory on Worth. In the storming of Chapultepec, Worth did not directly participate, though a forlorn hope of two hundred and fifty men was selected from his division. After the fall of the castle, however, he commanded the assault on the San Cosmo gate, and would have been the first to enter the city, if Quitman had not converted his attack on the Belen gate, which was to have been a feigned, into a real one. Throughout the whole campaign, Worth had played the most prominent part of any General in the army, after the Commander-in-chief. Able, courageous, popular with the soldiers, with a name which carried the prestige of victory with it wherever it came, he seems always to have been the one selected when any very difficult enterprise was to be undertaken, or when glory was to be won, literally, at the cannon's mouth.

An unfortunate difficulty arose between Scott and Worth at

Puebla, which, though smothered at the time, broke out anew after the fall of the capital, and led to the latter being placed under arrest. The decision of Worth's fellow officers, was unanimously against him, and it is impossible, therefore, to exonerate him from the charge of disrespect. On Scott's part, perhaps, there was irritation and haste; but he was the less censurable of the two. The request of the General-in-chief to have Worth tried, was rejected by the President; a court of inquiry, however, was ordered; but before this body Scott refused to lay his charges. The proceeding, accordingly, was dropped. The whole affair is to be regretted the more, as it interrupted a friendship of thirty-five years duration between Scott and Worth.

On Worth's restoration to rank, he was assigned the command of the first division, at the head of which he remained until the declaration of peace.

JOHN E. WOOL



HAT Worth was to Taylor at Monterey, that Wool was to him at Buena Vista! We may venture further and say that without Wool the battle of Buena Vista would probably have been lost. It was Wool who originally pointed out the great strength of the pass of Angostura it was Wool who disciplined the volunteers until they almost rivalled regulars: and it was Wool, who, on the eventful 23rd of February, animated and directed the troops for two hours of almost hopeless struggle, prior to the arrival of Taylor from Saltillo.

Wool was born in Orange county, New York, of a family which had been whigs in the Revolution. His father dying at an early age, he was taken by his grandfather, a respectable farmer of Rensselaer county, who placed him, while a boy, as clerk in a store in

Troy. Wool rose, in time, to be a merchant, and was on the highway to success, when a fire, in one night, reduced him to beggary and induced him to turn his attention into other channels. The war of 1812 had just begun, and some influential friends offering to procure him a commission of Captain, he embraced the opportunity, enlisted a company, and at once entered on his military career.

His first battle was that of Queenstown heights. On that occasion, though wounded in both thighs, he led the assault on the British position, and put the enemy to flight. The foe being reinforced by a detachment under General Brock in person, the tide of battle turned; but Wool, rallying his forces, renewed the assault and drove the English a second time from their batteries. It was in this action that Brock was slain. Wool, in 1813, was promoted to the rank of Major. Throughout the war he continued to be distinguished for alacrity, courage and ability; but enjoyed no second opportunity to distinguish himself until the battle of Plattsburgh. For his conduct in that action Macomb recommended him particularly to the notice of government, in consequence of which he received the brevet of a Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from September 11th, 1814.

Wool remained in the army at the expiration of the war, determining to make the military career his permanent profession. In 1816 he was commissioned Inspector-General, with the rank of Colonel. In 1826 he received the brevet of a Brigadier. He continued to act as Inspector-General until 1841, when, in consequence of the elevation of Scott to the post of Commander-in-chief, he succeeded to the vacant Brigadiership. At that time he and Gaines were the only full Brigadiers in the army, as Scott was the only full Major-General. His services as Inspector-General had been arduous, his annual tour to the different military posts requiring him to traverse nearly ten thousand miles. He was also employed on three special missions by the President. The first was the suppression of the Canadian outbreak; the second was the carrying out the treaty with the emigrating Cherokees; and the third was a tour of examination through Europe, to learn the state of military improvements abroad. It was while engaged in this last duty that he had the good fortune to be present at the siege of Antwerp.

When the war with Mexico began, Wool solicited an active command. He was accordingly despatched to the west, to organize and muster into the service the twelve months volunteers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. In six weeks he had completed this task, and despatched ten thousand men

to succor Taylor. Three thousand he reserved for himself, in compliance with the orders of the President, who, having projected an expedition against Coahuila, had assigned the command of it to Wool. His force was first concentrated at San Antonio de Bexar. It consisted of the first and second Illinois infantry, under Colonels Hardin and Bissel; the Kentucky and Arkansas mounted regiments, led by Colonels Marshall and Yell; Washington's flying artillery, Benneville's battalion of regular infantry; and Colonel Harney, with four companies of his dragoons. The whole of the division numbered two thousand six hundred men.

Wool set his little army in motion for the Rio Grande towards the latter part of September, 1846; and, on the 12th of October, crossed the dividing line between Mexico and the United States. Prosecuting his march he reached the city of Parras on the 6th of December, having traversed a hostile region of more than four hundred miles, and captured on his route five considerable cities, with populations numbering from five to fifteen thousand souls. In this journey he traversed sterile wastes, crossed mountain ranges, and endured, with his troops, privations that would have subdued any men less energetic. At Parras, which lies on the south-western confines of the state of Coahuila, Wool remained for eleven days, recruiting his troops with the abundant supplies furnished by the neighboring region. The inhabitants received him with friendly feelings, many of them being admirers of the government of the United States. Wool's original destination had been Chihuahua, the capital of Coahuila, but he had long since doubted the policy of prosecuting the expedition. While lying at Parras he received an express from Worth, then stationed at Saltillo, and who, alarmed by Santa Anna's threatened advance, had despatched a messenger to recall Taylor from Victoria, and another to bring up Wool from Parras. The courier reached the latter General on the 17th of December, and in two hours the army was ready to march.

Saltillo, where Worth was encamped, was one hundred and twenty miles from Parras, north by east. Worth had written that Santa Anna was within three days' march of him at the head of thirty thousand men, while he had but one thousand; yet he engaged to hold out for a day, and urged Wool to succor him on the fourth day. Accordingly, on the 21st, the latter reached Saltillo. He had made a forced march, rousing his men every morning at one o'clock, and completing the whole journey in less than three days and a half. Fortunately the alarm of Santa Anna's approach proved false. But

the arrival of Wool was of the utmost importance, for when, a few days later, Worth was summoned to join Scott, the army of Taylor would have been reduced to a few regiments only but for this reinforcement. Moreover, the long experience of Wool, his tried courage, and the high state of discipline to which he brought the volunteers, proved of the most vital assistance to the Commander-in-chief on the sanguinary field of Buena Vista.

As early as the 23rd of December, two days after his arrival at Saltillo, Wool, while riding through the pass of Angostura, perceived the advantages it afforded. "This is the very spot of all others I have yet seen in Mexico," he said, halting and surveying the ground, "which I should select for battle, were I obliged with a small army to fight a large one." He pointed out the net-work of deeply worn channels on the right, which, he declared, would completely protect that flank. The heights on the left, he said, would command the road, while the ravines in front of them, and which extend back to the mountain on that side, would cripple the movements of the foe should he attempt to turn that flank. These predictions were verified by the result. General Butler, then in command at Saltillo, disagreed with Wool, however, and preferred, as a battle-field, the broad plain in front of the city. But General Taylor, on arriving at the advanced posts, concurred in Wool's opinion, and the pass of Angostura in consequence became the scene of the eventful struggle of the 22nd and 23rd of February!

Wool's conduct in the battle of Buena Vista cannot be too highly estimated. He was continually present at the most exposed points, particularly on the left flank, which was under his especial command. After the disastrous charge of Clay, McKee and Hardin, when the Mexicans, turning, like wounded tigers, on their too presumptuous assailants, almost annihilated them, Wool threw himself into the midst of the peril, and rallied the fugitives by his voice and example. Among other regiments extirpated, for the time, by that terrible attack, was the second Illinois. Six companies of that gallant body had, in the morning, withstood, for a time, the whole Mexican line; but, after this sanguinary onslaught, only four men of them could be collected by Wool. Galloping to the front, the General shouted, "Illinois, Illinois, to the rescue: out, my brave boys, out and defend our batteries!" These few men, with others of the first Illinois, and a few Kentuckians, rallied to his voice. For a moment the little band stood almost unsupported, in full view of the victorious columns of the enemy. But soon others of Wool's followers, hearing his

shrill, trumpet-like tones, and inspired by his recklessness of danger, gathered around him; and the battery of Bragg simultaneously opening its tremendous fire, they had the joy speedily of beholding the enemy in full retreat.

There is one feature in the conduct of the two principal heroes of this battle, which will always endear them to the popular heart: we allude to the sincere co-operation which they afforded each other, and the frankness with which they mutually admitted obligations. Taylor, in his first despatch, written hurriedly on the field, says:—"I may be permitted here, however, to acknowledge my great obligations to General Wool, the second in command, to whom I feel particularly indebted for his valuable services on this occasion." In his subsequent and more detailed account, he remarks:—"To Brigadier-General Wool my obligations are especially due. The high state of discipline of several of the volunteer regiments was attained under his command; and to his vigilance and arduous service before the action, and his gallantry and activity on the field, a large share of our success may justly be attributed. During most of the engagement he was in immediate command of the troops thrown back on our left flank. I beg leave to recommend him to the favorable notice of government." On his part, Wool, in his official report speaks as follows of Taylor:—"I cannot close without expressing, officially and formally, as I have heretofore done personally to the Major-General commanding, the feelings of gratitude I have for the confidence and extreme consideration which have marked all his acts towards me; which have given me additional motives for exertion and increased zeal in the execution of the responsible duties with which I have been charged." How much more noble the spectacle of such generosity of soul than that of the enmity and rancor which too often disgraces the relations of the commanding General and his inferiors!

Wool's soubriquet in the army is "the old war-horse," a title eloquent of his high courage, tireless perseverance, and energy in battle. He is not only a strict, but a severe disciplinarian. An anecdote is told of him which places him in striking contrast with Taylor in this respect. A portion of the troops, desirous to compliment their Generals, undertook to serenade Taylor, and, after him, Wool. The movement was scarcely military, but Taylor overlooked this, and is even said to have expressed his thanks to the serenaders. Wool, however, ordered them all under arrest, for breaking the regulations of the camp. Notwithstanding his rigid notions, however, he is generally beloved by his men.

On the return of Taylor to the United States, Wool succeeded to the command of the army of the Rio Grande, in which capacity he remained until the peace.

For his services at the battle of Buena Vista, Wool received the brevet of Major-General.

STEPHEN W. KEARNEY.

THE conquest of California was the work, partly of Fremont and partly of Kearney. The latter was born in Newark, New Jersey, about the year 1793, and was pursuing his studies at Columbia College, New York, when the war of 1812 broke out. He immediately left the institution, and entered the army as First-Lieutenant of the thirteenth infantry, then commanded by Wool. Under this heroic leader he marched to the Canada frontier; fought at Queenstown heights; and was taken prisoner with Scott and other officers. Being soon after exchanged, he rejoined his old regiment, and served through the war with credit.

On the conclusion of peace, Kearney remained in the army. The next twenty years of his life were spent chiefly at frontier posts, but the time was not wasted, for Kearney being a close student, was daily perfecting himself in the knowledge of his profession. He soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most rigid disciplinarians and best tacticians in the service. His coolness in difficult emergencies passed into a proverb. No man could be braver when danger was abroad. His rise was slow, however, the result of a long peace. A Major in 1824, he became a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1833, and a full Colonel in 1836. When the first regiment of dragoons was organized in 1833, he was charged with its discipline, a task which he executed in the ablest manner; indeed, the cavalry arm of the service may be considered as indebted to Kearney for all that it is. He prepared a system of tactics, instructed the officers, and inspired the corps with his own heroism.

In 1839, when a frontier war was anticipated, Kearney was ordered to Fort Wayne, to overawe the Cherokees. He had now under his command, for the first time, a full regiment of ten companies. He subsequently made many long marches through the various Indian territories, acquiring a fund of valuable information for the government, and disseminating a wholesome respect for the flag which he represented. He had, during the years 1835 and 1836, penetrated to the head of the Mississippi, and to the Rocky Mountains, on which occasions, also, he had left a strong impression among the savages of the power and energy of the United States. The Indians called him the "horse-chief of the long knives." These journeys materially assisted to improve the condition and discipline of his dragoons.

When the war with Mexico began, the President determined to send an expedition against New Mexico and California, and Kearney was selected to command the troops raised for this enterprise. Accordingly, he assembled his forces, principally consisting of volunteers, at Fort Leavenworth, in June, 1846, and, on the 30th of that month, began his march for Sante Fe, at the head of about sixteen hundred men. For six weeks he traversed the vast wilderness which stretches between the last civilized settlement on the Missouri, and the first one of a similar character in New Mexico. He reached his destination in August, without opposition. Having formally taken possession of Santa Fe, he proceeded to declare New Mexico annexed to the United States. He next drew up a form of government for it, and superintended the election of a Governor and proper authorities. He now considered his work in this province

finished, and prepared to advance on California, pursuant to his instructions, only waiting for the arrival of Colonel Price from Fort Leavenworth, with the thousand volunteers, whom Kearney had left behind in his eagerness to advance. At last, on the 25th of September, he moved from Santa Fe for California, with about four hundred dragoons, but, after having marched one hundred and seventy-five miles, he met an express, with the news of Fremont's conquest of that country. He now sent back most of his little army, retaining only one hundred dragoons as an escort.

When Kearney reached the river Gila, in California, he learned that the province had revolted, and that the Americans had been expelled from Los Angelos, the principal city in the south. On the 2nd of December he arrived at the first settlement in California, where the news of the insurrection was confirmed. Four days afterwards, he fell in with a body of the enemy, somewhat superior in numbers, whom, after a sharp action, he totally routed. In this skirmish, Kearney was wounded severely, and would have been killed, but for Lieutenant Emory, who shot his antagonist just as he was about to make a second thrust with the lance. Kearney advanced about nine miles, when, being assailed by the Californians again, he seized a neighboring hill, and held it until Commodore Stockton, four days after, sent him a reinforcement of seventy-five marines, and one hundred seamen. In these two skirmishes Kearney fought under great disadvantages, his men being mounted on broken down mules, while the enemy had superb horses. Two days after being succored, Kearney reached San Diego, where he found Commodore Stockton.

Having ascertained that the insurgents were still at Los Angelos, where they numbered seven hundred, under the command of General Flores, the two American leaders resolved to march, with their combined forces, and dislodge him. Accordingly, with about seven hundred men, and six pieces of artillery, they left San Diego, and proceeded to meet the enemy, the united force being under command of General Kearney. On the 8th of January Kearney came up with the Californians, who, with four guns, were drawn up on a height on the opposite side of the river. He instantly formed his troops in order of battle, and placing himself dauntlessly at their head, forded the stream, stormed the height, and gained a complete victory. The action lasted about an hour and a half. By the following day, however, the Californians had recovered their spirits, and, on Kearney's resuming his advance, showed themselves in his front and on his flanks. When he had descended from the heights,

and reached the plains of the Mesa, the artillery opened upon him, and soon after, concentrating their columns, the Californians furiously assailed his left flank. Their charge, however, was decisively repulsed, on which they took to flight. The next day Kearney entered los Angelos in triumph.

A difficulty now arose between Commodore Stockton and General Kearney in reference to the civil authority in California. Kearney produced the commission of the President of the United States, authorizing him to act as Commander of the country and Governor; and claimed submission from Stockton in consequence of this document. Stockton, however, asserted that, as the country had been conquered before Kearney's arrival, a condition of affairs had arisen which the President had not foreseen, and in consequence, it could not be expected that he and Fremont, the real conquerors, should be deprived of their power by an authority virtually abrogated. Fremont took the same view of the question as Stockton, and refused obedience to Kearney. Unfortunately, however, Kearney was Fremont's superior officer, and hence entitled to the latter's obedience, irrespective of the special commission. Of this he was soon reminded, for when Commodore Shubrick arrived with the California volunteers, Kearney, finding himself with a superior force, deposed Fremont, ordered him to the United States, and, on his arrival there, placed him under arrest.

Kearney did not continue long in California after the arrival of Commodore Shubrick. He remained, however, until he considered the province pacified and secure from further insurrection. He then returned to the United States, accompanied by Fremont.

Firm, skilful, and brave as a lion, Kearney is one of the most valuable officers in the line of the army. His country acknowledged this, through the President, by conferring on him, on the 30th of June, 1846, the rank of a full Brigadier.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

THE prominent part played by Fremont in the conquest of California entitles him to a place in this series. He was born in South Carolina, in the year 1811. In 1838, was appointed a Second-Lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers, and from that period up to the Mexican war, was principally engaged in expeditions to explore the country around the Rocky Mountains. He visited Oregon and subsequently California on this duty, and published two volumes of great interest, the result of his discoveries

When the Mexican war began, Fremont was engaged, under orders from the War Department, in exploring a new and shorter route from the western base of the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Columbia. In fulfilling his task it became necessary to enter California. De Castro, Commandant-General of that province, aware of the threatened hostilities between Mexico and the United States, became suspicious that Fremont, under cover of a scientific expedition, intended to excite the American settlers to revolt, and accordingly he displayed such a hostile attitude that Fremont, taking position on a mountain overlooking Monterey, at the distance of thirty miles, prepared to die, if necessary, for the honor of his flag. From the 7th to the 10th of March, 1846, Fremont remained fortified here, but finding De Castro did not attack him, finally continued his march towards Oregon. Some of his men desiring to remain in the province, he consented to their discharge, but refused to enlist others in their places, so anxious was he not to compromise the United States. He made but little progress, however, in consequence of the difficulties of the country, and by the middle of May he had only reached the greater Tlamath Lake, lying just within the southern boundary of Oregon. Here he unexpectedly found his further advance obstructed by the snow which still lingered on the mountains, and also by the Indians who had been excited against him by emissaries from De Castro. In this emergency he came to the bold resolution of retracing his steps and subjugating California. When he adopted this determination his whole force numbered less than sixty men; yet with this army he undertook the conquest of fifty thousand souls!

Other considerations assisted to induce the return of Fremont. De Castro, it was said, was pursuing him at the head of five hundred men, and comprehended in his scheme of vengeance the American settlers in California. Fremont considered that the best way to save these innocent emigrants, as well as himself, was to assume a bold front, and, by a rapid countermarch, unite with his countrymen, and face the foe. As yet, no intelligence of the war had reached Fremont. He promptly put his heroic design into execution. On the 11th of June he cut off a valuable convoy from De Castro's camp, and four days afterwards, surprised the military post of Sonoma. He next pushed on for the valley of the Sacramento, to arouse the American settlers there; but he had scarcely reached his destination, when he was overtaken by an express, announcing that De Castro was in full march on Sonoma, with the intention of re-capturing it. Fremont immediately made a forced journey to the threatened point, where he arrived in time to cut off the vanguard of the enemy, by

which bold stroke he disconcerted the attack. The country on the north side of the Bay of San Francisco being now cleared of the foe, Fremont assembled the settlers of the vicinity at Sonoma, on the 5th of July, and recommended them to declare an independent commonwealth. His advice was taken, and himself chosen Governor.

Fremont now determined to pursue De Castro, who had established a camp at Santa Clara, an intrenched post on the southern side of the Bay of San Francisco. The distance around the bay was about one hundred miles. On the 6th of July, Fremont set forth, accompanied by one hundred and sixty mounted riflemen. As the Americans advanced, the Californians fled. De Castro retreated on los Angelos, the seat of the Governor-General of the province, distant four hundred miles. Thither Fremont determined to follow him. His resolution was fortified by learning that war had broken out between Mexico and the United States; that Commodore Stockton had arrived on the coast with a fleet; and that the flag of the United States was already flying over Monterey, which had surrendered to Stockton. At Fremont's suggestion, the settlers immediately substituted for their flag of independence, that of America. A junction was formed with Stockton, and the pursuit of De Castro renewed.

On the 12th of August, the combined forces of Stockton and Fremont entered los Angelos without resistance, the Governor Pico, and the Commandant-General, De Castro, having fled still further south. Stockton now took possession of the province as a conquered territory, and appointed Fremont Governor. For a few months the utmost quiet prevailed on the part of the subjugated Californians, but finally, in November, they rose in insurrection, drove the Americans from los Angelos, and resumed the government of the country. Their triumph, however, was not of long duration. Stockton, who had sailed for Monterey, immediately returned, and forming a junction with General Kearney, who arrived at this crisis from New Mexico, completely defeated the insurgents in two battles of the 8th and 9th of January, 1847. Fremont was not present in either of these actions. He had been absent since September, at Monterey, employed in enlisting and organizing men, and was now on his way to los Angelos, at the head of four hundred and fifty recruits. His journey, being performed in the dead of winter, was full of privations. On Christmas day, in crossing the Santa Barbara mountains, he lost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred horses. When within a short distance of the capital, he met the retreating army of the insurgents, and, ignorant of Stockton's refusal to grant them terms, concluded with them a capitulation. On the 14th of

January he entered los Angelos. He now first met Kearney, and began that series of mistakes which finally led to his trial by a court martial, and his retirement from the service.

In the sketch of Kearney, we have explained the origin of the difficulty between him and Fremont. The offence of the latter in refusing to obey his superior officer, was of the most glaring kind in the eye of discipline; but the circumstances in which Fremont found himself, were so peculiar, that his insubordination has some excuse. He was removed from his post of Governor by Kearney, as soon as the arrival of reinforcements gave the latter the ascendancy; and subsequently, when the General returned to the United States, Fremont accompanied the escort. On reaching Fort Leavensworth, Kearney placed his junior under arrest. A court martial was promptly summoned to meet at Washington city, for the trial of Fremont. The result was his conviction. The court sentenced him to be suspended from the service, but the President, in consequence of the mitigating circumstances of the case, remitted the punishment. Fremont, however, declined to accept the clemency of the executive, declaring, that as he had committed no offence, he required no pardon. He accordingly resigned.

He had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the new regiment of mounted rifles, before his retirement. This promotion was owing, in part, to his services, but in part, also, to the influence of Senator Benton, his father-in-law. The elevation of so young an officer, from a Lieutenancy to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, overleaping at a single step the intermediate grades, gave great offence in the army, especially to the numerous seniors of Fremont, who, by this promotion, considered themselves aggrieved.

Whatever opinion may be formed of his resignation, or of the exact amount of his culpability towards Kearney, all men must unite in admiring the spirit and ability which he exhibited in California. In undertaking the conquest of that province, at the head of less than sixty men, he displayed the attributes of a true hero. Such, we are confident, will be the verdict of posterity

DONIPHAN CROSSING THE DESERT OF DEATH

A. W. DONIPHAN.

THE march of Doniphan from Santa Fe to Chihuahua, and the victory of Sacramento which attended it, have been compared, and not unaptly, to the celebrated retreat of Xenophon with the ten thousand. But the exploit of the American surpasses that of the Greek. The one was a professed soldier, at the head of veteran troops; while the other was a mere civilian, fortuitously in command of a few volunteers. Both traversed distant and inhospitable regions; both penetrated hundreds of miles through a hostile population: but the march of the ancient was that of a fugitive, while the progress of the modern was everywhere that of a conqueror!

Doniphan was born in the year 1807; but of his early life we

know little. At the time the Mexican war broke out he was a lawyer of eminence in St. Louis, Missouri. Inspired, like many of his fellow-citizens at that time, with a sudden thirst for military adventure, he offered himself as Colonel of a regiment of volunteers, raised to accompany Kearney's expedition against Santa Fe. His almost gigantic stature, his affable manners, and the respect in which his abilities were held procured for him the command he sought, and, on the 30th of June, 1846, he set out with Kearney for Fort Leavensworth, his regiment numbering about a thousand strong. It was composed generally of young men, most of them from the best families of the state, who sought to gratify the restless longings of their natures, in the wild adventure which the conquest of New Mexico promised to afford. This impulse of a high organization has been common to all ages. The spirit which actuated the Missouri volunteers was the same that propelled the Normans upon France; that sent forth the Spaniards of the fifteenth century on voyages of discovery; that annually moves thousands in the direction of the setting sun, there to seek a virgin soil, and exult in the perils of border life. Doniphan himself was but the type of this class. After the astonishing victories gained in his expedition, it might have been supposed that neither he nor his men would have been willing to lay down their arms; but the thirst for excitement which had impelled them, had been exhausted in a thousand perils; and they returned to private life not without a certain zest perhaps for its quiet and repose, like men who, after long buffetting a wintry tempest, gladly find themselves housed at last.

In the narrative of the Mexican war, which precedes these sketches, we have already detailed at sufficient length the journey of Doniphan. The insertion of his own graphic, but modest account of the battle of Sacramento would, however, seem to be due to the hero, for it is eminently characteristic. This wonderful victory was achieved on the 28th of February, 1847, with a force of but nine hundred and twenty-four effective men, against more than four thousand Mexicans, half of whom were regulars. Having, early after sunrise, formed his troops in expectation of a battle, by arranging the long train of wagons in four columns, between which the soldiers were placed for the purpose of masking them, he advanced in the direction of the foe, and, when within three miles of him, made a reconnoisance.

"This we could easily do," says Doniphan in his despatch, "for the road led through an open prairie valley between the sterile mountains. The Pass of the Sacramento is formed by a point of the mountains on our right, their left extending into the valley or plain

so as to narrow the valley to about one and a half miles. On our left was a deep, dry, sandy channel of a creek, and between those points the plain rises to sixty feet abruptly. This rise is in the form of a crescent, the convex part being to the north of our forces.

"On the right, from the point of mountains, a narrow part of the plain extends north one and a half miles farther than on the left. The main road passes down the centre of the valley and across the crescent, near the left or dry branch. The Sacramento rises in the mountains on the right, and the road falls on to it about one mile below the battle-field or intrenchment of the enemy. We ascertained that the enemy had one battery of four guns, two nine and two six-pounders, on the point of the mountain on our right, at a good elevation to sweep the plain, and at the point where the mountains extended farthest into the plain.

"On our left they had another battery on an elevation commanding the road, and three intrenchments of two six-pounders, and on the brow of the crescent near the centre another of two six and two four and six culverins, or rampart pieces, mounted on carriages; and on the crest of the hill or ascent between the batteries, and the right and left, they had twenty-seven redoubts dug and thrown up, extending at short intervals across the whole ground. In these their infantry were placed, and were entirely protected. Their cavalry was drawn up in front of the redoubts in the intervals, four deep, and in front of the redoubts two deep, so as to mask them as far as practicable.

"When we had arrived within one and a half miles of the intrenchments along the main road, we advanced the cavalry still farther, and suddenly diverged with the columns to the right, so as to gain the narrow part of the ascent on our right, which the enemy discovering endeavored to prevent by moving forward with one thousand cavalry and four pieces of cannon in their rear, masked by them. Our movements were so rapid that we gained the elevation with our forces and the advance of our wagons in time to form before they arrived within reach of our guns. The enemy halted, and we advanced the head of our column within twelve hundred yards of them, so as to let our wagons attain the high lands and form as before.

"We now commenced the action by a brisk fire from our battery, and the enemy unmasked and commenced also; our fires proved effective at this distance, killing fifteen men, wounding several more, and disabling one of the enemy's guns. We had two men slightly wounded, and several horses and mules killed. The enemy then

slowly retreated behind their works in some confusion, and we resumed our march in the former order, still diverging more to the right to avoid their battery on our left, and their strongest redoubts, which were on the left near where the road passes. After marching as far as we safely could, without coming within range of their heavy bat-

DONIPHAN'S CHARGE AT SACRAMENTO.

tery on our right, Captain Weightman, of the artillery, was ordered to charge with the two twelve-pound howitzers, to be supported by the cavalry under Captains Reid, Parsons and Hudson.

"The Howitzers charged at speed, and were gallantly sustained by Captain Reid; but, by some misunderstanding, my order was not given to the other two companies. Captain Hudson, anticipating my order, charged in time to give ample support to the howitzers. Captain Parsons, at the same moment, came to me and asked permission for his company to charge the redoubts immediately to the left of Captain Weightman, which he did very gallantly. The remainder of the two battalions of the first regiment were dismounted during the cavalry charge, and following rapidly on foot, while Major Clarke advanced as fast as practicable with the remainder of the

battery, we charged their redoubts from right to left, with a brisk and deadly fire of riflemen, while Major Clarke opened a rapid and well-directed fire on a column of cavalry attempting to pass to our left so as to attack the wagons and our rear.

"The fire was so well directed as to force them to fall back; and our riflemen, with the cavalry and howitzers, cleared the parapets after an obstinate resistance. Our forces advanced to the very brink of their redoubts and attacked the enemy with their sabres. When the redoubts were cleared, and the batteries in the centre and on our left were silenced, the main battery on our right still continued to pour in a constant and heavy fire, as it had done during the heat of the engagement; but as the whole fate of the battle depended upon carrying the redoubts and centre battery, this one on the right remained unattacked, and the enemy had rallied there five hundred strong.

"Major Clarke was directed to commence a heavy fire upon it. Lieutenant-Colonels Mitchell and Jackson, commanding the first battalion, were ordered to remount and charge the battery on the left, while Major Gilpin passed the second battalion on foot up the rough ascent of the mountain on the opposite side. The fire of our battery was so effective as to completely silence theirs, and the rapid advance of our column put them to flight over the mountains in great confusion.

"The loss of the enemy was his entire artillery, ten wagons, and about three hundred killed and the same number wounded, many of whom have since died, and forty prisoners. The field was literally covered with the dead and wounded from our artillery and the unerring fire of our riflemen. Night put a stop to the carnage, the battle having commenced about three o'clock. Our loss was one killed, one mortally wounded, and seven so wounded as to recover without any loss of limbs. I cannot speak too highly of the coolness, gallantry and bravery of the officers and men under my command. I was ably sustained by field officers Lieutenant-Colonels Mitchell and Jackson of the first battalion, and Major Gilpin of the second battalion; and Major Clarke and his artillery acted nobly, and did the most effective service in every part of the field. It is abundantly shown, in the charge made by Captain Weightman, with the section of howitzers, that they can be used in any charge of cavalry with great effect. Much has been said, and justly said, of the gallantry of our artillery, unlimbering within two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy at Palo Alto; but how much more daring was the charge

of Captain Weightman, when he unlimbered within fifty yards of the redoubts of the enemy !"

The battle of Sacramento was fought immediately in front of Chihuahua, and the next day the Americans entered that city in triumph. When we consider that this victory was won against four times the numbers of Doniphan, and that his soldiers were nearly all volunteers, it appears to be scarcely less remarkable than Buena Vista ! It must be remembered also that the conquerors at Sacramento knew nothing of the success of Taylor, who was hundreds of miles distant, and had only defeated Santa Anna the preceding week. The consequences resulting from this victory were not so great, nor was the inequality of the two armies in it quite so excessive as at Buena Vista ; but it is nevertheless a victory that recalls, in all their vividness, the heroic ages of antiquity.

The volunteers being enlisted for twelve months only, were, on their return to the United States, mustered out of the service. Doniphan retired to private life simultaneously with his soldiers. Resuming the quiet routine of his profession he appeared to forget that he had ever been a hero. But history, engraving his deeds on her tablets with a pen of iron, will preserve his name to latest posterity ; and often, in future generations, his wonderful expedition will be cited as a proof of what Americans were "in the brave days of old."

Your Affectionate Brother
S. W. Walker

REPULSE OF THE MEXICAN LANCERS AT PALO ALTO.

SAMUEL H. WALKER.

THE Mexican war brought into public notice a class of men, who, though celebrated in Texas, and even on our south-western frontier, were less known in the northern and eastern states.—These were the rangers, a species of scouts. Their most prominent leaders were Walker, Hays, and Carson. This series would be incomplete without a notice of at least one of these heroes. We shall select Walker, both on account of his superior renown, and his untimely death.

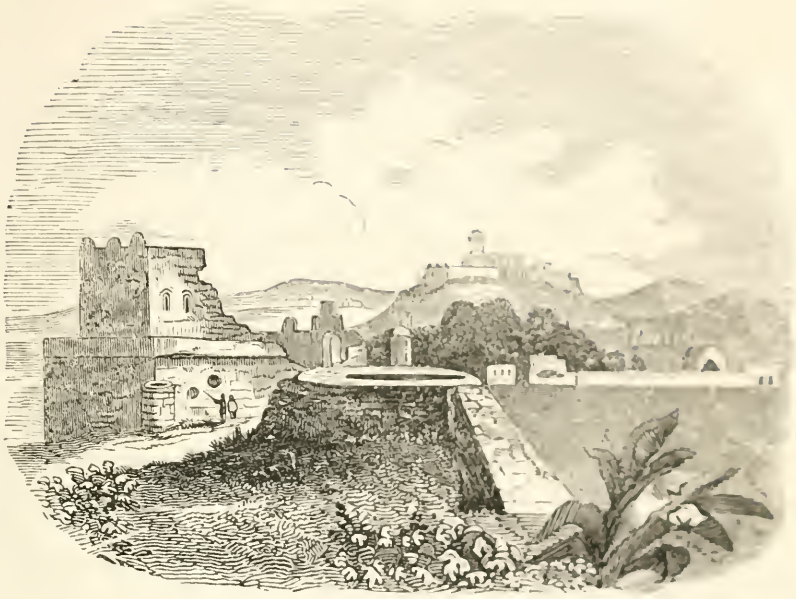
Samuel Hamilton Walker was a native of Prince George county, Maryland, where he was born in the year 1815. At an early period of the Florida war he enlisted as a private in the army, and was one of Colonel Harney's picked men; for with that daring soldier his boldness and energy soon rendered him a favorite. At the close

of the war he repaired to Texas and enlisted in the rangers commanded by Colonel Harney. In 1844, with fourteen others, he attacked and defeated eighty Camanche Indians, leaving thirty-three of their number dead on the field. During the battle Walker was pinned to the ground by the spear of a savage, but after the action it was found no vital part had been touched. He was also one of Fisher's expedition against Mier; and being captured, was marched to the castle of Perote with other prisoners. During the journey they suffered incredible privations, and finally made their escape; but, being re-taken, were decimated, those to be shot being selected by lot. Walker was one of those who drew a white bean. He subsequently made a more successful attempt at flight, with eight others; and reaching Texas, after almost incredible sufferings, entered the revenue service of that state.

When Taylor marched to the Rio Grande, Walker, at the head of a company of rangers, offered his services to the United States and was accepted. Being left to keep open the communications between Fort Brown and Point Isabel, he brought intelligence to Taylor, on the 30th of May, 1845, of the intention of the Mexicans to surround that General's camp. This information led to the famous march on Point Isabel. When the bombardment of Fort Brown began, Walker volunteered to penetrate through the Mexican army and bring intelligence from the besieged, a duty which he executed with his accustomed skill and energy. In the battles of the 9th and 10th of May he performed signal service, and was mentioned in such flattering terms by General Taylor, that the President, on the formation of the regiment of mounted rifles, gave him unsolicited a Captain's commission.

He now repaired to the United States, where he enlisted about two hundred and fifty men, principally from Maryland and Kentucky. With these he greatly distinguished himself in keeping the guerrillas at bay and opening the communications between Vera Cruz and the capital. One of his most brilliant actions was at Hoya, on the 20th of September, 1847. He did not long survive this. On the 8th of October, at the battle of Huamantla, he received a mortal shot, and died in about thirty minutes afterwards. When he fell, his men burst into tears, so greatly was he beloved by them. No more heroic soul adorned the war!

The personal appearance of Walker was mild and unpretending. He was modest, like most truly great men.



CHAPULTEPEC AND MOLINA DEL REY.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

IF we consider only the splendor of his military achievements, Winfield Scott is the greatest General the United States has yet produced. He may be said to belong to two generations, and to have won two reputations entirely distinct. In his youth he conquered the veterans of Great Britain at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane; in his old age he defeated the myriads of Mexico, and entered the Capital of the Montezumas in triumph. Hundreds born in the last century yet live, who can remember the astonishment with which in 1814, they hailed the exploits of the then stripling General, and hundreds still survive to tell, in the next century, that they fought by his side, when he was grey-headed, at Churubusco, Chapultepec and San Cosmo. Cotemporary witnesses will thus carry

his renown through nearly twice the usual term allotted to man. Nor will his fame diminish when his last cotemporary shall have died; for true glory, like the shade of the Brocken, grows more colossal as it recedes!

The military achievements of his youth were gained principally by daring, resolution, and tenacity of purpose. It is true that he introduced the strictest discipline into his brigade, and that he was not destitute of military knowledge; but the profound science, the skill in combination which have distinguished his career in Mexico, were but little perceptible in the war of 1812. The soubriquet then bestowed on him of the "fighting General," expresses the verdict of that generation. His chief quality, at that day, was his readiness for combat and his recklessness as to odds. He gained the battle of Chippewa against superior numbers, with his single brigade. At Lundy's Lane he began the attack against overwhelming forces, and maintained the contest unflinchingly for two hours without assistance. He was subsequently reinforced, when the battle ended triumphantly for the Americans. On both these occasions it was his impetuosity of attack, combined with his resolute front, which won the day. He united the French gallantry in a charge, with the English obstinacy in resisting it. "Hard pounding, this, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest," said Wellington at Waterloo. It was this tenacity of purpose which was the secret of Scott's success in the war of 1812. The quality was the more valuable then, because it was a novelty in the American service. The imbecile Generals of the earlier years of that war, the Hulls, Dearborns, and Wilkinsons, were haunted by defeat wherever they went, and thought more of securing a means of escape than of planning a victory. Scott, on the contrary, held that an American soldier should never contemplate the possibility of a repulse.

In this Mexican campaign we see equal resolution, equal obstinancy of purpose, but far greater skill. The capture of Vera Cruz, with the loss of but two officers and a few private soldiers, will be referred to in history as one of the most astonishing exploits of the century. The city might have been taken sooner, if assault had been resorted to; but how fearful would have been the slaughter! By girdling it with trenches, Scott secured its fall with the sacrifice of comparatively little blood; and the town, with its impregnable castle, like a strong man in the embraces of an Anaconda, sank exhausted. So, in the valley of Mexico, the skill with which he turned the approaches to the capital on the east, is only equalled by his boldness in advancing when his communications were cut off.

His confidence appalled the Mexicans as much as his strategy disconcerted them.

Had Santa Anna been an ordinary General, Scott, on crossing to San Antonio, would have found the road to the city almost undefended; and would have gained an easy entrance to the capital. But the Mexican commander had provided even for this contingency. Yet, as he considered it a remote one, his works on the Acapulco road were less strong than those in front of El Penon. This alone saved Scott. It is questionable, even, if he could have carried the gates in which the Acapulco road terminates; he seems to have doubted it, at least; for he turned aside and attacked the San Cosmo and Belen gates, which were not so impregnable. It is not certain that he would have forced an entrance even here, if the enemy had not expected him at the southern gates, where, accordingly, the mass of the Mexican artillery was collected. Even after the fall of Chapultepec, this delusion on the part of Santa Anna continued, that officer still believing that the assault on the San Cosmo and Belen gates was a feint, and that the real attack was to be on the south, where Twiggs, to maintain the error, thundered incessantly with his guns. Mexico fell, therefore, because her Generals were out-manœuvred. The bravery of our troops would, perhaps, have been thrown away if it had not been guided by the skill of the Commander-in-chief.

Scott was born near Petersburg, Va., on the 13th of January, 1786. His ancestors on both sides were respectable. He lost his father while yet a child, and his other parent when he was not quite seventeen. He had been destined for the bar, and for this purpose had pursued the usual academical studies. Having spent a year at the Richmond High School, he was transferred to William and Mary College, where he continued more than eighteen months, chiefly occupied in legal studies. He next spent a year in the office of David Robertson, Esq., after which he was admitted to practice at the bar. The competition in his native state induced him to turn his eyes abroad, and he visited Charleston, S. C., with the intention of settling there; but this purpose was frustrated by learning that he could not practice in that city until after a year's residence. He, therefore, returned to Virginia. He had never, however, entertained any very strong liking for the dry technicalities, the assiduous labor, and the years of unrewarded toil that are inevitable to the legal profession. He believed himself better qualified to succeed as a soldier. Fortune soon interposed to assist him. The attack on the frigate Chesapeake had aroused the indignation of the nation; and

a large force of volunteers had been called out. Among these was the Petersburg troop of horse, in which Scott hastened to enroll himself. His soldierly person, his evident taste for arms, and his military abilities which already began to display themselves, attracted the attention of influential friends, among others of the Hon. William B. Giles; and as Congress had just authorized an increase of the army, that gentleman asked one of the new commissions for Scott. Accordingly, on the 3rd of May, 1808, Scott was created a Captain of light artillery.

He immediately proceeded to recruit his company, and, in 1809, was ordered to Louisiana. Here he made himself an enemy in Wilkinson, by freely stating his opinion respecting some portions of that General's conduct, and the consequence was that Hampton, the successor of Wilkinson, became also prejudiced against the young Captain. It is probable that Scott was indiscreet. In the end he was brought to trial before a court martial, charged with keeping back his men's pay, and with being guilty of unofficer-like conduct by calling Wilkinson a traitor. He was found guilty and suspended for one year. The only important accusation was the first; and that arose from Scott's negligence in not taking proper receipts. The whole amount of the alleged delinquency was but fifty dollars. Even the court, which was manifestly hostile to him, acquitted Scott of all fraudulent intention. The inhabitants of the neighborhood shewed their estimate of the case by tendering Scott a public dinner, which he accepted. The year of his suspension he spent in Virginia occupied in the study of his profession: in one sense, therefore, his temporary dismissal proved fortunate; since it fitted him more speedily than he otherwise could have been, for the responsibilities of the approaching contest with Great Britain.

In June, 1812, war was declared. Scott's sentence had only expired towards the close of 1811; yet his suspension did not affect his position; for, within eight months, in July, 1812, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, overleaping the intermediate grade of Major. He immediately proceeded to the Niagara frontier, in command of the companies of Towson and Barker; and was stationed at Black Rock to protect the navy-yard established there. It was while here that he detached Towson, with a portion of his company, to assist Lieutenant Elliott of the navy in cutting out two British armed brigs from under the guns of Fort Erie. This was on the 8th of October, 1812. A few days afterwards, General Van Renssalaer made his unfortunate attack on Queenstown. Scott arrived by a forced march to participate in this battle, and was one of the few who succeeded

in crossing into Canada. He fought at the head of about five hundred men, with great intrepidity, and for a long time after resistance seemed vain. Having finally surrendered he was carried to Quebec with his troops. Here, being in the cabin of a transport, he heard an uproar on deck, and, hastening up, found the British officers mustering his men, and separating from the rest such as contented themselves to be Irishmen, with the intention of sending them to England to be tried for bearing arms against their country. Twenty-three had been selected when Scott appeared; and there were at least forty more liable to be taken. He immediately ordered the remainder of the men not to answer questions, which effectually concealed their origin and frustrated the aim of the enemy: then, in spite of the threats of the British officers, he addressed the twenty-three selected, telling them not to be alarmed, and pledging himself that the United States would make their cause her own, and retaliate for any injury they might suffer. He kept his word, moreover; and though the men were carried to England, the attitude assumed in their behalf by the United States was so threatening and firm, that the contemplated proceedings against them were finally dropped. The prisoners returned to their adopted country, in 1815, after an absence of three years; for so long had the controversy been prolonged. By one of those coincidences which sometimes make real life more improbable than fiction, Scott happened to be passing along the quay at New York, when they landed, and being recognized, was greeted with loud and continued cheers.

Scott was not long in being exchanged after his capture, and in May, 1813, joined the army at Niagara, with the titular rank of Adjutant-General. On the 27th of that month he participated in the attack on Fort George, leading the forlorn hope, and scaling the bank on landing, in face of the enemy's bayonets. When the fort fell he hauled down the British flag with his own hands. He afterwards pursued the enemy for several miles, and would probably have captured most of the fugitives, but that he was recalled by his superior, General Boyd, at the very moment he had overtaken the British rear. Scott could not conceal his chagrin. He had already neglected two successive orders sent him to return, saying to the messengers, "Your General does not know I have the enemy in my power; in twenty minutes I shall capture his whole force." The ardor of the young soldier was wiser, as subsequent events proved, than the temerity of his old superiors; and the war never prospered until he, and others like him, had supplanted the imbecile old Martinets who were, for two years, the curse of the army.

In July, 1812, Scott was elevated to the command of a double regiment, on which occasion he resigned his place as Adjutant-General. In the autumn of that year, Wilkinson undertook his descent of the St. Lawrence, which ended so disgracefully. Scott, at that time in command of Fort George, was eager to participate in the expedition, and having obtained permission, joined the main army at Ogdensburg on the 6th of November. He was placed in the advance, and consequently was not present at the battle of Chrystler's Fields, which was fought by the rear, on the 11th of November. The indecisive character of this conflict, the illness of Wilkinson, and the failure of Hampton to reach the rendezvous at St. Regis in season, induced the Commander-in chief to abandon the enterprise : a most unfortunate decision, since Scott, on the very day Chrystler's Fields was fought, had routed the British at Loop-Hole Creek, and was confident that with a regiment of dragoons and a flying battery, he could have pushed on and entered Montreal in triumph. But, though forced to retire by the commands of Wilkinson, Scott had won the plaudits of the country by his daring bravery in this campaign. Accordingly, in March, 1814, he was elevated to the rank of Brigadier-General, and made second in rank on the Niagara frontier.

The campaign that followed was the most brilliant of the war. In another place we have described it at length. Preparatory to it, Scott thoroughly drilled his brigade : and the beneficial consequences were seen at the battle of Chippewa. Here many of his men met the foe for the first time. The British were mostly veterans, and had the confidence arising from former victories. Yet so thoroughly did Scott infuse his own heroic spirit into the soldiers, that the enemy was routed by inferior numbers. In this battle McNeil's battalion marched steadily forward, in the face of a withering fire, until within eighty paces of the foe, when Scott calling on the men to charge with the bayonet, they rushed on the hostile ranks and swept them from the field. A few days after, Scott participated in the battle of Lundy's Lane, the most fiercely contested struggle of the war. On this field, both he and the Commander-in-chief were wounded, the former dangerously so. In consequence of his wound he was disabled from service until the close of the war; and for a month, during which he lay at Buffalo and Williamsville, his recovery was considered doubtful. As soon as his strength would allow, he proceeded to Philadelphia to complete his cure under the eminent surgeons of that city. For his services at Chippewa he was brevetted a Major-General, the only instance in this country where that rank has been earned in battle at the early age of twenty-eight. He was

subsequently complimented with a vote of thanks from Congress, for his skill and gallantry at both Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and also for his general good conduct throughout the war. By the same

COPY OF A GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED BY CONGRESS TO GENERAL SCOTT

vote, on the 3rd of November, 1814, a gold medal was ordered to be struck and presented to him. The rapid rise of Scott is without a parallel in American military history. It is understood that Madison at first objected to his promotion to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy over the heads of his numerous seniors; but the sagacity of those officers who recommended him was, as events proved, superior to that of the President. Next to Brown, the Commander-in-chief, Scott contributed most to the victories of 1814. He won those victories by thoroughly drilling his troops; by inspiring them with confidence in their own powers; and by leading them, in the hour of battle, with an intrepidity that shamed cowardice into bravery, and exalted courage into heroism.

After the declaration of peace, Scott was offered the post of Secretary of War. Many reasons, however, induced him to decline it. His youth was a prominent one, but he was also influenced by the consideration that both Jackson and Brown, who were his seniors,

would be compelled to serve under him. He was then solicited to take the post, *ad interim*, until Mr. Crawford, who was subsequently appointed, could return from Paris. This also he declined, and on the same grounds. He now visited Europe, under secret orders from the government, his mission being to ascertain the views of England with respect to Cuba and the revolted colonies of Spain. While abroad he devoted all his leisure time to professional improvement. His reputation had preceded him, and he was everywhere received with distinction. He had thus an opportunity of prosecuting his studies to great advantage. On his return to the United States, he was assigned the command of the sea-board, and fixed his head quarters at New York. In that city, or near it, at Elizabethtown, N. J., he resided until the Black Hawk war broke out in 1832. During the interval, by authority of government, he published a system of military discipline, known as the general regulations of the army, embracing the whole routine of our army in peace or war. He also published a system of infantry tactics, believed to be the most perfect in the world.

It was during this interval also, that a controversy arose between him and General Gaines, in reference to brevet rank. Brevet rank has always, since its first introduction by Washington, been a source of trouble in the army. It affords but a doubtful grade at best, and ought either to be abolished or enlarged. We shall reserve a full explanation of this difficult subject to our biography of Worth. Scott, in his dispute with Gaines, assumed nearly the same ground as Worth subsequently took against Twiggs; and, as in the latter case, the decision of the executive was adverse to the claim of brevet rank. Scott, on this, tendered his resignation. Jackson was at that time President, and unwilling that the army should lose Scott, offered the latter a year's furlough, in order to allow him time for mature consideration, before taking the final step. Scott availed himself of this leave of absence to revisit Europe. On his return, finding that public opinion was against him, he withdrew his resignation.

When the Black Hawk war devastated the western frontier in 1832, he was ordered to that quarter from his command in the east. This is not the place to narrate the history of that war, and we only refer to it for the purpose of illustrating Scott's character. Having embarked from Buffalo for Chicago, in the beginning of July, with about one thousand soldiers, the cholera suddenly broke out among the troops. The consternation immediately became general. Men who would have rushed to the cannon's mouth undaunted, shrank from

encountering death in this new and terrible shape. Of less than two hundred and fifty persons on board the steamboat in which General Scott had embarked, fifty-two died before reaching Chicago, and eighty were landed sick at that place. In a word, the boat had become a lazar house. In this awful crisis, Scott laid aside his rank, and taking his life, as it were, in his hand, went from cot to cot, personally ministering to the invalids, and encouraging others by his calm confidence. There are two sorts of heroism. The first is active, like that which we see on the battle-field: it is the heroism of excitement, impetuosity, enthusiasm. This Scott had evinced at Lundy's Lane. But there is another kind of heroism, that which is merely passive; which calmly looks death in the face, when there is nothing but duty to spur us on; and it was this more glorious heroism which Scott now displayed!

Of nine hundred and fifty men who left Buffalo, but four hundred remained for actual service when the army began its advance into the Indian country. On joining General Atkinson at Prairie du Chien, Scott learned that Black Hawk had already been defeated. The cholera now broke out afresh, and raged with awful violence. Its ravages were not confined to the Americans, but extending to the savage tribes in their neighborhood, carried terror and death everywhere. It was as when the angel of the pestilence went through Egypt, destroying the first born. Scott, on the occasion, acted with the same quiet heroism as during the voyage to Chicago. Not content with providing for the comfort of the soldiers, he visited them in person, in their sick-beds, and by cheering their drooping spirits, contributed as much as the medicine, to their recovery. At last, in September, the cholera disappeared. Scott now proceeded to complete his duties prior to his returning eastward. Black Hawk had fallen into the hands of the Americans in the preceding month, and nothing remained for the termination of all difficulties, but to conclude a treaty with the Indians. Accordingly, conferences were opened at Rock Island, with the Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, and other tribes, the commissioners, on the part of the United States, being General Scott and Governor Reynolds of Illinois. In a short time the treaties were negotiated. For his conduct in these transactions, Scott was complimented by the Secretary of War, who declared that he had overcome a series of difficulties requiring higher moral courage than the operations of the most active campaign. The verdict of popular opinion was to the same effect.

Scott returned to New York in October of the same year. In a few days he was summoned to Washington, where he received an

order to repair to Charleston, on a highly important and delicate mission. It was the period when South Carolina threatened nullification. Scott was instructed to inspect the forts in Charleston harbor, and to reinforce them with troops, as prudence and precaution might require. He was also directed to confer with the collector of the port, and with the United States District Attorney, and take such other steps as they, in concurrence with himself, might think advisable to maintain the authority of the federal government. He was told to leave the execution of the laws to the civil power, unless it should prove insufficient, in which case he was to report to the President, and await his orders. Scott immediately repaired to Charleston, where he acted with a caution and discretion that was crowned with the happiest results. Without forgetting his position as a United States officer, he omitted no opportunity to conciliate the inhabitants of the city. He directed his officers and soldiers to give way, on all occasions, to the towns-people, and not even to resent an indignity, should one be offered. A fire happening to break out in Charleston, Scott despatched the principal portion of his troops to the succor of the citizens. By this wise course of conciliation, he assisted materially to the pacification of South Carolina. Had a single drop of blood been shed in any chance collision between his soldiers and the people of Charleston, a civil war would have been inevitable, and such a collision would have been the certain consequence, if any General of less tact and moderation had been sent to South Carolina.

In December, 1835, Major Dade's command was massacred by the Seminole Indians, and the Florida war immediately broke out. Scott was ordered to take command of the troops destined to operate against the Indians. He left Washington on the 21st of January, 1836, the day after he received his appointment, and, on his arrival in Florida, promptly began active measures to reduce the savages. While thus engaged, however, he learned that the Creek Indians in Georgia and Alabama, were exhibiting symptoms of disaffection, and, accordingly, on the 20th of February, he hastened to this new scene. His command was shortly after brought to a close by his recall. The causes of this require some explanation. General Jessup, his second in command, disapproving of Scott's mode of fighting the savages, disobeyed his orders, on which Scott complained to the department. Jessup, in turn, defended himself. The President decided against Scott, ordered his recall, and directed an inquiry to be had into the delays and failures of the campaign. Scott, on his part, hastened to Washington, and boldly demanded a

court-martial. The court was accordingly ordered, with General Macomb as President. The result, after a long and elaborate inquiry, was the acquittal of Scott. The Seminole campaign was pronounced to have been well devised, and to have been ably, steadily, and prudently prosecuted. The plan of the Creek campaign was declared well calculated to lead to successful results, and to have been prosecuted by Scott, as far as practicable, with zeal and ability, until his recall. The court did not terminate its sittings until Mr. Van Buren had succeeded General Jackson in the executive chair, and the new President immediately confirmed its decision. The original difficulty between Jackson and Scott arose chiefly from the very opposite notions held by them as to the best method of waging an Indian war. The President's views were, perhaps, correct on this occasion. Certainly, if any man knew how to fight savages, it was the conqueror of the Creeks.

In 1837, when the insurrection broke out in Canada, Scott was deputed to the northern frontier. His task here, as in Charleston, was a delicate one. The Americans generally were favorable to the revolters, and lost no occasion of displaying their sympathy, or affording aid. The relations between the United States and Great Britain were placed in continual jeopardy. The prudence of Scott, however, averted a collision. His duties on the border had scarcely ceased, when he was ordered to superintend the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia and the neighboring states, beyond the Mississippi. This also was a mission of exceeding difficulty. The Cherokees were averse to a removal, declaring that the treaty providing for their emigration had been surreptitiously obtained. An appeal to arms seemed inevitable. So mild and conciliatory, however, was the course of Scott, and yet so firm, that the Indians yielded in the end, and their removal was effected without any of the alarming results which had been foreboded. Scott next served on the north-eastern frontier, where the disputes about the Maine boundary rendered the presence of a General of tact and prudence peculiarly necessary. The friendship existing between Scott and the Governor of New Brunswick, and which dated back to the war of 1812, when Scott had saved Sir John Harvey's life, contributed, in no slight degree, to maintain peace between Great Britain and the United States at this critical juncture. Scott having first soothed the feelings of the people of Maine, proposed frankly to Harvey a mutual withdrawal of troops from the disputed territory. Sir John Harvey immediately acceded to this request. "My reliance on you, my dear General," he said in his reply to Scott, "has led me to give my willing

assent to your proposition." This was the first step towards healing the breach. Subsequently, as is well known, all difficulties between the two countries were compromised, and the boundary definitely adjusted by the Ashburton treaty.

On the death of General Macomb, in 1841, Scott was made a full Major-General, and appointed Commander-in-chief of the army. When Texas was annexed to the United States, and it was purposed to send an army of occupation into the new state, Scott recommended that the command of this force should be confided to Brevet-Brigadier-General Taylor, a choice whose wisdom subsequent events have fully justified. When the war with Mexico began, Scott was desirous of joining Taylor with large reinforcements and advancing on the capital. In arranging the march of the volunteers, called out under the act of Congress, he displayed a mastery over details, which, though scarcely appreciated at the time, has since become the admiration of the country. A hasty expression in a letter to the Secretary of War, insinuating a doubt of the government's sincerity towards him, induced the President to revoke his original intention of entrusting the Mexican war to Scott. Accordingly Scott remained at Washington, attending to the ordinary routine of his office, while Taylor was marching from victory to victory. At last the public opinion, which had at first run strongly against Scott, began to turn. His predictions, which had been scoffed at, were verified by events. His past services, his eminent ability, and the claims of his rank, finally triumphed, and obtained for him the command of the expedition against Vera Cruz. He sailed from New York on the 30th of November, 1846, and arrived on the Rio Grande about the close of the year. Here he found the troops collected for the siege of Vera Cruz less numerous than he had demanded, or than he had been led to expect; and accordingly, the unpleasant alternative was cast upon him of delaying the expedition, or stripping Taylor of the remainder of the army of the Rio Grande. Scott chose the latter alternative. Having collected the divisions of Twiggs, Worth, Patterson, Pillow and Quitman, he sailed with them to Cape Antonio Lizardo, where, on the 7th of March, the whole invading force was concentrated to the number of twelve thousand men.

The brilliant campaign that followed belongs rather to history than to the biography of Scott; and we have accordingly narrated it already in another portion of this work. Never, on this continent, were such splendid results reaped in so short a time. On the 10th of March the army disembarked near Vera Cruz, and on the 29th the city and castle surrendered. On the 18th of April the victory

of Cerro Gordo was won. On the 15th of May Puebla fell into the hands of the Americans. A pause of nearly three months now ensued, induced by the necessity of waiting for reinforcements. Scott occupied this interval in thoroughly drilling his troops, and in endeavoring to conciliate the leading men among the Mexicans. At last, on the 7th of August, having been joined by a sufficient number of recruits to raise his effective force to eleven thousand men, he began his march on the capital. The battles of Contreras and Churubusco followed on the 20th of August; when the enemy, being defeated on both occasions, sued for peace. The negotiations, however, terminated unfavorably. On the 9th of September hostilities were resumed by assaulting Molino del Rey, where the Mexicans were driven from the field, though fourfold the number of the Americans. On the 13th, Chapultepec was stormed and carried. On the 14th, Scott entered the city of Mexico in triumph, and took up his quarters as a conqueror in the national palace. We search in vain for a parallel to these astonishing successes, except in the career of Napoleon, or the fabulous legends of old.

Too much cannot be said of the skill of Scott in this short campaign of six months. In turning the enemy's position at Cerro Gordo, and thus rendering useless the batteries Santa Anna had erected, the American Commander evinced the most consummate generalship. So, in his manœuvres in front of Mexico, he continually rendered the preparations of the Mexicans abortive by some skilful movement, that, evading their stronger positions, precipitated his army where it was least expected. There has been an attempt made to depreciate the merit of Scott by assigning to various officers important suggestions. But a Commander-in-chief should be censured for neglecting, rather than for adopting wise counsel. He assumes the responsibility of all measures, and as he would be blamed for their miscarriage, he should be entitled to the glory of their success. Posterity is always just in this respect. The reputations of the great Turenne, of Marlborough, and of other eminent Generals of the past, have swallowed up the lesser renown of the many able commanders who fought under them, and to whom perhaps, they were indebted for important suggestions. A great General is he who works out successes from the resources of others as well as of himself.

The care with which Scott husbanded his forces, while he maintained also a daring front towards the foe, is another proof of his genius. That military commander is the most worthy of applause who achieves the largest results with the smallest means. Tried by this standard, Scott is one of the greatest commanders of modern

times. At Cerro Gordo he overthrew more than twice his own numbers. At Churubusco he defeated thirty thousand troops with less than nine thousand. At Chapultepec, with even a smaller number, he conquered twenty thousand, part of whom were strongly fortified on the hill. Molino del Rey was the only battle in the whole campaign which was not cheaply earned, and the immense slaughter of the Americans there arose from the impossibility of reconnoitreing the enemy's position. Another characteristic of Scott, was the skill with which he raised his volunteers almost to the level of regulars, by disciplining them, by gradually inuring them to combat, by inspiring them with glorious examples in their officers. Always daring, yet never reckless; always successful, yet rarely wasting a single life, Scott, with an army of only eleven thousand men, conquered a nation of seven millions, and entered a capital of two hundred thousand souls in triumph. The mere announcement of such brilliant achievements will hereafter be sufficient for his fame. It will be said that the General who could do this, no matter by what fortuitous circumstances assisted, was worthy to rank with those immortal commanders who fill the Pantheon of military history, the Fredericks, Gustavuses and Wallensteins of other days!

The assault on Chapultepec, and the subsequent advance to the gates of Mexico, are, perhaps, the most brilliant incidents in the war; and the daring, yet prudence of Scott's genius cannot be so well understood as by a full comprehension of those decisive affairs. We have already narrated, in another place, the fall of Chapultepec, as well as the triumphant entry of the Americans into Mexico; but this sketch would be incomplete if we omitted the official despatch, describing this latter event. Its narrative is so clear; its statistics so compactly arranged, and its testimony to the general difficulties of the campaign so convincing, that it forms a fitting conclusion to this rapid summary of the campaign. After describing the fall of Chapultepec, and the movement of Worth around the foot of the hill, where he remained in readiness to follow the enemy along the San Cosmo road, Scott continues the animated story thus:—

"Arriving some minutes later, and mounting to the top of the castle, the whole field to the east lay plainly under my view. There are two routes from Chapultepec to the capital—the one on the right entering the same gate, Belen, with the road from the south, via Piedad; and the other obliquing to the left, to intersect the great western, or San Cosmo road, in a suburb outside of the gate of San Cosmo. Each of these routes (an elevated causeway) presents a double roadway on the sides of an aqueduct of strong masonry and

great height, resting on open arches and massive pillars, which together afford fine points both for attack and defence. The sideways of both aqueducts are, moreover, defended by many strong breastworks at the gates, and before reaching them. As we had expected, we found the four tracts unusually dry and solid for the season.

"Worth and Quitman were prompt in pursuing the retreating enemy—the former by the San Cosmo acqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Each had now advanced some hundred yards. Deeming it all-important to profit by our successes, and the consequent dismay of the enemy, which could not be otherwise than general, I hastened to despatch from Chapultepec—first Clark's brigade, and then Cadwalader's, to the support of Worth, and gave orders that the necessary heavy guns should follow. Pierce's brigade was, at the same time, sent to Quitman, and, in the course of the afternoon, I caused some additional siege pieces to be added to his train. Then, after designating the fifteenth infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard—Morgan, the Colonel, had been disabled by a wound at Churubusco—as the garrison of Chapultepec, and giving directions for the care of the prisoners of war, the captured ordnance and ordnance stores, I proceeded to join the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the acqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gate of San Cosmo.

"At this junction of roads, we first passed one of those formidable systems of city defences, spoken of above, and it had not a gun!—a strong proof, 1. That the enemy had expected us to fail in the attack upon Chapultepec, even if we meant any thing more than a feint; 2. That, in either case, we designed, in his belief, to return and double our forces against the southern gates—a delusion kept up by the active demonstrations of Twiggs and the forces posted on that side; and, 3. That advancing rapidly from the reduction of Chapultepec, the enemy had not time to shift guns—our previous captures had left him, comparatively, but few—from the southern gates.

"Within those disgarnished works, I found our troops engaged in a street fight against the enemy posted in gardens, at windows, and on house-tops—all flat with parapets. Worth ordered forward the mountain howitzers of Cadwalader's brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pickaxes and crowbars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon on an equality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o'clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. According to my instructions, he here posted guards and sentinels, and

placed his troops under shelter for the night. There was but one more obstacle—the San Cosmo gate, (custom-house,) between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace, the heart of the city; and that barrier, it was known could not, by daylight resist our siege guns thirty minutes.

"I had gone back to the foot of Chapultepec, the point from which the two aqueducts begin to diverge, some hours earlier, in order to be near that new depot, and in easy communication with Quitman and Twiggs, as well as with Worth. From this point I ordered all detachments and stragglers to their respective corps, then in advance; sent to Quitman additional siege guns, ammunition, intrenching tools; directed Twiggs' remaining brigade (Riley's) from Piedad, to support Worth and Captain Steptoe's field-battery, also at Piedad, to rejoin Quitman's division.

"I had been, from the first, well aware that the western, or San Cosmo, was the less difficult route to the centre, and conquest of the capital, and therefore intended that Quitman should only manœuvre and threaten the Belen or south-western gate, in order to favor the main attack by Worth, knowing that the strong defences at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress, called the citadel, just within. Both of these defences of the enemy were also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel (or Nino Perdido) and San Antonio gates. Hence the greater support in numbers, given to Worth's movement as the main attack.

"These views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-General Quitman; but being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brigadier-Generals Shields and Smith, Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire, as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires, carried an intermediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o'clock in the afternoon, but not without proportionate loss, increased by his steady maintenance of that position.

"Here, of the heavy battery, (4th artillery,) Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin were mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Porter, its third in rank, slightly. The loss of those two most distinguished officers the army will long mourn. Lieutenants J. B. Morange and William Canty, of the South Carolina volunteers, also of high merit, fell on the same occasion, besides many of our bravest non-commissioned officers and men, particularly in Captain Drum's veteran company. I cannot, in this place, give names or numbers; but full returns of the killed and wounded, of all corps, in their recent operations, will accompany this report.

"Quitman within the city—adding several new defences to the position he had won, and sheltering his corps as well as practicable—now awaited the return of daylight under the guns of the formidable citadel, yet to be subdued.

"About four o'clock next morning, (September 14,) a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council) waited upon me to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before; and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied, that I would sign no capitulation; that the city had been virtually in our possession from the time of the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman, the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy on

GRAND PLAZA (OR GREAT SQUARE) CITY OF MEX

the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and that the American army should come under no terms not self-imposed: such only as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose.

"At the termination of the interview with the city deputation, I communicated, about daylight, orders to Worth and Quitman to advance slowly and cautiously (to guard against treachery,) towards the heart of the city, and to occupy its stronger and more commanding points. Quitman proceeded to the great plaza or square, planted guards, and hoisted the colors of the United States on the national palace, containing the halls of Congress and executive departments of federal Mexico. In this grateful service, Quitman might have been anticipated by Worth, but for my express orders, halting the latter at the head of the Alameda, (a green park,) within three squares of that goal of general ambition. The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, all had contributed, early and powerfully, the killed, the wounded, and the fit for duty, at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco, (three battles,) the Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, as much as those who fought at the gates of Belen and San Cosmo.

"Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a fire was opened upon us from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts, liberated the night before by the flying government, joined by, perhaps, as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves, and thrown off their uniforms. This unlawful war lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. Their object was to gratify national hatred, and in the general alarm and confusion, to plunder the wealthy inhabitants, particularly the deserted houses. But families are now generally returning; business of every kind has been resumed, and the city is already tranquil and cheerful, under the admirable conduct (with exceptions very few and trifling) of our gallant troops."

Scott then contrasts the smallness of his own force compared with that of the enemy; and in a strain of honest exultation, rehearses the disasters he has inflicted on the enemy. "Leaving," he says, "as we all feared, inadequate garrisons at Vera Cruz, Perote, and Puebla, with much larger hospitals; and being obliged, most reluctantly, from the general paucity of numbers, to abandon Jalapa, we marched on the 7th of August, from Puebla, with only ten thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight rank and file. This number includes the garrison of Jalapa, and the two thousand four

hundred and twenty-nine men brought up by Brigadier-General Pierce, on August the 6th.

"At Contreras and Churubusco, we had but eight thousand four hundred and ninety-seven men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustin, the intermediate sick and the dead; at the Molino del Rey, but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery—making in all three thousand two hundred and fifty-one men—were in the battle. In the two days, September 12th and 13th, our whole operating force, after deducting again, the recent killed, wounded and sick, together with the garrison of Miscoac, the general depot, and that of Tacubaya, was but seven thousand one hundred and eighty; and, finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultepec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession of this great capital with less than six thousand men. And I re-assert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that in not one of those conflicts was this army opposed by fewer than three and a half times its numbers—in several of them, by a yet greater excess.

"I recapitulate our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico: August 19, 20—killed, one hundred and thirty-seven, including fourteen officers. Wounded, eight hundred and seventy-seven, including sixty-two officers. Missing, (probably killed,) thirty-eight rank and file. Total, one thousand and fifty-two. September 8—killed, one hundred and sixteen, including nine officers. Wounded, six hundred and sixty-five, including forty-nine officers. Missing, eighteen rank and file. Total, seven hundred and eighty-nine. September 12, 13, 14—killed, one hundred and thirty, including ten officers. Wounded, seven hundred and three, including sixty-eight officers. Missing, twenty-nine rank and file. Total, eight hundred and sixty-two. Grand total of losses, two thousand seven hundred and three, including three hundred and eighty-three officers.

"On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions, in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army, which, at the beginning, numbered thirty-odd thousand men. This army was posted, always in chosen positions, behind intrenchments, or more formidable defences of nature and art. We killed or wounded of that number, more than seven thousand officers and men; took three thousand seven hundred and thirty prisoners, one-seventh officers, including thirteen Generals, of whom three had been Presidents of this Republic; and captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, besides fifty-seven wall pieces, twenty thousand small-arms, an immense quantity of shot, shells,

powder, &c., &c. Of that enemy, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty-odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair, leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about two thousand five hundred—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at free quarters upon their own people."

After his occupation of the capital, Scott proceeded, in compliance with the orders of the President, to levy contributions on the different towns in Mexico. He also, sent out detachments to overrun the country and complete its conquest in detail. The securing of an honorable and lasting peace, was an object never absent from his mind; and he lost no opportunity, therefore, of propitiating the leading men of Mexico whom he thought likely to favor his wishes. It was in a measure through his exertions that the treaty was subsequently negotiated by Mr. Trist.

The government of the United States, however, did not agree with their General in all particulars, and, after a correspondence between Scott and the Secretary of War, which grew warmer with each letter, it was determined to deprive him of his command and bring his conduct before a court of inquiry. General Towson was ordered to Mexico to act as President of this court. When the court of inquiry met, however, the charges intended to have been made against Scott, were withdrawn.

Scott took leave of the army in Mexico, his companions in so many dangers, in a temperate and appropriate address, in the course of which he complimented his successor, General Butler. The parting between Scott and his old soldiers was affecting. Even those who had been alienated from him forgot, on this occasion, their animosities, and saw, with regret, the loss of that profound military genius which had sown their path with victories.

Scott is a severe disciplinarian. The execution of the deserters captured at Churubusco is defended on the ground of necessity; but it is a question whether the ends of justice would not have been equally well obtained, if these men had been ignominiously drummed out of camp.

In person Scott is over six feet high; his bearing is soldierly and dignified.

DAVID E. TWIGGS.

THERE are two classes of men who become famous in the military profession. The first are those who excel in tactics and strategy, but are not remarkable for any peculiar heroism of character. The second, with less of scientific knowledge, possess more of the true qualities of the soldier, and are known, in military phrase, as fighting men. There is still a third description, though their numbers are so few as scarcely to entitle them to be considered a class, who unite heroism of character with the highest intellectual attainments. Of this latter number is Scott. Twiggs, the subject of the present sketch, belongs to the second class.

David E. Twiggs, a Brigadier-General in the line of the army, is the fifth son of General John Twiggs, of revolutionary memory, whose services in that stormy era in behalf of his native state, won for him the name of the "Saviour of Georgia." The subject of our memoir was born in Richmond county, Georgia, in the year 1790. He finished his collegiate course in Franklin College, at Athens: and subsquently studied law in Augusta, with the late Thomas Flournoy. His mind, however, had more of a military, than a legal turn, and hence, when the war of 1812 broke out, he solicited a commission; and being appointed a Captain of infantry, has served, from that time to this, in the army of his country.

During the war he was retained on the south-eastern frontier, where no opportunity was afforded for signal distinction. He fulfilled his duties, however, in so exemplary a manner that, on the declaration of peace, he was not only retained in the service, but brevetted a Major. In 1817, when Gaines commanded on the Florida border, a body of Indians at a place called Foultown, refused to emigrate according to stipulation. In consequence, Major Twiggs was sent against them with two hundred and fifty men. On the march, the Indians assailed his command. But, after a desperate fight, Twiggs came off victorious, killing and wounding a large number of the savages. He then pursued his route to Foultown, which he found deserted. After destroying the place, he returned to head-quarters, where his gallantry was warmly commended by General Gaines. Soon after, Jackson was sent to supersede Gaines; and, on the 7th of March, 1818, under his orders, Twiggs captured St. Marks, the first town taken from Spain in this contest. At the trial of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, English subjects who were executed by Jackson for abetting the Indians, Twiggs was present, and approved of the decision of the Commander-in-chief.

Many years of peace succeeded these events, during which no opportunity for distinction was afforded to the army. Twiggs, meantime, rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the fourth infantry. At last the Black Hawk war occurred. Twiggs was now ordered with his regiment to the seat of hostilities, and was on board the steamboat Henry Clay when the cholera broke out, during her voyage up the lakes. In the biography of Scott we have described the horrors of that fearful time. Twiggs, finding that the boat on which he had embarked was become a pest-house, assumed the responsibility of landing his command at Fort Gratiot, on the lower end of Lake Huron. The last person to leave the boat was Twiggs himself. But the sufferings of the troops were not yet at an end. The pesti-

lence followed them, though in a mitigated form, and a large number perished of the disease. Others, appalled by the fear of infection, deserted, and many of them died miserably in the wilderness, where the wolves devoured their bodies.

The frank, brave character of Twiggs early recommended him to Jackson, with whom indeed he possessed many points in common. Accordingly the latter, now become President, assigned Twiggs the command of the arsenal at Augusta, a gratifying appointment to the recipient, since it placed him in a vicinity endeared to him from childhood. The post, at that time, was of great importance, for it was the period of the nullification excitement, and, in case of an outbreak, the protection of the arms at Augusta would have been of the most vital moment. Subsequently, Twiggs was stationed at New Orleans; and in the latter place he continued to reside for a considerable time.

When the Florida war broke out, Twiggs was ordered to the scene of hostilities. The murder of Major Dade and his command had exasperated the army, a feeling in which the nation shared at large. The desire to meet the Indians burned in every bosom. The battle of Withlagoochie, fought by Gaines, and in which Twiggs was second in command, gratified in part this desire for revenge. On the eighth of June, 1836, Twiggs was appointed Colonel of the second regiment of dragoons, then directed to be raised. The organization of this new command had scarcely been completed when he was ordered to Florida. The character of the war was now, however, changed. The territory was dotted with small posts, which divided the numbers and impaired the strength of the army; and in consequence no more general actions were fought. Besides, the Indians were averse to pitched battles, preferring a desultory warfare by ambushes and surprises. The services of Twiggs were arduous, but not brilliant. He was finally succeeded in his command by Worth, and for several years following, owing to family afflictions, remained on furlough.

When General Taylor was ordered to Corpus Christi, Twiggs, at the head of two squadrons of dragoons, was detached to join him. Here a difficulty occurred between him and Worth, which led to the latter's resignation. We have detailed this affair, at sufficient length, in the biography of Worth. At the battle of Palo Alto, Twiggs, as second in command, led the right wing of the American army. On this occasion, as well as at Resaca de la Palma, he behaved with that indomitable bravery which is his characteristic. General Taylor, in his despatches, compliments Twiggs highly. On the fall of Matamoras, Twiggs was appointed Governor of that place. Congress having authorised the creation of two new Brigadiers, he was shortly

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS IN MONTEREY.

after appointed to one of the commissions. At Monterey, Twiggs commanded a division on the eastern side of the town. It was here that the most terrible fighting, perhaps, of the whole siege, occurred. On the third day he dashed into the city, drove the enemy along the streets, and was rapidly approaching Worth, who was advancing from the other side, when the capitulation took place. Twiggs was now appointed Governor of the town, when, as at Matamoras, his strict discipline, combined with impartial justice, maintained order. He remained at Monterey until summoned, with his veteran troops, to join General Scott, when the latter was about to begin the siege of Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz fell; and now began that famous march to Mexico, which has had no parallel since the days of Cortez! On the 17th of April the army arrived at the pass of Cerro Gordo, which was held by Santa Anna at the head of twenty thousand men. The chief work of that bloody day fell on Twiggs. He had been ordered to turn the enemy's left, and, by occupying the national road in Santa Anna's rear, to cut off all retreat. This duty he performed in the most splendid manner. During the advance of Twiggs on this occasion, he detached a part of his division to carry the height of

Cerro Gordo. This acclivity was crowned with a tower, and formed the key to the enemy's position. "The brigade," says Scott in his despatches, alluding to this movement, "ascended the long and difficult slope of Cerro Gordo, without shelter, and under a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, with the utmost steadiness, reached the breastworks, drove the enemy from them, planted the colors of the first artillery, third and seventh infantry—the enemy's flag still flying—and after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the conflict with the bayonet."

Twiggs was not personally present at the decisive struggle at Contreras, on the morning of the 20th of August, though he had been engaged in the action of the early part of the preceding afternoon. As the ground in the front of the enemy was too broken for horses, Twiggs, at that time suffering from lameness, was compelled to retire to his head-quarters. In the subsequent operations of the 20th, however, he played an active part. Marching with his division across the country, he was the first to reach Churubusco. The route by which he approached the village runs nearly at right angles to the Acapulco road, and about four hundred yards before joining it, is defended by a hacienda of great strength. As Worth was advancing along the Acapulco road, it became necessary to carry the hacienda before a union could be effected with the latter General.

The share of Twiggs in the battle of Churubusco is thus modestly stated in his report to the Commander-in-chief. The narrative takes up the thread of events immediately after the victory of Contreras. "Pursuing a small retreating force," says Twiggs, "through the villages of San Angel and Santa Catarina, we gave them occasionally a running fire until we arrived in front of Churubusco. Here the enemy were in a strongly fortified position, with seven pieces of cannon and several thousand bayonets, a large body of lancers guarding the approach to the right of their work, which was incomplete. I now came to a halt, by order of the General-in-chief, for the purpose of having a reconnoisance made. Lieutenant Stevens, of the engineers, was sent forward to look at the enemy's position, supported by the company of sappers and miners. He reported a good position for Taylor's battery towards the left of the work, from which it was practicable to drive from the roof and walls of the church such of the enemy as, from their elevated position, could annoy my foot-troops destined to storm the work surrounding the church.

"The battery was accordingly ordered up. It opened with great spirit, and remained under a most galling and destructive fire of

grape, round-shot, shell and musketry, for an hour and a half; by which time, having accomplished the desired object, it was withdrawn, much crippled in officers, men and horses. In the meantime, Smith's brigade was ordered in the same direction the battery took, immediately in front of the work, and Riley's further to our left, with a view of turning and gaining entrance to the open portion of the intrenchments on the enemy's right. After an uninterrupted and severe fire on both sides for two hours my troops entered the work. All the regiments were close at hand, and shared equally in the dangers and honors of the day. General Rincon, the commander of the place, and two other general officers, together with several others of rank, in all numbering one hundred and four, and one thousand one hundred and fifty five non-commissioned officers and privates, prisoners of war, seven pieces of cannon, and a large number of small arms, and some ammunition, fell into our hands. This closed the operations of my division, which had been under arms in the face of the enemy without intermission for thirty hours, and achieved one of the most glorious triumphs to the American arms!"

At Molino del Rey Twiggs was not in action, that battle being fought almost entirely by the division of Worth. When, however, Scott determined to assault Chapultepec he sent for the veteran divisions of Twiggs and Worth, and from them selected the storming party. In the operations that succeeded, to Twiggs was entrusted the delicate task of making a false attack on the southern gates, while Worth and Quitman assaulted the garitas of Belen and San Cosmo. The importance of the services of Twiggs on this occasion, may be best understood by imagining what might have been the consequences, if, in the ardor for glory, he had converted his feigned, into a real attack, and thus, perhaps, prevented the success of the whole operations. But cool and circumspect, he admirably executed his instructions. He maintained so fierce a cannonade on the gates in his front, that the enemy were convinced that this was to be the main point of attack; nor was it until Chapultepec had fallen, when it was too late to shift the heavy guns, that the secret was discovered.

General Twiggs is about six feet high, and stout in proportion. He has a fine, soldierly look, though he begins to wear, in his face, the marks of hard service and of age. He is a strict disciplinarian, but kind to his men. Perhaps no man in the army, after Taylor, is so popular with the soldiers.

Twiggs received, in May, 1848, the brevet of Major-General, to date from the capture of Monterey.

VERA CRUZ.

JOSEPH G. TOTTEN.

THE Military Academy at West Point has proved of inestimable service to our army in the war with Mexico. There was a day when it was the fashion to decry this institution, and to ridicule its graduates as being dandies rather than soldiers. But, like the officers of the English guards who were the heroes of Waterloo, the cadets of West Point have been foremost wherever occasion demanded it. At Okee Chobee, Pelaklaklaha, Fort Fanning, Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, every officer who died was a graduate, and every one died with a wound in his front. In other fields, where skill rather than bravery was required, the scientific knowledge of the West Point cadets saved the effusion of rivers of blood. An instance of this occurred at Vera Cruz, where

Colonel Totten, one of the oldest graduates of the academy, had the general direction of the siege operations.

Joseph G. Totten was born in Connecticut, about the year 1786. He was first appointed to the army in 1805; but for some cause unknown to us, he resigned. On the approach of war, he resumed his old profession. In 1810 he was made a Lieutenant, and in 1812 a Captain. On the 6th of June, 1812, he received the brevet of Major for meritorious services, and shortly after, at the battle of Queenstown, was made a prisoner by the British. Subsequently, being exchanged, he was present at Plattsburg, as chief engineer of General Macomb's army, on which occasion he was thanked in general orders and rewarded with the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in the army after the peace. In 1818, he became Major of the engineers. In 1824, the brevet of Colonel was bestowed on him. He was promoted to be a full Lieutenant-Colonel in 1828; and in 1838 was appointed to his present rank of chief engineer.

As the head of the corps of engineers Totten had the entire control in throwing up the works at Vera Cruz. On this occasion, art was carried to its utmost limits. The lines constructed by him were the admiration of military men of all countries, and proved that, notwithstanding a long peace, the officers of the United States army were adepts in their profession. That a city so admirably fortified should fall in so short a time must ever redound to the glory of Totten. Next to Scott, the head of the engineer corps should enjoy the renown of that capture. The Commander-in-chief, in his official despatch, says :—"In consideration of the great services of Colonel Totten, in the siege that has just terminated so successfully, and the importance of his presence at Washington as the head of the engineer-bureau, I entrust this despatch to his personal care, and beg to commend him to the very favorable consideration of the department."

The engineer corps of the United States army is its vitality. It has charge of the preservation of all existing forts, and of the construction of all new ones. In an active campaign its officers are entrusted with the preparation of whatever field-works may be considered necessary. All storming parties are generally led by members of this corps. Without the services of the engineers at Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec, those victories would have been changed into defeats. The chief of the corps of engineers is, *ex officio*, Inspector of the Academy at West Point.

In both person and countenance Totten is graceful; and seems younger than he really is.

ROBERT PATTERSON

ONE of the earliest appointments to the army, after the Mexican war began, was that of Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, to be a Major-General. This gentleman had long served as Major-General of the first division of Pennsylvania militia, and his selection by the President was a delicate compliment to the people of that state, for their alacrity in furnishing volunteers.

Patterson was born near Strabane, Tyrone county, Ireland, on the 12th of January, 1792. His father emigrated to America in

1798, in consequence of having been engaged in the Irish Rebellion, and settled in Delaware county, Pennsylvania. Young Patterson became early engaged in trade, and with such success as ultimately to render him one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia.

His military career began in the war of 1812, when he entered the army as a Lieutenant. He served for some time on the staff of Brigadier-General Bloomfield, and, on the 19th of April, 1814, was commissioned Captain in the thirty-second infantry. On the close of the war he retired from the service, but devoting his leisure hours to the volunteer service, rose successively to be a Brigadier, and then Major-General of the Pennsylvania militia. His appointment to the army in Mexico bears date January the 7th, 1846.

On the Rio Grande, Patterson was, at one time, in command of an army of eleven thousand men. He was preparing for a descent on Tampico, when he received orders to join Scott in the latter's expedition against Vera Cruz. During the action at Madeline river, near the latter place, Patterson brought up a reinforcement of Tennessee volunteers, but generously declined to supersede Colonel Harney. At Cerro Gordo sickness prevented his leading his division, and the command devolved on Pillow. Soon after this battle he returned to the United States, being left without a suitable command in consequence of the expiration of the terms of so many volunteers. On his retirement Scott complimented him as follows in general orders :—"This distinguished general officer will please accept the thanks of the General-in-chief, for the gallant, able, and efficient support uniformly received from the second in rank in the army."

In October, 1847, Patterson returned to Mexico. In person he is tall and soldierly.

BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

PERSIFER F. SMITH.

THE hero of Contreras was Colonel P. F. Smith, at that time a Brigadier-General by brevet. On the night preceding that brilliant victory, when even the boldest were beginning to despair, his heroic spirit was the salvation of his troops. Silently forming his men before daybreak, he made a short appeal to their courage, and then led them to that immortal charge which decided the day.

Smith was born in Philadelphia, where his connexions still reside. His family was highly respectable. At a comparatively early age he left his native town and settled in Louisiana. An inclination for arms was always a prominent feature in his character. His first appearance in the field, however, was in the Florida war, where he commanded a body of volunteers, raised by requisition in Louisiana. He acquitted himself in this first campaign in the most creditable manner. Indeed, to his conduct on this occasion, may be attributed the opportunity he has since enjoyed of acquiring rank and fame in the war with Mexico; for Taylor, having formed a high estimate of his abilities in Florida, made it an especial request, when he called on

the Governor of Louisiana for volunteers in 1846, that Smith should, if possible, accompany them.

The organization of a new regiment, to be composed of mounted riflemen, about this time afforded the President of the United States an opportunity to place Smith in the regular army, by appointing him Colonel of the newly raised regiment. The encomium passed on him by Taylor assisted to procure him this appointment. This commission bears date the 27th of May, 1847. Smith joined the army immediately, and was present at the storming of Monterey. In this celebrated siege, he belonged to Worth's division. He was the hero of forts Federation and Soldado, which he carried by assault on the 21st of September, 1846. When the town capitulated he was appointed to receive the surrender of the citadel. For his manner in conducting the attack on the forts, and for his subsequent spirited conduct, Worth presented him to the consideration of the General-in-chief and through him to the government. The President accordingly bestowed on him the brevet of a Brigadier-General.

Smith remained with Taylor until the siege of Vera Cruz was determined on, when he was among those detached to join General Scott. During the investment of that place, however, no opportunity was afforded him to distinguish himself. At Cerro Gordo illness confined him to his bed, so that he could not share in the laurels of that day. His bold spirit chafed at this forced inaction. The renown which he had already won only made him thirst for more. Fortune soon gratified his wishes. Scott having determined to turn the works at San Antonio, by crossing to Contreras and taking that position, which would open a route directly into their rear, despatched, on the 19th of September, the two divisions of Pillow and Twiggs, for this purpose. After a march of several miles the troops arrived in front of the hill at Contreras, which they found strongly fortified. A sharp action immediately ensued, which continued until nightfall, when the Americans drew off, leaving the enemy still in possession of the hill. The General-in-chief, knowing that it was impossible to do anything until morning, returned to head-quarters, leaving Smith's and Cadwalader's brigades to watch the foe, with the intention to renew the attack on the succeeding day. Pillow accompanied Scott, so that Smith remained the highest officer in rank on the field.

The night that followed may be considered the crisis of the campaign. The troops left in front of Contreras numbered only three thousand three hundred, and were destitute of artillery or cavalry; while the enemy were not less than eighteen thousand, and were besides fortified in a strong position, with more than twenty pieces

of cannon. The night, moreover, was one of incessant rain, and the men had neither shelter nor fire. They were separated from the main army by a distance of more than five miles, the intervening road being exceedingly difficult to traverse. Of several messengers despatched, on this critical night, but one succeeded in completing his journey. In these circumstances the spirits of the men drooped, and had they been commanded by a timorous officer, the most deplorable consequences must have ensued. But fortunately the spirit of their leader was firm and high. Smith assumed a bold front and resolved to maintain his position, to use his own words, "by the most prompt and energetic action." He was sustained in this resolution by discovering that the intrenched camp on the hill was commanded by a crest in the rear, which could be approached unseen through a ravine that ran behind it. His plan was to gain the crest, rush down into the fort, and thus surprise the key of the enemy's position.

Having sent information to Scott of his plan, Smith proceeded to form his men. Just as he was about to begin the attack Shields came up, but though the superior officer, he declined to interfere. Accordingly Smith proceeded with his plans. His official report says:—"At precisely three o'clock in the morning of the 20th, the troops commenced their march. It had rained all night, and the men had lain in the mud, without fire, and suffering from cold. It rained now, and was so dark that an object six feet off could not be seen. The men were ordered to keep within touch of each other, so that the rear could not go astray. Lieutenant Tower, of the engineers, with Lieutenant Brooks, acting assistant Adjutant-General of the second division, now acting in my staff, had, during the night, reconnoitred the pass, to assure the practicability of the march. The path was narrow, full of rocks and mud, and so difficult was the march that it was daylight before the head of Cadwalader's brigade got out of the village, where the path descends to the ravine; and as the march was by a flank, the command was stretched out three its length. Having followed up the ravine to a point where it seemed possible to get at the rear of the work, the head was halted, and the rear closed up; many loads that were wet were drawn, and Riley formed two columns by divisions.

"He thus advanced further up the ravine, turning to his left, and rising over the bank, stood fronting the rear of the work, but still sheltered from its fire by a slight acclivity before him. Having reformed his ranks, he ascended the top of the hill, and was in full view of the enemy, who immediately opened a warm fire, not only from the work, but on his right flank. Throwing out his two flank

divisions as skirmishers, he rushed down the slope to the work. The engineer company and rifles had been thrown across an intervening ravine, under the brow of the slope, and from that position swept it in front of his column, and then, inclining towards their left, joined in the attack on the troops outside of the left bank of the fort. In the mean time, General Cadwalader followed the route taken by Riley, and forming his columns as the troops came up, moved on to Riley's support. The first brigade had been ordered to follow the same route; but, while it was still marching in that direction by its right flank up the ravine, and nearly opposite the work, seeing a large body of the enemy on its left flank, I ordered Major Dimock to face the brigade to the left, and, advancing in line, attack this force in flank. This was done in the finest style, and the first artillery and third infantry, mounting the bank of the ravine, rushing down the next, and up its opposite bank, met the enemy outside of the work just as Riley's brigade poured into it, and the whole gave way. Cavalry, formed in line for the charge, yielded to the bayonets of our foot, and the rout was complete, while Riley's brigade cleared the work, and planted their colours on it."

Smith subsequently participated, on the same day, in the assault on the hacienda at Churubusbo. Here, according to Scott's official report, he "directed the whole attack in front, with his habitual coolness and bravery." A portion of his regiment, towards the close of the contest, was detached to reinforce Shields, but he did not personally accompany it. The garrison at the hacienda surrendered to the third infantry, belonging to Smith's division. In all the operations of the day, from the assault on Contreräs to the capitulation of Churubusco, Smith rendered himself conspicuous, and established his reputation not only as one of the bravest, but as one of the best general officers in the army.

Smith was appointed one of the negotiators of the armistice. When hostilities were resumed he continued with the division of Twiggs until after the battle of Molino del Rey. Before Scott, however, commenced his operations against Chapultepec, he withdrew Smith from his proper division and annexed him to Quitman's command: hence, in the assault on the castle, and in the battle at the Belen gate, Smith personally participated. In the official report of those events his name is mentioned with high praise.

In stature Smith is of the middle height. He is stout in frame, and active in his movements. His hair is light; his eyes animated; and the expression of his countenance, intellectual.

GEN. SHIELDS.

SHIELDS PURSUING THE MEXICANS TOWARDS CHAPULTEPEC.

JAMES SHIELDS.

THE heroism of Shields is as proverbial as his chivalrous sense of honor. At Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, and Chapultepec he particularly distinguished himself, and in the first and last of these battles was severely wounded.

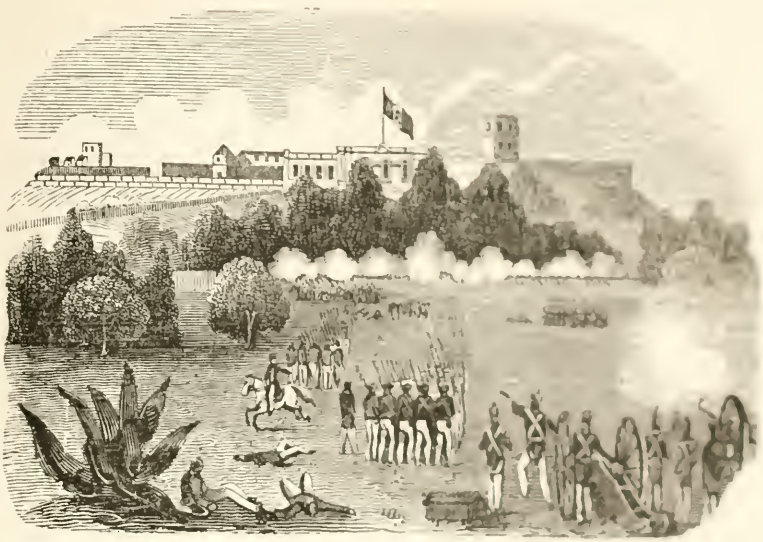
Shields, like Patterson, is a native of Ireland, a country which has furnished more gallant soldiers than any other of equal size on the globe. At an early age, however, Shields emigrated to America. His life here presented no

event worth recording, until his appointment as a Brigadier-General on the commencement of the Mexican war. He was, at first, attached to the column of General Worth, but left it at Monclova, and joined Scott in the latter's expedition against Vera Cruz.

In the battle of Cerro Gordo, Shields came, for the first time, into action. His orders were to seize the Jalapa road, and place himself in Santa Anna's rear. Accordingly, while Twiggs was engaged in storming the heights of Cerro Gordo, Shields pressed forward at the head of his volunteers. A fort, however, suddenly presenting itself in front, he resolved to assault it, and, while bravely leading his men, was shot through the lungs. His recovery was, for a long while, considered doubtful; but a strong constitution rallied against the disease, and he was finally restored to full health. For his conduct at Cerro Gordo, he was mentioned in flattering terms in the official despatch.

When the army left Puebla, in August, Shields was sufficiently recovered to resume his command. He was present at the actions of Contreras and Churubusco, and, in both, rendered the most important services. He did not arrive at Contreras until Smith had made all his arrangements for the attack of the 20th, and though Shields, as superior officer, had the right to assume the chief command, he magnanimously refused to interfere. He remained, therefore, at the village, to intercept reinforcements, while Smith assaulted the hill; and, after the intrenched camp was carried, cut off the retreat of the fugitives. At one point alone, his troops captured three hundred and sixty-five of the enemy, of whom twelve were officers, and among these latter was General Mendoza.

Shields soon received an order to advance by the main road on Mexico. Accordingly, he crossed the country to Churubusco. From this place he was detached, by the Commander-in-chief, to make a circuit over the meadows on the left, and throw himself between the village and capital. These orders he executed with equal promptitude and success. Scott, in his official report, says:—"In a winding march of a mile around to the right, this temporary division found itself on the edge of an open wet meadow, near the road from San Antonio to the capital, and in the presence of some four thousand of the enemy's infantry, a little in rear of Churubusco, on that road. Establishing the right at a strong building, Shields extended his left, parallel to the road, to outflank the enemy towards the capital. But the enemy extending his right, supported by three thousand cavalry, more rapidly (being favored by better ground) in the same direction, Shields concentrated the division about a hamlet,



STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC

and determined to attack in front. The battle was long, hot, and varied; but, ultimately, success crowned the zeal and gallantry of our troops, ably directed by their distinguished commander, Brigadier-General Shields.

"Shields took three hundred and eighty prisoners, including officers, and it cannot be doubted that the rage of the conflict between him and the enemy, just in the rear of the tete du point and the convent, had some influence on the surrender of those formidable defences. As soon as the tete du point was carried, the greater part of Worth's and Pillow's forces passed that bridge in rapid pursuit of the flying enemy. These distinguished Generals, coming up with Brigadier-General Shields, now also victorious, the three continued to press upon the fugitives to within a mile and a half of the capital."

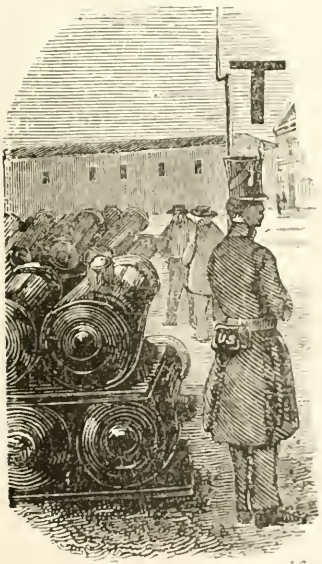
In the battle of Molino del Rey, Shields was not present. At the storming of Chapultepec, however, he fought with his brigade, under General Quitman. A portion of his command forced their way up the hill, and entered the castle side by side with the men of Pillow. Shields himself continued fighting on the causeway, and though severely wounded, pressed on, and remained in the field until the

San Cosmo gate was carried. His conduct on this occasion is mentioned in the most flattering terms by the Commander-in-chief. Perhaps, there is no other general officer in the army who evinces the same reckless daring when in battle, as Shields.

The personal appearance of this gallant officer is very prepossessing. His figure is slight and elegant; his countenance animated, pleasing and intellectual, and his manners peculiarly affable and winning. In recounting the deeds of the army in Mexico, his dark eye blazes with martial fire.

DUNCAN AT MOLINO DEL REY.

JAMES DUNCAN.



THE war with Mexico has proved beyond cavil, the utility of the Military Academy at West Point. In every battle the pupils of that institution have been distinguished for their bravery: in every campaign their skill and science have rendered the most signal services. Instead of following their men, they have uniformly led in the van. To them we owe much of that indomitable spirit which characterizes the American army. In 1812, the privates were composed of the same material as now, but being commanded by timorous and ignorant officers, were almost uniformly beaten. It is not too much to say that we are indebted for every victory in the war with Mexico, from

Palo Alto to Chapultepec, to the courage or skill of the cadets of West Point!

One of the most distinguished graduates of this academy, is James Duncan, of the light artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. Among the younger officers he has no superior. Though brave to a fault, he is yet circumspect. Impetuous in character, he is, nevertheless, cool in battle. With an intellect essentially mathematical, he is gifted, nevertheless, with an insight, which, in the field, acts like inspiration.

Duncan was born in Orange county, N. Y., not far from the town of Newburg, in the year 1814. Being left an orphan at an early age, he was indebted to some influential friends for an appointment to a cadetship at West Point. In this institution he rose to be one of the most eminent of his class. He graduated in 1834, and was immediately brevetted a Second-Lieutenant in the second artillery. His first service was in the Florida war. Here he narrowly escaped with his life, a ball on one occasion striking the scales of his cap, and thus, by the distance of less than an inch, missing his brain. After his return from Florida, he was stationed on the lakes, where he remained during most of the disturbances in Canada. Subsequently, he was transferred to Newport, R. I. Here he brought his company to such a state of perfection, that it rivalled, if it did not surpass that of Ringgold.

In April, 1846, Duncan was promoted to a Captaincy. He had now joined the army of General Taylor, and was present at both Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. At the former battle, his company of artillery was stationed on the left of the American line, and by a brilliant flank manœuvre, at a critical period of the contest, assisted materially to win the day. It was by the fire of his batteries at Palo Alto, that the prairie was ignited, and it was under cover of the smoke that he made the movement which was so decisive. He is justly entitled to share the glory of that field with Ringgold, though the latter, in consequence of his death, has become the popular hero. At Resaca de la Palma, also, Duncan was of essential service. For his conduct on these two days, he was brevetted a Lieutenant-Colonel.

At Monterey, Duncan served in the division of Worth. It was principally by the fire of his battery that the famous charge of lancers, on the morning of the 21st of September, was so speedily repulsed. In January, 1847, he was transferred to General Scott's army, so that he was not present at Buena Vista. With this exception, however, and that of Contreras, he has been engaged in every

pitched battle during the war. Neither at the siege of Vera Cruz, however, nor in the battle of Cerro Gordo, did he enjoy any peculiar opportunities of distinction. On the latter occasion, Worth's division, to which he belonged, was in reserve, and was not brought into service, except to participate in the pursuit. At Churubusco, however, he accompanied Worth in the assault on the tete du pont, where his artillery, by sweeping the causeway, signally assisted the victory. Worth, in his official despatch, says: "Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan commanded and directed the light artillery, with the zeal and gallantry, judgment and effect, which have so often presented him to the notice of his General-in-chief and government."

At the battle of Molino del Rey, the general direction of the artillery was committed to Duncan. The official report declares that "Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan having been charged with the general disposition of the artillery, executed that service with his usual talent, and then commanded and dictated the fire of his *own battery* with habitual effect and results." Duncan's first position was on the slope leading down to Casa Mata, and here he remained, maintaining a withering fire, until the advance of Colonel McIntosh's assaulting column masked his battery, when, perceiving a strong body of the enemy debouching on our extreme left, he galloped to that point. "The enemy's battery," says Worth, in his report, "came rapidly within canister range, when the whole battery opened a most effective fire, which soon broke the squadrons, and drove them back in disorder. During this fire upon the enemy's cavalry, Major Summer's command moved to the front, and changed direction in admirable order, under a most appalling fire from the Casa Mata. This movement enabled his command to cross the ravine immediately on the left of Duncan's battery, where it remained, doing noble service, until the close of the action. At the very moment the cavalry were driven beyond reach, our own troops drew back from before the Casa Mata, and enabled the guns of Duncan's battery to re-open upon this position, which, after a short and well-directed fire, the enemy abandoned. The guns of the battery were now turned upon his retiring columns, and continued to play upon them until beyond reach."

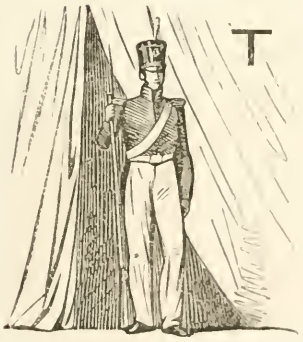
After Chapultepec had been carried, Duncan moved upon the city by the San Cosmo road. The fire of his guns was all efficient on this eventful day, in clearing the path not only for Worth, but for Quitman, the latter of whom he assisted by a flanking fire. In the official despatch of this action, Duncan was favorably mentioned.

In person, Duncan is medium size, well knit, and with frame of

great strength. His complexion and hair are dark. His voice is indicative of the energy, rapidity, and decision of his character, and when uttered in the short, quick tones of command, has been compared to the crack of a pistol.

RILEY AT CONTRERAS

BENNET RILEY.



THE glory of Contreras should be divided between Smith, Riley, and Caldwalader, in the order named. It was the brigade of Riley which led the assault on Valencia's position, and gallantly carried it, after a short and decisive action. Idolized by his men, and respected by his fellow officers, Riley enjoys one of the most enviable reputations in the army.

Riley was born in St. Mary's county, Md., about the year 1790. He entered the service as Ensign of Forsyth's regiment of riflemen in 1813, and joined the army at Sackett's Harbor in the spring of that year. He served throughout the war with credit, and was favorably mentioned on several occasions by his commanding officers. At that time, no less than now, he was distinguished for heroic courage, coolness in battle, and great natural sagacity.

On the conclusion of peace, Riley remained in the service, and was marched with his regiment to the Mississippi frontier. In 1821, the rifles were disbanded, when Riley was transferred to the infantry, with the rank of Captain. While stationed on the frontier, he was frequently called on to engage the Indians, and in 1823 distinguished himself to such a degree, in a battle with the Anickorees, that he received the brevet of Major. In 1829, he was ordered to guard the caravan to Santa Fe, with directions afterwards to await the return of the traders. During their absence, he defeated the Indians in two pitched battles; and subsequently, convoyed the merchants, with their treasures, safely to St. Louis. For his conduct in this expedition, the legislature of Missouri voted him a sword.

In 1831, Riley was despatched to the seat of the Black Hawk war. He served to the end of hostilities, and was in the final struggle, the battle of Bad-axe. In 1837, he was promoted to be a full Major, and in the succeeding year, was ordered to Florida. He saw but little service here, however, before he was removed, in the same year, to Fort Gibson. In December, 1839, he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel. He was now despatched a second time to Florida, where he remained until the spring of 1842, actively engaged in that difficult and sanguinary conflict. He was in the action of Chookachattee, in 1841, and behaved himself with such gallantry, that he received the brevet of a Colonel. Throughout the whole period, moreover, during which he served in Florida, he distinguished himself by his energy, promptitude, and courage.

In July, 1846, Riley was ordered to Mexico, where a wider field of glory opened before him. He first distinguished himself at the battle of Cerro Gordo. Here he commanded a brigade, and by his activity and heroism, assisted in the defeat of the enemy. When, on the 7th of August, the army set forward from Puebla, for Mexico, Riley was assigned the second brigade of the second division. Arriving in front of Contreras, on the afternoon of the 19th of August, he played a prominent part in the action that followed, and which was terminated only by night. It was in this action that Riley proved the discipline and coolness of his brigade; for, being charged by the enemy's lancers in overwhelming force, he remained unmoved. Twice this splendid cavalry, in number several thousand, thundered upon him; twice he threw his brigade into square, and receiving the assailants with a rolling volley, repulsed them in disorder. A third time they attempted the charge, but now, after delivering his volley, Riley ordered his men to follow with the

bayonet, on which the Mexicans fled in the wildest confusion, and abandoned all further attempts. For the skill and daring he evinced on this occasion, Riley received the commendations of the Commander-in-chief, in the official report of the action.

But it was in the assault of the intrenched camp, on the succeeding morning, that Riley won his brightest laurels. The plan of the attack having been arranged by Smith, and the attack on Valencia's position been confided to Riley, the latter placed himself at the head of his brigade, and stealing into the ravine in the rear of the fort, formed his men into column of attack. Then, after a laconic harangue, he led them to the charge. At a rapid pace they rushed up the acclivity which separated them from the foe, and arriving at the top, beheld the soldiers of Valencia in their intrenchments below. The Mexicans, little expecting an assault in their rear, were looking out in front for the appearance of the Americans, when suddenly a wild yell from the crest of the hill behind, attracted their attention, and turning around, they beheld Riley rushing down upon them. Consternation immediately seized the soldiers of Valencia. In vain their leader strove to inspire them; in wild affright they broke and fled, with scarcely the show of resistance. In a few minutes the action was over. Scott, in his official report, says of this brilliant affair: "The opportunity afforded to Colonel Riley by his position, was seized by that gallant veteran with all the skill and energy for which he is distinguished. The charge of his noble brigade down the slope, in full view of friend and foe, unchecked even for a moment, until he had planted all his colors upon their furthest works, was a spectacle that animated the army to the boldest deeds."

Riley, on the same day, played a conspicious part at Churubusco, where he was engaged in the assault of the hacienda. For his behavior in this action, he was again complimented by Scott, as well as by the commanding officer of his division, Twiggs.

Riley was not present either at Molino del Rey or Chapultepec, his brigade being retained under Twiggs, at the gates on the Tacubaya road. The services he and his fellow soldiers performed here, though less brilliant than those rendered at the Chapultepec road, were quite as important, for without the diversion thus effected, the capital would not have fallen. In consequence of his efficiency throughout the campaign, but especially in token of his heroism at Contreras, Riley has received the brevet of Brigadier-General.

In person, Riley is tall and rather slim. His face presents the *beau ideal* of a veteran soldier. He wears his whiskers, which are iron grey, trimmed up to his eyes, while a scar upon his counte-

nance adds to his military aspect. Owing to an affection of the palate, his voice is peculiar. He is adored by his soldiers, who feel competent for anything, "if old Riley," as he is familiarly termed. is with them.

GEN QUITMAN.

J. A. Quitman

GENERAL QUITMAN AT THE GARITA DE BELEN.

JOHN A. QUITMAN.

THE glory of being the first American commander to enter the city of Mexico, belongs to John A. Quitman, Major-General in the United States army. At the head of his heroic division, he fought his way into the capital, on the evening of the 13th of September, 1847, and, on the succeeding morning, advanced to the great square, and hoisted the American flag on the palace of the Montezumas.

Quitman was born at Rhinebeck, in the state of New York, on the 1st of September, 1799. His father was a Prussian clergyman, who had emigrated to this country, and was, at the period of his son's birth, pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church in Rhinebeck. The early education of Quitman was received at Cooperstown, in his native state. Subsequently, he was transferred to a college then existing at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia, where he pursued his studies for several years, in compliance with the wish of his parents

that he should qualify himself for the Christian ministry. A growing disinclination for so momentous a profession, however, induced him to turn his attention to the law. In 1820, accordingly, he prepared himself for the bar, and immediately emigrated to the west, there to try his fortune.

He first settled in Chilicothe, Ohio, where, during the year of probation required before he was allowed to practice, he filled the post of clerk in the land office. He did not remain long, however, in Ohio, but, after practising about six months, removed to Natchez, in Mississippi. Here his fine abilities, his superior education, and his knowledge of the profession he had adopted, soon secured to him, not only a lucrative business, but a position in the best society of the state. Having married the daughter of a wealthy planter, his influence and fortune were considerably increased. He served, for some time, in the Legislature, and in 1828, was made Chancellor of the state. In 1832, he was chosen one of the members of the Convention to revise the Constitution. In 1835, he was elected President of the Senate, and soon after, the Governor dying, he became the acting executive of Mississippi. His civil career has been, therefore, only less brilliant than his military one.

At an early period of his manhood, Quitman began to evince a predilection for arms. While in Ohio, he was chosen Lieutenant of a rifle company, chiefly in consequence of his skill with the rifle, in managing which he had few rivals. On his removal to Natchez, he was elected Captain of the Natchez Fencibles, one of the oldest volunteer companies in Mississippi. In 1836, while acting Governor of the state, he marched at the head of a company, formed for the purpose, to the assistance of the Texans. He arrived, at the head-quarters of General Houston, to his chagrin three days after the battle of San Jacinto. On his return, he was elected Major-General of the second division of Mississippi militia, an office he continued to occupy, until, on the first of July, 1846, he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the United States volunteer force, and directed to march to the relief of Taylor. He immediately repaired to the army of occupation, which he reached in time to participate in the operations against Monterey.

On that occasion Quitman commanded the second brigade of volunteers, composed of the Mississippi, Tennessee, Ohio, and Baltimore regiments. He was stationed on the western side of the town, immediately under the eye of the Commander-in-chief. In the first day's operations, he carried a battery of the enemy, which had proved so formidable, that a retrograde movement was about to be

ordered, when Quitman's successful assault rendered it unnecessary. In the third day's action he was even more efficient. On this occasion, his troops, assisted by the Texas regiment, were the first to enter the town. Fighting their way, street by street, the volunteers of Quitman finally approached the great square, and would, on the succeeding day, have carried their victorious arms to the very heart of Monterey, if a suspension of arms, in anticipation of a capitulation, had not been ordered. In the official report, Taylor says: "During the night of the 22d, the enemy evacuated nearly all his defences in the lower part of the city. This was reported to me only in the morning of the 22d, by General Quitman, who had already meditated an assault upon those works. I immediately sent instructions to that officer, leaving it to his discretion to enter the city, covering his men by the houses and walls, and advance carefully so far as he might deem prudent." And again: "Our troops advanced from house to house, and from square to square, until they reached a street but one square in the rear of the principal plaza, in, and near which the enemy's force was mainly concentrated. This advance was conducted vigorously, but with due caution, and although destructive to the enemy, was attended with but small loss on our part." Both Taylor and Butler, speak in their official correspondence, in the highest terms of Quitman's conduct at Monterey.

It was, however, in the campaign against the capital, that he was destined to win his proudest laurels. Having been ordered to join General Scott's expedition against Vera Cruz, Quitman, with his brigade, took leave of the army of Taylor, and accompanied his new General to the island of Lobos. In the siege of Vera Cruz, he performed much laborious service, and was complimented by Scott, as well as by Patterson, for his conduct. He was not present at the battle of Cerro Gordo. On the 14th of April, 1847, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. In the battle of Churubusco, he was left in the rear to guard the depot, an honorable post, but one which, as it prevented his sharing in the combat, filled him with chagrin. He secretly resolved, if occasion offered, to recompense himself for this disappointment. Accordingly, when on the 13th of September, the attack on Chapultepec was ordered, and the command of one of the assaulting columns given to Quitman, he advanced with such impetuosity and courage, as to triumph over every difficulty. "Quitman," says Scott, in his official report of the assault, "had to approach the south-east of the works over a causeway, with guns and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to

the east of the works. These formidable obstacles he had to face, with but little shelter for his troops, or space for manœuvreing. Deep ditches flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side, into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches." Yet over all these obstacles, Quitman fought his way, so that a detachment of his column entered Chapultepec side by side with Pillow's division.

The castle having fallen, Quitman, pursuant to orders, advanced along the road, which led from the foot of the hill to the Belen gate. The intention of Scott, was that Quitman's attack should be a feint, and that Worth's, by the San Cosmo road, should be the real one. "These views," says Scott in his official report, "I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-General Quitman; but, being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brigadier-Generals Shields and Smith—Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire—as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires, carried an intermediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o'clock in the afternoon." During the terrible struggle which marked this advance, the General himself behaved with the utmost heroism. An aqueduct ran along the road, in the arches of which the men temporarily sheltered themselves. As they rushed from arch to arch, they were riddled by the enemy's fire; yet they fought their way forward in this manner until they reached the gate, which they stormed, and carried. The loss of life in this gallant assault, was very great. Perhaps, if Scott's plan had been adhered to, the city would have fallen with less bloodshed; but it is impossible to judge severely the pardonable heroism of Quitman and his chivalrous corps.

The garita having been carried, Quitman dashed forward, and occupied the arches of the aqueduct, within the gates. The struggle had been so fierce, that all the ammunition of the heavy guns was expended; but a captured eight-pounder was turned on the enemy, who retreated still further before the incessant discharges of that piece. Foremost in the pursuit pressed Captain Drum, of the artillery, until he fell mortally wounded. A few minutes after, Lieutenant Benjamin, of the same corps, met a similar fate. Inflamed by this sight, the Americans fought with greater fury than ever, cheering and firing by turns. About three hundred yards distant was a strong stone-work, called the citadel, from which a terrible fire of artillery was now opened, while simultaneously, from the batteries on the Paseo, and the buildings on the right, streams of

grape and musket balls were poured on the Americans. So terrific was this iron shower, that the men were forced to keep under cover, nor coul'd any one venture to bring up ammunition for the larger guns. Quitman, conspicuous by his tall form, stimulated his followers continually, his loud clear voice rising like a peal of thunder above the tempest of the battle.

Several times the Mexicans, supported by their artillery, sallied from the citadel, and endeavored to regain possession of the garita, but the unerring aim of the American rifles drove them back on every occasion. Meantime, Quitman, finding his flank suffering severely from the musketry at the Paseo, detached Captain Naylor, of the second Pennsylvania regiment, about a hundred yards in that direction, with orders to throw up a sand-bag defence. The men rushed forward immediately, in the face of a withering fire, and seized the position, which they held in the face of a most sanguinary operation, until night fell upon the scene of combat. With the approach of darkness, the firing ceased on both sides. The hours devoted to sleep, Quitman spent in strengthening his position, and when morning dawned, had erected a formidable battery, and was prepared to renew the struggle on the most advantageous terms.

But, meantime, Santa Anna had fled, and with him the Mexican army. The city lay at the mercy of the invaders. In consideration of Quitman having been the first to force a passage into the town, Scott assigned to the corps of that General the much coveted honor of planting the American flag on the national palace. Accordingly, the division of Worth was halted at a park called the Alameda, within three squares of the grand plaza; while Quitman's, advancing simultaneously from the Belen gate, proceeded triumphantly to the heart of the city, and hoisted the flag of the United States on the halls of the Montezumas. The task of elevating the standard of America, was entrusted to Captain Roberts, of the rifle regiment, who had signally distinguished himself the preceding day. This flag, the first strange banner which had waved in that place since the days of Cortez, was saluted with enthusiasm as it unrolled its folds in the morning sky. About eight o'clock, Scott rode into the great square, where he was received with tumultuous hurras. One of the Commander-in-chief's first acts, on taking possession of the captured city, was to appoint Quitman its Military Governor.

Quitman, in the following November, obtained leave of absence, and returned to the United States. He left behind him the reputation of being distinguished alike for his courage, and for his abilities. In his deportment towards the soldiers, he was peculiarly affable; it

is said no complainant was ever turned away unheeded. Few general officers, were, in consequence, more esteemed by the men. The character of Quitman is precise, strong-willed, and occasionally stern. Out of the line of the army, he has, perhaps, no superior as a General.

Quitman is over six feet high, and stout in proportion. His hair is a wiry iron grey, somewhat given to curl; his forehead high and arching; his eye grey, small and piercing; and his countenance embrowned by exposure. His figure is erect. In address he is grave and serious. He is rigid in exacting, as in performing promises. In social intercourse he is frank, kind and agreeable.

GENERAL LANE'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE MEXICANS NEAR ATLIXCO

JOSEPH LANE.

JOSEPH LANE, a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, had the good fortune to be third in command at Buena Vista, and throughout the whole of that critical day, displayed equal heroism and skill. He subsequently commanded in chief at the battle of Huamantla, and afterwards at the siege of Atlixco.

Lane was born in North Carolina, but, like many other adventurous spirits, emigrated to the west. He settled in Illinois, and in his new home soon rose to influence. When the war with Mexico began, he was, unexpectedly to himself, commissioned as a Brigadier-General of volunteers. His republican manners and sterling sense soon made him popular with his soldiers. Having organized his command, he was directed to join Wool, and accompany that leader in his contemplated expedition against Chihuahua. He

accordingly marched to Parras, and subsequently to Saltillo. At this latter place Wool's column arrived towards the close of 1846. In the succeeding February, the great battle of Buena Vista was fought, and here Lane won his first laurels.

It fell to the lot of this General, at the head of the second Indiana regiment, to receive the first shock of the conflict. Lane had been posted, on the evening of the 22d, in a comparatively strong position, but finding, when the action opened on the succeeding morning, that his infantry was placed at too great a distance from the enemy for its fire to be effective, he took the bold resolution of advancing, which he did, at the head of but four hundred men, assisted by O'Brien's battery. The ground he now occupied was very strong, but the measure, nevertheless, had nearly proved fatal to the Americans. O'Brien, indeed, gallantly advanced, but the infantry failed to support him, and in the end, the whole of Lane's forces gave way, O'Brien losing one of his guns. A few of the retreating detachment fled from the field entirely, but the greater portion rallied, and fought afterwards with heroism. Before they retired, however, they had withstood the fire of four thousand infantry in front, and that of a battery on their flank, nor did they give way until each man had discharged twenty rounds of cartridges.

The retreat was caused not by any want of courage on the part of the men, but by the misconception of an order. Lane had intended to charge, but his subordinate, Colonel Bowles, misunderstanding his wishes, directed the soldiers to fall back. Those who were within sound of his voice, accordingly began a retreat. But others, who had not heard the order, refused to leave their ground, and called earnestly on the remainder to stand fast. For a while many hesitated, but the retrograde movement finally became general. It is impossible to say what would have been the result if Lane had charged. There is a possibility that the enemy would have been repulsed, but it is much more probable that the Americans would have perished to a man. An interval of three-quarters of a mile intervened between them and support; what, under such circumstances, could four hundred achieve against four thousand? It is said, however, that Wool expressed the opinion subsequent to the battle, that if the charge had been made, it would have been crowned with success; for, Santa Anna, disheartened by the determined resistance of Lane, was about to pass the order to retreat. Colonel Bowles, on whom the chief censure rested, was not, however, a coward; all unite in testifying to his bravery; but he seems to have been incapacitated for his station, and to have wanted the confidence of his men. Some

of his regiment joined the Mississippians later in the day, and under their self-elected flag, performed prodigies of valor.

It was towards the close of the action, and when the last charge of the enemy on our left was made, that Lane, though wounded, particularly distinguished himself. The third Indiana, the Mississippians, and the second Indiana, here withstood a charge of nearly five thousand Mexicans. The aspect of the enemy's lancers as they bore down upon this small band, in solid column, was magnificent in the extreme. They came on at first in a trot, their lances glittering and their many-colored pennons waving aloft: then, accelerating their pace to a gallop, with lances poised and lines dressed, they rushed forward unopposed until within twenty paces of the Americans. The latter had been ordered to reserve their fire. But now Lane, rising in his stirrups, shouted "Give it to them, my lads!" Instantly the whole line was a blaze of fire. As the smoke cleared off, the enemy were seen wheeling to fly, while whole platoons of fallen men and horses strewed the ground. A second and third volley completed the confusion of the enemy, who fled in the greatest disorder. The Americans now advanced, Lane riding in their front exclaiming exultingly, "We'll whip them yet." Crossing the brow of a hill on their right, they threw themselves into the combat just as Bragg had repulsed the final charge of the foe, and by coming up at this opportune moment, assisted to complete the rout.

Subsequently, Lane was detached to the army of Scott. On the 9th of October, 1847, he fought the battle of Huamantla, when on his way from Vera Cruz to the interior. His forces consisted of Wynkoop's battalion, Gorman's Indiana regiment, Hetzleman's battalion of six companies, four companies of mounted men, and five pieces of artillery. The action was principally fought by Captain Walker, at the head of the mounted men, who penetrated into the town in advance of the rest of the army, and completely routed the foe. The victory, however, was saddened by the loss of Walker, who received a mortal wound at the close of the strife. The arrangements of Lane for the attack were admirable, for, simultaneously with his order to Walker to advance, he had directed half his force to the west, and half to the east of the town, in order to cut off the enemy's retreat. The impetuosity of Walker's charge, however, drove the Mexicans from the town. They were soon reinforced, but the American infantry coming up, the whole body of the enemy took to flight.

Nine days after, Lane captured the strong town of Atlixco. The enemy were first met several miles in advance of the city, when a running

fight commenced, in which the American cavalry principally participated. At last the Mexicans were driven back upon the town. Night had now fallen. Considering it inexpedient to risk a street fight in a strange city in the darkness, Lane posted his artillery on a hill overlooking Atlixco, and opened a fire. "Now," he says in his official report, "ensued one of the most beautiful sights conceivable. Every gun was served with the utmost rapidity; and the crash of the walls and the roofs of the houses, when struck by our shot and shell, was mingled with the roar of our artillery. The bright light of the moon enabled us to direct our shots to the most thickly populated part of the town. After firing three-quarters of an hour, and the firing from the town having ceased, I ordered Major Lally and Colonel Brough to advance cautiously with their commands into the town. On entering, I was waited upon by the ayuntamiento, desiring that their town might be spared."

This victory completely broke up the guerillas in that vicinity, for Atlixco had ever been their head-quarters, and from it numerous predatory expeditions had been fitted out.

Lane is simple and unpretending in manners, and a man of great natural ability, though devoid to some extent, of the advantages of education.

GIDEON J. PILLOW.

GIDEON J. PILLOW, a Major-General in the United States army, was born on the 10th of June, 1806, in Williamson county, Tennessee. His family was one which had greatly distinguished itself in the Indian wars of the south-west. Pillow graduated at the University of Nashville in 1827. In October, 1829, he was admitted to the bar, and soon acquired an extensive practice. In 1831, he was appointed Inspector General of the Tennessee militia. With this exception, up to the period of his appointment to the army, he engaged in no public employment

but contented himself with the enjoyment of that private ease for which an ample fortune qualified him.

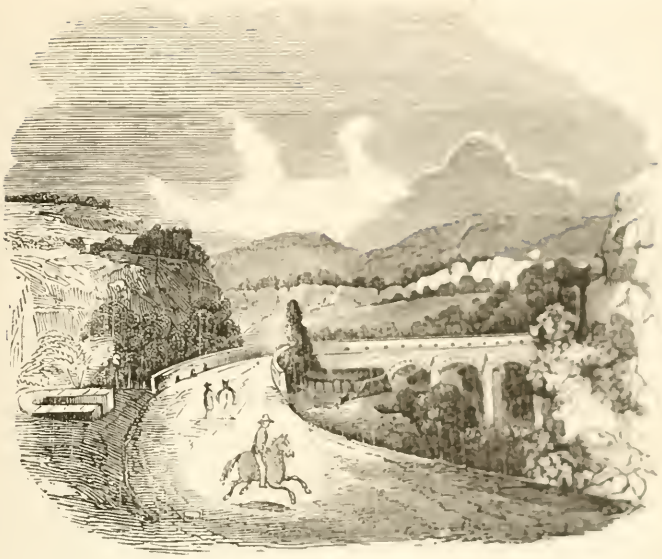
After the fall of Monterey, Pillow joined Taylor, at the head of a brigade of the twelve months volunteers. He was among the Generals selected to accompany Scott to Vera Cruz, at which place accordingly he first saw service. On the fall of the city he was one of the three commissioners appointed, on the part of the Americans, to arrange a capitulation. Subsequently, he commanded a division at Cerro Gordo. His task, in this battle, was to carry the batteries in the American front, while Twiggs, making a circuit, stormed the stronger forts in the rear. Owing to accidental circumstances Pillow failed in his attack; but the employment he gave the enemy assisted indirectly in the victory.

On the 13th of April, 1847, Pillow was commissioned a Major-General. He was present on the afternoon of the 19th of August, in the preliminary operations at Contreras, but was absent on the following morning, when Smith made his decisive attack. At Churubusco Pillow combatted in person, being the second in command. At Chapultepec he led one of the storming parties, and was wounded in the assault. In all these operations he proved himself a brave man.

In reference, however, to his skill as a General a warm controversy has existed ever since he entered the army: a fate natural to all civilians, who, without peculiar merit, are elevated suddenly to the highest military rank. His claims to renown in arms can only be decided by posterity.

GEN. CADWALADER.

Thos. Cadwalader



NATIONAL BRIDGE.

GEORGE CADWALADER

THE renown of arms may be considered hereditary in the Cadwalader family, the present General being the third in lineal descent who has won military distinction.

John Cadwalader, the grandfather of the present General, was a citizen of large estate in Philadelphia, at the period when the war of independence began. Entering ardently into the cause of the colonies, he formed a company, composed chiefly of young men of the best families of the place, who, on that account, were called "the silk-stocking company."—When the British had overrun New Jersey in the autumn of 1776, and were daily threatening to cross the Delaware and sub-

Philadelphia, Cadwalader was one of those who remained true to the cause of his country. It was, in a measure, through his exertions that the Pennsylvania militia were so promptly brought into the field to meet the crisis. Washington always spoke of his conduct in that emergency with warm praise. Subsequently, when it was determined to raise a cavalry force, Cadwalader was offered the command of it, with the rank of General in the continental line; but the alliance with France having just been concluded, he believed the war nearly at an end, and accordingly declined the honor. He died in 1786.

His son, Thomas Cadwalader, succeeded, not only to his father's estates, but to his military rank, being elected, in due course of time, Major-General of the first division of Pennsylvania militia. No opportunity was afforded this gentleman, to win the shining renown which his sire had obtained in the campaign of 1776. Affable, honorable and brave, however, he obtained the esteem of his fellow citizens, as well as the enthusiastic veneration of the volunteers he commanded.

George Cadwalader, the subject of this sketch, was the second son of Thomas Cadwalader. More fortunate than his father, or even than his grandsire, he has attained, at a comparatively early age, the rank of Brigadier-General in the United States army. From his earliest years, he evinced a decided predilection for arms. This taste a large fortune allowed him to gratify. He formed and drilled, chiefly at his own expense, two volunteer companies, one of infantry and another of artillery. He soon acquired the reputation of being the best amateur officer in the United States. His company of artillery was second only to those of Ringgold and Duncan, and inferior, perhaps, merely in the training of the horses. His courage was known to be of the most unflinching character, having been displayed, at the head of the troops, during the terrible riots in Philadelphia in 1844.

When the war with Mexico began, he promptly offered his artillery corps to the government, expressing his willingness to serve with it whenever ordered to the field. The department, however, did not accept the tender; but the patriotism of Cadwalader was not forgotten. Subsequently, when the bill for raising a force of volunteers to serve during the war was passed, the commission of a Brigadier-General was bestowed on him by the President of the United States. His appointment bears date March 3rd, 1847. He immediately repaired to the seat of war, where he had the good fortune to be present in every battle of note, from the time he joined the army to the fall of the capital.

The first affair in which Cadwalader distinguished himself in Mexico was a skirmish at the national bridge, during his march to join Scott at Puebla. Colonel McIntosh had started with a train for the interior, but being attacked by an overpowering force of the enemy, had been forced to await the arrival of Cadwalader, who, hearing of his danger, hurried up, with eight hundred men, to his succor. On approaching the national bridge, Cadwalader, at the head of the united forces, seized some heights which the enemy had previously occupied. He was here attacked by a strong force, but made good his defence, charging the Mexicans incessantly, until their strength was broken, when the bridge was passed in safety. In this action the foe lost one hundred in killed and wounded: Cadwalader about fifty.

GENERAL CADWALADER DEFEATING THE MEXICANS AT THE NATIONAL BRIDGE.

This victory was won principally by artillery, a species of force with which Cadwalader was perfectly familiar.

In the action of the 15th of August, 1847, in front of Contreras,

as well as in the grand assault on the intrenched camp on the following morning, Cadwalader played a conspicuous part. Riley had been ordered to interpose between the village and the fortified hill, and Cadwalader was despatched to support him. Cadwalader, however, on reaching the village, saw Santa Anna advancing to the relief of the hill, on which, instead of following Riley, he seized the village, knowing that the Mexican General must march through it or make a long circuit through the mountains. On perceiving Cadwalader's firm front, Santa Anna halted. This movement of the American General prevented the intrenched camp being reinforced, and exercised a material influence on the events of the succeeding day.

Pillow, in his official report, speaks thus of this affair:—"About this time, Brigadier-General Cadwalader's command had also crossed the plain, when some five thousand or six thousand troops of the enemy were observed moving rapidly from the direction of the capital to the field of action. Colonel Morgan, with his large and fine regiment, which I had caused to be detached from the rear of Pierce's brigade, was now ordered to the support of Cadwalader, by direction of the General-in-chief, who had now arrived upon the field. This General, having discovered this large force moving upon his right flank, and to the rear, with decided military tact and promptitude, threw back his right wing, and confronted the enemy, with the intention to give him battle, notwithstanding his overwhelming force. This portion of the enemy's force moved steadily forward until a conflict seemed inevitable, when Colonel Morgan's regiment, having reached this part of the field, presented a front so formidable, as to induce the enemy to change his purpose, and draw off to the right and rear of his former position."

On the ensuing morning Cadwalader commanded the reserve. Smith, in the official account, says: "Brigadier-General Cadwalader brought his corps up from his intricate bivouac in good order, formed the head of his column to support Riley's, and led it forward in the most gallant style, under the fire directed at the latter." Pillow, in his report, sums up the part taken by Cadwalader in these two actions, as follows: "Brigadier-General Cadwalader displayed great judgment, high military skill, and heroic courage, in the manner in which he met the sudden and trying emergency, when all parties were in great anxiety for the safety of his comparatively small command, when about to be assailed by the overwhelming reinforcements of the enemy on the preceding evening; and also in the manner in which he brought up his command to the support of the gallant Riley."

At Churubusco, later on the same day, he behaved with equal bravery and skill, assisting in the assault of the tete du point. Pillow says of his conduct on this occasion, in conjunction with that of Pierce:—"I cannot withhold the expression of my sense of the deep obligations I am under for the success and honor due to my command, to my gallant Brigadier-Generals, whose promptitude, skill, and daring, were equal to every emergency, and who, in the absence of discipline in their commands, met and overcame every obstacle, and led on their brigades to honor and distinction."

It was at Molino del Rey, however, that Cadwalader won his brightest laurels. In this battle he commanded the reserve, and when the column which assaulted the enemy's centre was repulsed, and defeat appeared for a moment inevitable, he advanced with such impetuosity to its relief, that the enemy fell back in confusion, and the works were carried. Worth, in the official report of the battle, says:—"I desire to bring to the notice of the General-in-chief the gallantry and conduct of Brigadier-General Cadwalader and his command, by which the most timely and essential service was rendered in supporting the attack, and following up the success. Such movements as he was directed to make were executed with zeal and promptness."

The charge made by Cadwalader's brigade, especially by the eleventh, under Colonel William Graham, who died pierced with seven wounds while marching at its head, was, perhaps, the most terrible in the whole war, not even excepting that at Chapultepec, though the latter has generally been given the precedence. The glory of this one day would be sufficient for an ordinary reputation.

At Chapultepec, Cadwalader, as second in command, succeeded to the direction of the assault, after Pillow had been wounded. When the place fell, it was to him General Bravo surrendered his sword. Cadwalader's official account of this affair is modest. "The moment the ladders were in position," he says, "all pressed forward, and the fortress was taken by storm, amid the loud cheers of our energetic and gallant troops.

"Second-Lieutenant Charles B. Brower, of the New York volunteers, brought General Bravo, the commander of the enemy's forces, to me, who surrendered to me his sword, and I left him under a suitable guard, as a prisoner of war.

"The Mexican flag, which floated over the fortress, and which had been previously three times shot down by our artillery, was hauled down, and handed to me, by Major Thomas H. Seymour, of the ninth regiment. I have the honor to send the flag herewith.

"A train of hose, leading to mines intended to blow up our forces, in case we should succeed in the capture of the work, was discovered and destroyed. Private William A. Gray, of Captain Blair's company of voltigeurs, first discovered, and assisted to destroy it."

After the fall of the capital, and the return of many of his senior officers to the United States, Cadwalader was assigned to the command of a division. He led an expedition directed against some of the western provinces, with his usual sagacity, promptitude, and indefatigability.

Cadwalader is one of the handsomest men in the army. His person is tall and soldierly. He has dark hair and eyes; a bold, aquiline nose, and a mouth indicative of great resolution. The expression of his countenance is martial, yet highly pleasing.

HARNEY AT CERRO GORDO.

W. S. HARNEY.

THE name of Harney has acquired a brilliant celebrity in the Mexican war. Its possessor is one of the most extraordinary men in the army.

Harney was born in Louisiana, about the year 1798. He entered the army as Second-Lieutenant of infantry in 1818. Subsequently he was appointed paymaster of his regiment, and when the second dragoons were organized, exchanged into them, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He served, with his new command, in the Florida war, until compelled by ill health temporarily to abandon his post. In 1840 he received the brevet of a Colonel, and returned to duty, and in the summer of that year rendered himself notorious by executing a party of Seminoles captured by him in the Everglades

When the Mexican war began, Harney, at the head of his regiment, was ordered to join General Wool. He was now raised to the rank of full Colonel, and in that capacity accompanied the expedition against Monclova. Subsequently, when Scott undertook the siege of Vera Cruz, Harney was directed to remain on the Rio Grande, at the head of four companies of his dragoons, while his Lieutenant-Colonel, with six companies, was ordered to join the army of Scott. Indignant that an inferior officer, and one who had seen comparatively little service, should supplant him thus, Harney refused to obey, and was accordingly arrested, arraigned, and tried by a court-martial. The punishment inflicted on him, however, was nominal. He gained his purpose, and joined the army of Scott.

The first occasion on which he distinguished himself after the landing at Vera Cruz, was at a skirmish on the 25th of March, near the Madelina river, in which, with Summer's dragoons, Ker's dismounted cavalry, two guns, and a few volunteers from the Tennessee regiment, he totally routed two thousand of the enemy, driving them from a strong position on a bridge, and pursuing them for six miles. The entire force of Harney was but five hundred. The results of this victory were more important than is generally supposed, for it prevented in future any annoyance to the besiegers from the enemy's cavalry. In this action the Mexican lancers and American dragoons engaged hand to hand, when the superior strength and courage of the latter prevailed. In many instances, it is said, the dragoons twisted the lances out of the hands of their enemies. Harney, in the melee, overthrew several of the foe in single combat.

At the battle of Cerro Gordo, Harney in person, led the assault on the hill. This was one of the most brilliant affairs of the war. The ascent was naturally rugged and steep, and the ground was covered with loose rocks, and an undergrowth of chapparal. In addition to these formidable natural obstacles, the tops of small trees had been cut off, four or five feet from the ground, and turned down the hill, to impede the progress of the assailants. Amid these difficulties, and under a tremendous fire of grape and canister, the soldiers of Harney clambered up the ascent, encouraging each other with loud shouts. At last, arriving within musket range, the stormers returned the fire of the enemy, and rushing forward, cleared the breastworks, entered the fort, and beat down the foe. The Mexicans, after a severe struggle, fled in confusion. The captured guns were immediately turned on the fugitives, and the discharges continued until the enemy was out of range. Scott witnessed this heroic assault, and

immediately riding up to Harney, complimented him in the highest terms, notwithstanding that between them there had been, for some time, a coolness existing. Subsequently, in his official report of the battle, the Commander-in-chief warmly extolled Harney's behavior.

In the preliminary battle of Contreras, Harney took no active part, being prevented by the roughness of the ground. He halted, however, within range of the enemy's shells, and remained in this position until night fell, when he returned to San Augustine. On the following day, at the head of three companies, he joined the Com-

HARNEY'S PURSUIT OF THE MEXICANS AT CHURUBUSCO.

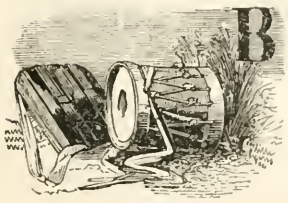
mander-in-chief in front of Churubusco. His little force was soon ordered away in various directions, until finally he found himself without a command. He now employed himself in rallying the

fugitives. At last, perceiving that the enemy was in full retreat, he collected what forces he could, consisting of parts of Ker's company of second dragoons, Kearney's company of first dragoons, and Reynolds' and Duperu's companies of the third dragoons, and, placing himself at their head, dashed forward along the main causeway in pursuit. He chased the enemy until within a short distance of the city gates, when a recall was sounded. His subordinate, Captain Kearney, continued, however, to press forward. "The gallant Captain," says the Commander-in-chief, in the official despatch, "dashed up to the San Antonio gate, sabreing, in his way, all who resisted. Of the seven officers of the squadron, Kearney lost his left arm; McReynolds and Lieutenant Lorimer Graham were both severely wounded, and Lieutenant R. S. Riwell, who succeeded to the command of the escort, had two horses killed under him. Major F. D. Mills, of the fifteenth infantry, a volunteer in this charge, was killed at the gate."

Harney is one of the most athletic men in the army. His towering height, gigantic frame, and capacious chest, remind the spectator of the fabulous Hercules. His countenance is pleasing, and full of animation, though his blue eye frequently kindles with martial fire. Harney is very eccentric. He labors under a deep rooted impression that he will die in front of the Moro Castle at Havana.

GENERAL PIERCE ENTERING PUEBLA WITH REINFORCEMENTS.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL PIERCE is, we believe, a native of New Hampshire. He was appointed to the army on the 3rd of March, 1847, and, immediately repairing to the scene of action, joined Scott at Puebla, in the succeeding August, at the head of a reinforcement of twenty-four hundred men. The Commander-in-chief had only awaited his arrival to advance on the capital, and, accordingly, on the succeeding day, began his memorable march. In the distribution of the corps, preparatory to setting forward, Pierce was assigned the command of the second brigade of Pillow's division.

Pierce won his first laurels in a skirmish at the national bridge, during his advance from Vera Cruz to the interior. In this action he narrowly escaped being killed, a ball passing through his hat. He signally defeated the enemy on this occasion. He was one of

the first in action, on the 19th of August, in the preliminary battle of Contreras. While engaged here, amid a shower of round shot and shells, in leading his brigade against the enemy, his horse stumbled and fell, by which he received a severe sprain in the knee. Mounting another steed, however, he continued in the field until nearly midnight, the rain falling meantime in torrents. On the succeeding day he persisted in accompanying his men into action, notwithstanding the increasing pain of his hurt, and, for awhile, pressed forward among the most heroic. He had been ordered by Scott to march his brigade across the open country, in concert with that of Shields, in order to seize a position between Churubusco and the capital, whereby to cut off the enemy's retreat. He had gained the required position, and was advancing at the head of his men to engage the enemy, when it became necessary for him to dismount in order to cross a ditch which his horse could not leap. In the enthusiasm of the moment he forgot his hurt, and leaping to his feet, hurried onward. Suddenly, turning upon his knee, he fainted and fell. The accident happened in the very line of the enemy's fire, by which it is miraculous that he was not killed.

Pierce was subsequently one of the commissioners to adjust the terms of the armistice. He was not present at either Molino del Rey or Chapultepec, being confined to his room by indisposition. Soon after the fall of the capital he resigned his commission and retired to private life.

Pierce, during his short career, won the reputation of being a brave officer. His appearance is gentlemanly, and his manners simple, though urbane. He is a lawyer by profession.

ROGER JONES.

THOUGH not actively engaged in the field, during the Mexican war, the Adjutant-General deserves a passing notice. His unremitting labors in his bureau, though without any immediate brilliant results, have conduced in a very great degree to the efficiency, if not to the success of the army.

Jones was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, about the year 1790. He entered the marine corps as a Lieutenant in 1809, but in 1812, on the breaking out of war with Great Britain, was transferred to the artillery, with the rank of Captain. He immediately joined General Dearborn on the Canada frontier. His assiduous attention to duty soon obtained

for him the staff appointment of Assistant-Adjutant-General. He was in the action at Fort George, and subsequently in that of Stony Creek. In this latter he received a bayonet wound, and was particularly conspicuous for his heroism. He was present at the capture of Fort Erie. At Chippewa he behaved in a manner to draw down the especial encomium of the Commander-in-chief, General Brown, and to obtain for him, from President Madison, the brevet of a Major. At Niagara he again won the commendation of Brown, as also in the succeeding September, at Fort Erie. For his bravery in the sortie here he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel.

After the peace Jones remained in the service. In 1825 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the army of the United States, with the rank and emoluments of a Colonel of cavalry. In 1827 he was made a Major in the line. In 1829 he received the brevet of Colonel, to date from September 27th, 1824. In 1832 he was promoted to the brevet of a Brigadier-General, the rank he still holds.

The duties of the Adjutant-General are exceedingly onerous and responsible, and the war with Mexico has quadrupled them. They have been discharged by General Jones, however, with unshaken zeal and ability. Perhaps no man has contributed so much to the perfect organization of the army. During a long interval of peace he contributed to maintain its character, and is, therefore, fairly entitled to a share of its renown.

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